





A CENTURY
OF
SCOTTISH LIFE.



Charles Rogers

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OF

SCOTTISH LIFE

MEMORIALS AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

HISTORICAL AND REMARKABLE PERSONS

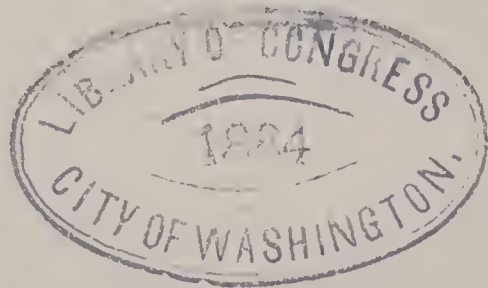
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS OF

CALEDONIAN HUMOUR.

BY THE

REV. CHARLES ROGERS, LL.D., F.S.A. SCOT.,

HISTORIOGRAPHER TO THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



EDINBURGH: \blacktriangle

WILLIAM P. NIMMO.

1871.

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EDINBURGH :
PRINTED BY SCHENCK AND M'PARLANE,
ST JAMES' SQUARE.

P R E F A C E.

A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH LIFE *is the most appropriate title which I can devise for a work which embraces memorials and anecdotes of remarkable Scotsmen during the last hundred years. Some of the anecdotes refer to a preceding period, but the majority are modern, and have not been published before. For a portion of the memorials I am indebted to my late father, a Scottish country minister, and one of the best conversationalists of his time. The sketches of Highland Bards are founded on materials communicated to me by my late friend, Dr Thomas Buchanan, minister of Methven, in Perthshire. This amiable and accomplished gentleman died in 1859; the greater number of the poetical translations from the Gaelic minstrelsy are from his pen. For the other memorials I am individually responsible. It has been my privilege, for nearly thirty years, to associate with many gifted literary persons, natives of Scotland. I have commemorated those who are departed.*

All the sketches are short, for I have not written

biographies, and seldom attempted portraitures. What I have chiefly recorded are, my own or my father's experiences or impressions of distinguished persons as we knew or found them. In the narrative I have incorporated many biographical anecdotes, which, it is hoped, may interest the reader, without giving offence to survivors. For several clerical anecdotes of a bygone period, I am indebted to Dr Hew Scott's "Fasti," a work which, it may be remarked, affords the highest evidence of what Scottish perseverance can accomplish.*

In thus offering to the public my fourth publication illustrative of Caledonian life and manners, I desire to record that it is my highest ambition to be regarded as a humble coadjutor of my admirable friend Dean Ramsay, whose inimitable "Reminiscences," now in the nineteenth edition, have rendered Scottish social and literary anecdote a subject of interest throughout the world.

CHARLES ROGERS.

Snowdoun Villa, Lewisham, Kent,

June 1871.

* *Fasti Ecclesiæ Scoticanæ; The Succession of Ministers in the Parish Churches of Scotland from the Reformation to the present time. By Hew Scott, D.D.*



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INTRODUCTION.

A POPULAR writer has set forth, that the inhabitants of the British Isles, born in localities resting on the primary rocks, are mentally and physically robust. That natives of mountainous regions are highly imaginative and addicted to humour, experience has proved. The saying of Sydney Smith, quoted till it has become stale, that a surgical operation is required to put a joke into a Scotsman's head, may apply to jests founded on mere word-playing; not to those of the higher humour. Scottish wit consists in the scintillation of ideas. A Colonel of Volunteer Cavalry complaining of the inefficiency of his officers, said that the duties of the corps wholly devolved upon himself. "I am," said he, "my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet." A lady ejaculated—"And your own trumpeter, too!" James Boswell expatiating to his father, Lord Auchinleck, on the learning and other qualities of Dr Johnson, concluded, "he is the grand

luminary of our hemisphere—quite a constellation, sir.”
“Ursa Major, I suppose,” drily responded the judge.

If the national humour has been under-valued, Scotsmen have for other qualities been over-praised. It may seriously be doubted whether the religious scrupulosity of the Scots has arisen from enlightened personal convictions. In reforming the Church from Romish error, Scotsmen were animated by a zeal exceeding that of their southern neighbours. This zeal did not arise from any well-defined acquaintance with the Reformed doctrines. Till the downfall of the ancient church, copies of the Bible in Scotland were extremely rare. The people were disgusted by the profligacy and stung by the avarice of the priesthood, and thus were ready at a moment's warning to devastate the palaces and monasteries which sheltered their oppressors.

The second Reformation, as it has been termed, was not more marked by popular intelligence. Prelacy was abhorred ; but few took pains to inquire whether the Episcopal government was lawful. To the bulk of the nation it was sufficient that self-willed kings had resolved to maintain it without constitutional sanction. In vindicating civil liberty, the nation became religious.

Sunday is observed with a well-intended respect, but not intelligently. Shaving on that day was formerly pronounced sinful, hot dinners were disallowed, and more conspicuous professors kept down their window-blinds. Children were forbidden all exercises save that of committing to memory Psalms

and texts, and a portion of the "Catechism." Henry Crabbe Robinson was, during his visit to Edinburgh in 1821, taking a walk at an early hour of a Sunday morning, when, seeing a large unfinished building, he asked a passer-by what it was. "It is a grammar school," said the pedestrian; "but I think it would better become you this mornin' to be readin' your Bible at home, than to be inquiren' aboot public buildings!" A strong illustration of the morose character of Scottish Sunday observance is related by Mr Mark Boyd in his lately-published "Reminiscences."* His brother-in-law, Captain Robinson, had, in the course of surveying the west coast, received on board his steamer the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia. As the duke could only remain a very short time, the captain resolved to show him as much as possible during his brief stay. Accordingly he steamed to Iona on a Sunday, believing that day especially suited for pointing out to his royal visitor remains associated with religion. Landing on the island, he waited on the custodian of the ancient church with the request that he would open it. "Not so," said the keeper, "not on Sunday." "Do you know whom I have brought to the island?" said the captain. "He's the Emperor of a' the Russias, I ken by the flag," responded the keeper; "but had it been the Queen hersel', I wadna gi'e up the keys on the Lord's day." "Would you take a glass of whisky on the Sabbath?"

* "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," by Mark Boyd. London, 1871. 8vo, p. 55-7.

inquired the captain. "That's a different thing entirely," said the keeper.

At a very recent period only has the Scottish peasant come to comprehend the truth that cleanliness is allied to godliness. Thirty years ago domestic tidiness was rare. Flowers stood in the sills of cottage windows, but the panes were darkened with cobwebs. The "gudeman" shaved and washed only on the Saturday; the "gudewife" performed her ablutions daily, but not until the evening. Every cottage child went to school with face and hands unwashed. No boy or girl wore shoes or stockings—the former before he could hold the plough, the latter till she was married. Female domestic training was especially neglected. The mothers being sluts, the daughters became the same. Cottage maidens only dressed their hair when making ready for the market or the church.

On this subject, I am privileged to quote from the fascinating pages of Mr Boyd. His father, a county magistrate of Wigtonshire, was struck with the beauty of a toll-keeper's daughter in his neighbourhood, but lamented her untidiness. She usually received the toll-money. One day, instead of pausing at the toll-gate, he caused the driver to pass on, amidst the girl's exclamations, "Stop, coachman; the laird has no pay't me." At length he asked the driver to pull up the reins, and the girl walked up. "Do you not know, my girl," said the laird, "that if a girl asks for toll with a dirty face, she is not entitled to

payment." "Dear me, sir," said the girl, "I ne'er kent that afore: ma faither ne'er tel't me." The toll was paid under protest, and in a fortnight afterwards, when the laird again drove up to the toll-bar, the girl appeared with a bright clean face. In answer to the laird's inquiry, she said that "her faither, though he maist doubtit about the rule the laird had mentioned, thocht it as weel not to be runnin' ony risks, and had asked her to weish her face ilka mornin'." "Very good," said the laird, "but you have omitted to comb your hair." "Maybe, Sir," said the girl, "but ye didna say a word about my reddin' ma heid." That duty being explained as indispensable, the girl promised to obey. "Since I began to *weish* ma face ilka mornin'," she added, "I dinna maist but like it."

The degraded condition of the peasantry was in some measure owing to the niggardly character of landlords and others, who conceived that money expended in promoting the comfort of the humbler classes was wasted. An Irish gentleman visiting a Scottish manor, was, in passing through the adjacent village, struck by the charms of a girl in a milliner's shop. That he might have a closer view of her, he proposed to enter the shop and purchase a watch-ribbon. "Hoot," said the occupant of the manor, "don't waste your siller; let us go in and inquire if she can give us two sixpences for a shilling!"

From the prelections of the clergy, results favourable to the elevation of the people might have been anticipated.

But Scottish preaching, after the struggle of the seventeenth century, became sterile and unedifying. Many of the rural clergy were Arians. Those who were doctrinally sound were often imperfectly educated. They generally sprang from the people, and preserved the native vernacular. Both ministers and elders used words and phrases which created merriment rather than devotion. At a weekly prayer meeting in a Secession church at Edinburgh, one of the elders expressed himself thus: "Our faith is become like gizzened (leaky) barrels. Lord, ding up the girs" (hoops.) The late Robert Flockhart, a well-known street preacher at Edinburgh, related the circumstances of his conversion in these words: "My heart was black as a sweep's face—but noo it is white as a washer-woman's thoomb!" No extent of earnestness in the speakers could on such occasions prevent a smile.

The unadorned literature of the pulpit exercised its more immediate influence on the church-officer and parochial sexton. A late octogenarian minister in Fifeshire was proceeding to give out his text, when he suddenly remembered that he had left his MS. in his study. Explaining his loss, and taking up his hat, he added, "Just sing from the beginning of the 119th psalm, an' I'll be back immediately." His return being delayed, the beadle met him at the door with the exclamation, "Come awa, sir, come awa, for we're a' cheepin' like mice." George Scott, a sexton of Perthshire, was rejoiced that an epidemic was raging in the parish;

for," said he, "for six months I haena buried a leevin' sowl, binna a scart o' a bairn."

We may not wholly ascribe the degraded manners of the peasantry to the supineness of their landlords, or the quaint language of the clergy. No inconsiderable portion of the evil was due to isolation. Those who, from one generation to another, lived apart from the rest of the world, acquired dialects and modes of expression which rendered them ridiculous. In the counties of Berwick and Roxburgh, tea is, by the peasantry, pronounced *toy*, a word which also denotes an old woman's *mutch*. Water is in the same district pronounced *waiter*—a name familiar to travellers. A friend being some years ago on a visit to Roxburghshire, established his headquarters in a town bordering on the Tweed. Walking out one morning by the margin of the river, he heard a fisherman say to his neighbour, "Lord John Scott last nicht was burnin' the waiter." "Burning the waiter!" ejaculated my informant; "and is he dead?" "Na," said the *piscator*, "there's naebody ony waur. They had fine sport." "Do you call burning a person sport?" asked my horrified friend. "'There was naebody brent," said the fisherman, "only a *waiter*." "And is not a waiter a man?" persisted my informant. "Oh, we mean *waiter*—watter—watter. His lordship was fishin' in a river wi' torch-light, and that we ca' *burnin' a waiter*."

The doggedness of the Scottish people has been alluded to. In opposition they excel, and are never more energetic

than when demolishing an antagonist. Both the insurrections of last century on behalf of the house of Stuart arose in Scotland. For the Stuarts personally, the Scots had no feelings of respect. In Scotland had arisen that civil war which culminated in the decapitation of Charles I., and the movement which led to the flight of James II. commenced in Scotland also. Of the government of William and Mary and the House of Hanover the Scots did not complain. The northerners rose in rebellion at the call of their chiefs, who sought to avenge themselves on their lowland neighbours, with whom they were constantly at feud. Some sought to revenge the Darien scheme against England.

The Scottish peasant will faithfully obey his master, who must not, however, interfere with his religious belief. A northern landowner gave me the following. He had erected on his estate a place of worship in connection with the Episcopal communion, and had thereby unconsciously excited among his people some unpleasant misgivings. Soon afterwards, on inspecting a newly-erected sheep-pen, he remarked to a hind who attended him, that it was too extravagantly ornamented. "'Deed is it, sir," said the hind; "it's owre Episcopal chapel lookin'!"

I have obtained some anecdotes of Scottish *espieglerie* since the first portion of this work was printed. A country minister in Fife, who had been translated from one parish to another, was one Sunday exchanging pulpits with his successor in his former charge. At the close of the service,

an elderly woman asked him what had become of her ain minister. "Oh, we're exchanging," he replied, "he's with my people to-day." "Indeed, indeed," said the matron, "they'll be gettin' a *treat* the day."

Principal Lee of Edinburgh University was much inclined to complain of his health, and to expatiate on his ailments. He was met one morning by the late Professor Robertson, who expressed a hope that he was well. "Far from well," said the Principal; "I've had no sleep for a fortnight." "Then, Principal," said Dr Robertson, "you're getting better; for when last we met, you had not slept for six weeks!"

A Scottish trader of eccentric habits was constantly troubled about his health. He believed himself a sufferer from every epidemic which visited the locality, and could hardly be induced to change his sentiments even on the assurance of his physician. At length the cattle plague broke out, and reading in his newspaper a description of the malady, he began to persuade himself that he was "in" for the disease. Hastily summoning "the doctor," he expatiated on his ailment, which of course resembled that of which he had been reading. "I hope you really don't feel so," interrupted the M.D., "for there is an order by the Privy Council that every *beast* with these symptoms must immediately be shot." The trader felt better!

The Rev. Robert Innes, minister of Huntly (1742-1800) was powerful in *repartee*. He often had recourse to it in silencing the utterances of the profane. A company of

soldiers were being inspected by their officer, who at the time used oaths. Mr Innes stepped behind him, and, taking off his hat, proceeded, after every oath, to say "Amen!" The officer turned round and asked him what he meant. "I am joining in prayer," said Mr Innes. "Thank you," said the officer; "but I have no further need of a clerk. Soldiers, to the right about—march!"

Some anecdotes are afterwards related illustrative of a tendency to the use of peculiar appellatives common to Scottish youth. A few may be added. A land-surveyor in Fifeshire who lacked his right hand was known as "Handy Martin." My father, who wore a large necktie, was styled "the British Linen Company," a designation which he enjoyed. An Edinburgh banker was, owing to a crouching gait, known as "The Deerstalker." The late Rev. John Mackenzie of Lochcarron, bore the *sobriquet* of "Potato John," on account of a foolish escapade practised in his presence by a college companion, and which was erroneously ascribed to him. It was alleged that he thrust a hot potato in the hand of a college companion who was indiscreetly expatiating in a long blessing while his associates were starving.

It is pleasant, on the other hand, to discover among the Scottish people traits of a hearty generosity and abounding benevolence. Actuated by a courtly bearing, Baron Graham, a London judge of Scottish birth, when informed that he had omitted to pass sentence of death on a condemned

criminal, exclaimed, "Oh, I beg the prisoner's pardon." The courtesy of my late friend Sir John Hay, Bart., was more substantial, when, as a county magistrate, he condemned a carter to imprisonment for an act of larceny, he asked him to send his donkey to Gartur, his place of residence, till he had sustained his punishment. On account of his liberality, Sir John was frequently imposed upon by mendicants. He ceased to give money, finding that it was generally expended in the ale-house. Even when he bestowed bread he found that loaves were exchanged for whisky. At length he fell upon an expedient. From every loaf he distributed he bit a portion ; it was thus rendered useless for market, and had therefore to be eaten. Sir John in sentencing a lad to a short imprisonment, concluded, "See you are never here again, for it will be—" and here he crooned the tune "Owre the water to Charlie."

The kindly consideration evinced by the Scottish peasantry towards the domestic animals has frequently been remarked. Shepherds are most attentive to their dogs, which consequently become their attached companions. A clerical friend who formerly ministered in Roxburghshire, was visiting a member of his flock. Before the fireplace lay three dogs, apparently asleep. At the sound of a whistle two rose up and walked out ; the third remained still. "It is odd," said my friend, "that this dog does not get up like the others." "It's no astonishin' ava," said the shepherd, "for it's no his turn ; he was oot i' the mornin'."

A friend staying in the family of a sheep-farmer in the south country, remarked that daily as the family sat at dinner, a shepherd's *collie* came in, received its portion, and soon after disappeared. "I never see that dog," said the visitor, "except at dinner." "The reason is," said the farmer, "we've lent him to oor neighbour, Jamie Nicol, an' we telt him to come hame ilka day to his dinner. When he gets his dinner, *puir beast*, he gaes awa back till his wark."

About twelve years ago the remains of a man named Gray, who lived in poor circumstances, were interred in the Greyfriars Churchyard, Edinburgh. His little terrier dog, "Bobby," accompanied the funeral party to the grave, where next morning he was found keeping affectionate watch. The keeper of the ground drove "Bobby" away, but next morning he was back again, and the third morning too, though it was cold and wet. At length the keeper's heart was moved, and he fed poor Bobby. Another benefactor arose in Sergeant Scott of the Royal Engineers, in whose house "Bobby" dined daily for some years. When the Sergeant went elsewhere, Mr John Trail of Greyfriars Place succeeded him as Bobby's benefactor. Every day, as the Castle gun signalled one o'clock, did Bobby leave his post for his daily meal; when it was finished he hastened back to the grave. For ten long years, in all conditions of the weather, did the faithful animal maintain his watch, testifying in a manner never surpassed the endurance of canine gratitude.



CLERIC, CIVIC, AND RURAL ANECDOTES.

WHAT is *perfervidum ingenium*—burning wit or ill nature? Probably a touch of both. The Scotsman, whether peer or peasant, is neither a Lord Dundreary nor a clown. There is an intellectual fire, a moral force about him. He may denounce his antagonists as if he would invoke fire from Heaven to smite them, or the earth to swallow them up; but in his ire he will utter no common-places. When in humorous vein he will not be content to play on words only. As he jests, he sounds an intellectual chord till “roof and rafters” ring with his jocundity.

The humorous faculty has largely pertained to the Scottish clergy. By eliminating coarseness, learning has imparted to cleric jests a point and energy which render them potent, not on the occasions of utterance merely, but when those occasions have passed away. Mr Robert Bruce, minister

of Edinburgh, was one of the most zealous and independent of early Presbyterian pastors. James VI. attended his ministry, but with that indifference which was his characteristic, he often whispered to his attendants during service. Mr Bruce, after various expedients had failed to induce the irreverent monarch to conduct himself becomingly, took a more decided course. Finding the king one day engaged in conversation during the progress of his discourse, he said, emphatically, looking towards the royal pew, "It is a saying, ascribed to Solomon, that when the lion roareth, all the beasts of the field are at ease. The lion of the tribe of Judah is now roaring in the voice of His Gospel, and it becomes the kings of the earth to keep silence." James was for the time overawed, and ceased talking.

The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine of Stirling, one of the founders of the Secession Church, was assisting at a communion in a neighbouring parish. A lady belonging to the congregation was much impressed, and, expecting similar benefit, went to hear Mr Erskine in his own church the following Sunday. After service, on this occasion, she waited on Mr Erskine, and told him that she had not been so much edified as when she heard him in her parish church. "I fear," she added, "that I have not been hearing to-day with a proper spirit." "Yes;" said Mr Erskine, "last Sunday you went to hear the Gospel, and to-day you came to hear Ebenezer Erskine."

The Rev. James Galt, minister of Gretna (1730-1787) was an eminent theological scholar, and his society was much courted by leading clergymen of the sister establishment. He had gone to dine with the Rev. Mr James, rector of Arthuret, in Cumberland; but, appearing in very plain attire at the door of the rectory, the servant told him to "be off, as the poor were not served there." Observing his withdrawal from a window, Mr James directed the servant to run after him, make an apology, and bring him back. Mr Galt refused. "It is my rule," he said, "to enter no house where the poor are not served."

A reproof of a different character was passed on Mr James Wilson, minister of Symington, by a seceding minister, in 1738. Holding public worship on the green near Symington manse, the reverend seceder prayed thus: "Thou knowest that that silly, snivelling body is not worthy even to keep a door in thy house. Cut him down as a cumberer of the ground. Tear him up, root and branch, and cast the wild, rotten stump out of Thy vineyard. Thrash him, O Lord, and dinna spare! O thrash him tightly with the flail of Thy wrath, and make a strae wisp of him to stap the mouth of hell!"

Mr Birnie, minister of Lanark (1643-1691) was of a conciliatory nature, and singularly facetious. After the erection of a new parish church, a contest arose between the tailors and shoemakers respecting a right to sittings in the gallery. All attempts to promote tranquillity proved

fruitless, till Mr Birnie pronounced a decision in the following couplet :

“It is weel ken’d through a’ the toun,
We draw on our hose before our shoon.”

The following anecdote has often been related, but seldom correctly. The Rev. George More, minister of the Original Secession Church, Edinburgh, was riding to the village of Howgate, in the vicinity of the city. The day was stormy, snow falling heavily. Mr More was enveloped in a Spanish cloak, with a woman’s shawl tied round his neck and shoulders. These loose garments, covered with snow, and waving in the blast, startled the horse of a commercial traveller who chanced to ride past. The alarmed steed plunged, and menaced to throw its rider, who exclaimed, “You would frighten the devil, sir!” “May be,” said Mr More, “for it’s just my trade.”

After the Disruption in 1843, very hostile feelings were entertained by a portion of the seceding party against those who remained. Several parishioners of Blackford, Perthshire, called on the Rev. John Clark, the parochial incumbent, and preferred the request that they might have the services of a non-erastian sexton. “Will you allow us, sir, to dig our own graves?” said one of the party. “Certainly,” said Mr Clark, “you are most welcome; and the sooner the better!”

The Rev. William Campbell, minister of Lilliesleaf (1758-

1804), remembered as "Roaring Willie," was celebrated for his humour. Returning from the General Assembly, one hot day of June, he found himself, as an inside passenger of the stage-coach, much oppressed by the excessive warmth. When his discomfort had reached the utmost pitch of endurance, he began to utter sounds like the barking of a dog. He said, "My friends, I think it fair to mention that I was lately bit by a mad dog, and I am afraid the heat of this place is bringing on the disease. *Wow—wow—wow!* I feel it coming on. I hope I shall not hurt any one. *Wow—wow—wough—wough—wough!* Several of the passengers called out lustily to the driver to stop the coach, and all precipitately rushed out. Mr Campbell got abundant accommodation during the remainder of his journey.

Mr Campbell lived at a period when festivities at the farm-houses were prolonged till morning hours. Returning from a convivial meeting somewhat late, he stumbled, and being somewhat stunned, he fell asleep on the roadside. In the morning he was awakened by a cotter wife, who exclaimed, on helping him up, "Eh! Maister Cammel, wae's me! wae's me!" Realising the awkwardness of his plight, Mr Campbell held up his hand, deprecating further censure—then said, "Whist, woman; it's a wager!" Having silenced suspicion, he leisurely returned to the manse.

The Rev. John Lookup, minister of Midcalder (1698-1758), was short in stature, but very asserting of his personal

dignity. When a licentiate, he was recommended by Principal Carstairs of Edinburgh to Anne, Duchess of Hamilton, as a domestic chaplain. The Duchess having expressed a desire to see him, the Principal accompanied him to Holyrood Palace, where the Duchess then resided. Her Grace was struck with the diminutive figure of the proposed chaplain, and said so to the Principal as he entered her boudoir. Mr Lookup, who was waiting in the adjoining room, overheard Her Grace's exclamation as to his smallness, and was indignant. The Duchess called him to her presence, and offered him her chaplainship, with the recompense of bed, board, and washing, and a salary of five pounds. "If your terms are so small, madam," said Mr Lookup, "some one even smaller than myself must be got to accept them." So saying, he took up his hat and walked off.

The Rev. George Cupples, minister of Swinton (1754-1817), was remarkable for a vein of good-humoured repartee. Meeting a brother minister in the town of Dunse, Mr Cupples, after the usual salutation, said, "And what has brought you here to-day?" "I cam'" said the reverend brother, "to tak' aff a new coat." "Not to tak' it *on*, I hope," rejoined Mr Cupples.

The Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff, Bart., was collector for the Ministers' Widows Fund. Having reprov'd a Highland minister for being considerably behind in the payment of his rates, he was met with the retort, "Sir Harry, if you're

an anointed minister of the Word, you have been anointed wi' vinegar."

The celebrated Mr Andrew Melville of St Andrews, was of an ardent temperament, and consequently was often in collision with the civil power. On one occasion, several of his brethren expostulated with him on the severity of his manners. Melville said gently, "If you see my fire go downward, put your foot upon it; but, if it go upward, let it return to its own place."

It was the practice of the older clergy to indulge in expressions of humour during their public services. A minister in Orkney frequently exhibited his drollery in this manner. Having been asked by the Rev. Mr Spark, minister of St Magnus, to conduct service in his church, and, thereafter, to baptize his infant daughter, he gave out for singing, before the baptismal service, a portion of the fifth paraphrase, beginning

"As sparks in close succession rise."

As Mr Spark's helpmate presented him with a child every year, the laugh was irresistible.

Mere simplicity, perhaps, prompted the Rev. William Russell of Kilbirnie to use these expressions in prayer: "Lord, Thou knowest we are all false knaves together." But Mr Matthew Reid of Prestonpans, evinced other feelings than those of devotion, when a madman, entering church, bearing a quantity of tulips from his garden, he ejaculated, "O Lord! my tulips!" That Mr Reid was

a zealous cultivator of flowers might not plead an excuse for his irreverence.

In connection with public prayer another anecdote may be related. The Rev. Neil M'Vicar was minister of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, when the city was occupied by the troops of Prince Charles Edward, after the battle of Prestonpans. He had a large congregation, and a considerable portion of his hearers were known to have Jacobite predilections. Nothing daunted, Mr M'Vicar prayed, as usual, for King George, and added, "In regard to the young man who has come among us in search of an earthly crown, may he soon obtain what is far better—a heavenly one."

The Rev. Nathaniel M'Kie, minister of Crossmichael (1739-1781), talked to his people from the pulpit with amusing familiarity. Expounding a passage in Exodus, he proceeded thus: "And the Lord said unto Moses—Sneck that door! I'm thinking if ye had to sit beside the door yoursel', ye wadna be sae ready leaving it open! It was just beside that door that Yedam Tamson, the bellman, gat his death o' cauld; and I'm sure, honest man, he didna let it stay muckle open. And the Lord said unto Moses—I see a man aneath that laft wi' his hat on. I'm sure, ye're clear o' the soogh o' the door. Keep aff yer bannet, Tammas; and if yer bare pow be cauld, ye maun just get a grey warsit wig, like mysel'. They're no sae dear—plenty o' them at Bob Gillespie's for tenpence." The reverend gentleman then proceeded with his discourse.

One of the oddest of the old school of clergymen was the Rev. William Leslie, laird of Balnageith, and minister of St Andrews, Lhanbryde. During the war with France he received his weekly newspaper one Sunday morning just as he was leaving the manse for his duties in church. While the precentor was singing the first psalm, Mr Leslie was busy with his newspaper; and when the precentor ceased, he said, "Just sing another verse, John, till I have finished this paragraph." During the discourse, he gave the news of a recent battle, so that his procedure at the commencement of the service was more readily excused. On another occasion, Mr Leslie remarked, during his discourse, "You must excuse me, brethren, not entering so fully into the subject to-day, since I have an appointment to dine at Ardivit." He referred to the country seat of an hospitable landowner in the vicinity.

Mr Leslie was celebrated for the readiness with which he granted certificates, and for the eccentric manner in which these were written. A marriage certificate from his pen proceeded thus :

"Lhanbryde, Jan. 8, 1833.

"To whom this may or may not concern, it is hereby assigned, that William Bain and Helen Gill, being both parishioners of this parish—the parish of St Andrews, Lhanbryde—in the month of March in this passing year 1833, was there wedded by the tying of the knot connubial, in full form, with all the solemnities which our national clerk

requires, and that they are now mutually and legally entitled, with due and competent right, respectively to all the privileges, advantages, and provisions which the ecclesiastical and civil laws of the kingdom have secured for husband and wife, both in their united connection, and in the contingent state of their respective Videntas.*

“In respect whereof, etc.,

“WILL. LESLIE.”

The certificates of Mr Leslie were not in the strain of unlimited panegyric. One of his maidens was competitor for a prize offered by the Duke of Gordon, to the servant in Morayshire, who had longest remained in her situation. From her reverend employer she received the following testimonial :

“Lhanbryde Glebe,

“August 3, 1836.

“By this writing, I certify and testify, that Kate Bell came into my family and service at the term of Whitsunday, in the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, and, without change, has continued to the date hereof, being a useful, canny servant at all work about the cows, the dairy, the sick nurse, the harvest hay and corn, the service of the parlour and bed chambers, and, of late years, mainly the cook. That in my regards *she merits* any boon that our club has to bestow, having, in 1815, in her *teens*, been a comely, tight lass, though

* Videntas, *i.e.*, lack or want.

now fallen into the sere, and but little seductive, though a little more self conceited now than she was then—as much perhaps a good quality, when not in excess, as a fault.

“ In respect whereof, etc.,

“ WILL. LESLIE.”

No agent of the Bible Society ever received a more extraordinary certificate on behalf of an applicant for a copy of the Scriptures, than the following :

“ Elgin, 3d August 1825.

“ DEAR SIR,—The bearer, Jane Taylor, met me accidentally walking out this forenoon. She said if I would write this note, certifying that she is a very poor woman, you would make her the gift of a Bible.

“ I think her whole appearance may, without my certificate, bear the most satisfactory evidence of her extreme poverty ; and as she has not so much common understanding to be sensible that she may save her soul by the public worship of our pure Presbyterian Church, as surely as by the public worship of any of the schismatic synagogues, she increases the weight of her poverty by misapplying the greater part of what she gets from the collections made by the Presbyterians, for the poor of the parish, in support of schisms which the apostle, classing among the deepest sins, has assured us ‘ shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven.’ And I am not very well assured, therefore, that a Bible will be of much real advantage to her, but I think it may not be amiss that

you may put in her power to try; as I am satisfied on the other hand, that having the Bible will not be to her prejudice.

“With every kind and good wish,

“I am, dear sir, respectfully yours,

“WILL. LESLIE.”

“Bailie John Russel,

“Merchd. of Elgin, Treasurer of the Bible Society.”

Poverty and the parishioners of Lhanbryde, were close companions. The pastor was frequently required to recommend urgent cases to the charity of his more opulent neighbours. Each certificate bore the impress of his peculiar idiosyncrasy. The following is sufficiently amusing :

“Lhanbryde Glebe,

“March 12, 1829.

“To all whom this does not concern, it is certified that the bearer, Ann Forbes, the widow of Jock Laing, of no small consideration in his day, for the gratification of the fair by his fiddle, and subduer of stots in the plough by his strong and harmonious whistle, that he left his wife in poverty, and that she has applied for this as a license to beg, by which it is trusted that she may have use and wont success in this occupation, ‘and a begging she will go.’”

“In respect,

“WILL. LESLIE.”

In drollery it would be difficult to exceed what follows :

“To all those of His Majesty’s loving subjects only who can sympathise with a transgressor of His Majesty’s laws, under the impression that, though it was illegal, it was honestly innocent.

“I hereby certify, that William Rainey, the bearer, a simple, honest, and laborious day labourer, in the back settlements of the improved Moss of Braemuckity, was, in the bygone harvest, subjected to the fine of twenty sovereigns and twenty shillings, for the illicit distillation of ten shillings worth of ill-made malt, under the corporal punishment of the jail for half a-year ; which punishment, that the country might not be punished by the loss of his highly useful labour in securing the crop, the bench reprieved for three months, in which space, with the price of the cow—dear to him as the poor man’s ewe lamb of old—which a better king than our most gracious sovereign roasted for his supper—the transgressor managed to pay a dozen of sovereigns, notwithstanding of which, he must still undergo the whole punishment of the half year’s incarceration, unless he can now succeed in eliciting the balance by the last resource—*begging*. In this regard he is recommended to those who have feeling hearts and half a sovereign in their purse. For the least moiety thereof he will be thankful now, and grateful all his life.

“Given by the minister of St Andrews, Lhanbryde, at my house in Elgin, the 24th of April 1826.

“WILL. LESLIE.”

To a parishioner who had lost his cow, Mr Leslie granted a testimonial in these terms :

“ Lhanbryde, 25th November 1827.

“ To all to whom this may come, greeting. Believe ye that it is most assuredly true that the bearer, Alexander Grant, is in extreme poverty, and unable, by the utmost energy of the most praiseworthy industry, to procure the most indispensable necessaries of life meet for his wife and bairns. That he has a farm of three acres in the Moss of Braemuckity, at the rent of three pounds, and thereby has a miserable home, in which, however, they deemed themselves happy, and were content with their lot, until a few days since, by an untoward mishap, they lost their whole live stock at once, being one only cow. Without the milk of her, the potatoes and salt scarcely keep their children in life, while their own good health is already on the wane. In this wretched condition the poor man has to go abroad among all the charitable and sympathising believers, who feel another's woe, to beg pence and sixpences, and in some happy conditions even a shilling or more, to enable him, when added to the price of the hide of the defunct, to procure a living cow, who may supply a little sauce for the potatoes.

“ In respect, etc.,

“ WILL. LESLIE.”

The following certificate contains ill-timed "daffin'"—

"To all who have been taught another's woe to feel, it is hereby certified that such certificates as these are with much reluctance sent forth, but the circumstances in this case are quite overpowering. The poor man, George Calder, in the new Landmoss of Braemuckity, in whose behalf, not himself, but his poor charitable neighbours, Alexander Scott, James Macdonald, Alexander Asher, and Robert Loggie, are the bearers, suffered the melancholy affliction in the bygone week of being deprived of his spouse, a young, comely, and well-behaved matron, by the same behest of a wise Providence which deprived our empire of the lamented heiress of the throne.* That she languished for more than two months after the birth of her child, in which space her husband's whole means of subsistence were so entirely consumed that, since the funeral, these neighbours have hitherto contributed for the preservation of his four motherless infants from sheer starvation. The eldest of them is not yet past the age at which the patriotic Dean of St Patrick's proposed to have the children of the poor Irish roasted whole, like the pig, for the feast of the Dublin Alderman.

"And these four poor neighbours, suspending their own concernments, have requested this certificate for the kindly purpose of begging some temporary supply for the immediate support of the hired nurse and the infants, while their father, a discreet day labourer, shall now, by the return to

* The Princess Charlotte of Wales.

his honest industry, which was suspended by his care indispensable of his dying spouse, be enabled to make requisite provision for their daily bread.

“ In respect whereof, etc.,

“ At Lhanbryde Manse, this 14th of July 1828.

“ WILL. LESLIE.”

William Jack would probably not make much progress in his canvass, with no better recommendation than the following :

“ To all His Majesty’s loyal subjects who can feel for a fellow sinner in distress.

“ I beg to certify that the bearer, William Jack, is a son of my old bellman’s, a man well-known in this neighbourhood for his honest poverty and his excessive indolence. The bearer, William Jack, has fallen heir to all his father’s poverty, and a double share of his improvidence. I cannot say that the bearer, William Jack, has many active virtues to boast of, but he has not been altogether unmindful of Scriptural injunctions, and has laboured, with no small success, to replenish the earth, although he has done but little to subdue the same. ’Twas his misfortune to lose a cow, by too little care and too much bere* chaff; likewise that walking skeleton, which he calls his horse, having ceased to hear the oppressor’s voice, or to dread the tyrant’s rod, now the poor man has nothing to look to, but the skins of

* “ Bere,” a grain now little used.

the defunct, and the generosity of a benevolent public, by whom he hopes to be stimulated, through these testimonials, with receipt.

“WILLIAM LESLIE.

“Lhanbryde Glebe, 1829.”

A clergyman having died, without leaving any near relatives, the Presbytery appointed a committee of their number to dispose of his papers. On examining the reverend gentleman's Diary, they found in it the following entry : “Ate crappit-heads for supper last night, and was the waur o't. See when I'll do the like o' that again !” Crappit-heads is a dish peculiar to the north of Scotland ; it consists of cod or haddock heads stuffed with oatmeal, onion, suet, and liver.

Many humorous speeches have been assigned to the Rev. William Thom, minister of Govan. The following has often appeared incorrectly. Being present when the Rev. James Furlong was being ordained to the Chapel of Ease, North-Albion Street, Glasgow, in 1775, Mr Thom felt himself too far off to join his brethren in the laying on of hands ; he put forward his walking-stick, and being reproached for his irreverence, he rejoined, “timmer to timmer is gude eneuch.”

Mr John Hunter, minister of Ayr (1701-1756), was most eccentric in his speeches. Speaking in the General Assembly, in the case of Professor Simson, of Glasgow, he said, “If one should call His Majesty, King George, a rogue and

villain.” — Mr Hunter had so far proceeded with his hypothesis, when the Earl of Findlater, the Lord High Commissioner, said, he would not sit to hear such expressions concerning the king. The speaker was reproved by the moderator.

The Rev. Michael M’Culloch, D.D., minister of Bothwell (1767-1801), was a man of sterling independence and great self-decision. To his friend, Mr Thomas Brisbane, minister of Dunlop, he said, “You must write my epitaph if you survive me.” “I will,” said Mr Brisbane, “and you shall have it at once.” Next morning Dr M’Culloch received the following:—

“Here lies interred beneath this sod
That sycophantish man of God,
Who taught an easy way to heaven,
Which to the rich was always given,
If he get in, he’ll look and stare
To find some out that he put there.”

Mr William Bell, minister of Errol (1651-1665), bequeathed seven acres of land for maintaining a bursar at St Mary’s College, St Andrews. On his tombstone the following lines have been engraved—

“Here, ceast and silent, lies sweet sounding Bell,
Who unto sleeping souls rung many a knell,
Death crackt this Bell, yet doth his pleasant chiming
Remain with those who are their lamps a-trimming;
In spite of death, his word some praise still sounds
In Christ’s church, and in heaven his joy abounds.”

The Rev. Dr William Taylor, minister of the Cathedral Church, and Principal of the University of Glasgow (1803-1823), was much esteemed for his ministerial fidelity. He devoted each Thursday exclusively to pulpit preparations. On that day, one week, a message was brought to his house to the effect, that the Duke of Buccleuch and Lord Belhaven were desirous of seeing him at the Black Bull. The Principal's man-servant was reluctant to disturb him; but as the courier strongly insisted on the delivery of his message, he did not feel justified in holding out. On receiving the message, Dr Taylor proceeded to wait on the two noblemen. Presenting himself in the hotel parlour, the Duke at once said, "I have sent for you, sir, to take my measure for a pair of trousers; my own have met with a slight accident, and I hope you can furnish me with a new pair by to-morrow morning." "My name is Taylor," replied the Doctor; "but I am not professionally a clothier, but Principal of the University, and one of the city clergy." "How awkward!" exclaimed the Duke. "I sent for the *principal* tailor, and my blundering messenger has put you to the trouble of this visit. I hope, Principal, you will join us at dinner, and if I can do anything to compensate you for the loss of your valuable time, I'll not be wanting." The Principal remarked, that he was much concerned in the welfare of the city Infirmary, which was deeply in debt. "Would £500 be useful to the institution?" said the duke, writing a cheque for that amount, and handing it to his visitor.

The following is of recent occurrence. An aged gentlewoman, member of a city congregation in Edinburgh, informed her minister that, as a mark of her regard, she intended to bequeath to him her pet dog, *Billy*. "I hope, madam," said the pastor, "that you will remember Billy's board."

The person and feelings of a clergyman have, in every civilised country, been regarded with respect, while any attempt to injure the one or the other has been visited with reprehension. But the Church courts have not always left to magisterial punishment those who assailed the members of their body. Mr William Russell, minister of Kilbirnie, complained to the presbytery of Irvine that one of his parishioners had denounced his doctrine as "dust and grey meal." The presbytery ordained the delinquent to humble himself on his knees at the presbytery table, and thereafter to indicate repentance next Sunday on the stool in Kilbirnie kirk. Mr Luke Stirling, minister of Kilmarnock, had offended William Cunningham, brother of the Earl of Glencairn, who struck him with a cane. The presbytery of Glasgow decreed that the offender should "make public repentance on the pillar" in the parish churches of Kilmarnock, Dumbarton, Kilpatrick, Drymen, and Kilmalcolm, and that in each he should appear "bairfuttit, bairleggitt, bairheidit," and clothed "in seckcloth."

Anecdotes of beadles and ministers' men abound everywhere. Those which follow are for the most part new.

Peter Drummond, beadle and minister's man at St Monance, Fifeshire, was one of the most amusing and eccentric of his class. The minister, Mr Gillies, had reproved Peter for giving a short day's work, as he "left off at sunset, while his neighbours were known to thrash their grain with candle light." "Weel, sir," said Peter, "gin ye want the corn flailed by cannil licht, I'll dae yer wull." Next day, at noon, Mr Gillies was passing the barn, and hearing the sound of Peter's flail, he stepped in. A candle was burning on the top of a grain measure. "Why this folly and waste?" said Mr Gillies, pointing to the candle. "Dinna ye mind, sir," said Peter, "that you wantit the corn thrashed wi' cannil licht!" The minister replied, angrily, "Peter, you shall have no more candles." Some days after, Mr Gillies was to set out on horseback to visit a sick parishioner. He requested Peter to saddle the horse. It was evening, and Peter, after remaining some time in the stable, led out the cow saddled and bridled. "I wish I ha'ena made a mistak, sir," said Peter; "but since I've got nae cannil, it's no muckle wonder that I hae pit the saddle on the wrang beast." Fairly overcome by Peter's drollery, Mr Gillies gave him back his candles.

The minister's man at Lintrathen, though sufficiently respectful, seldom indulges in the complimentary vein. On a recent occasion he handsomely acknowledged a compliment by returning another. The minister had got married, and was presented with a carriage, for which John was appointed

to provide a horse. Driving out with his wife, the minister said to John, in starting, "You've got us a capital horse." "Weel, sir," said John, "it's just about as difficult to choose a gude minister's horse as a gude minister's wife, and we've been gie an' lucky wi baith."

One of the shrewdest of parish beadles was Saunders Grant, village tailor at M——. "How is it, Saunders," inquired the minister, "that these two young neighbours of mine have their churches quite full, while, though I preach the same sermons that I did twenty years ago, my people are falling off?" "Weel, sir, I'll tell ye," said Saunders; "it's just wi' you as wi' mysel'. I sew just as weel as ever I did; yet that puir elf ——, has ta'en my business maist clean awa'. It's no the sewing that'll do, sir; it's the new cut; it's just the new cut!"

Beadles will occasionally trip. The beadle or "man" of the Rev. Alexander Moncreiff of Culfargie, first Secession minister at Abernethy, was fond of discussing points of doctrine. Returning, on horseback, with Mr Moncreiff from a church-service at a distance, when the intrusion of the world was the subject of prelection, John ventured to remark, that he thought the minister a little too emphatic in his assertion, that even at seasons of prayer "the world wad stap in." "Well, John," said Mr Moncreiff, "I'll give you the horse you ride upon, if you'll pray five minutes without a worldly thought." "Done," said John, who forthwith asked the minister to ride on slowly while he "prayed

a bit." Mr Moncreiff consented, allowing John ample space for his devotions. After a space, John came up, exclaiming, "Did you say, sir, that I was to have the bridle too." "I fear you thought about this upon your knees, John," said the minister. John turned away his head, and was silent.

The minister's man at Kinross was a considerable reader, and had borrowed some of the minister's botanical books. As the minister stepped one morning into his flower-garden, he found William busy in removing a favourite rhododendron. "What are you about?" angrily inquired the minister. Taking a hearty pinch, William deliberately responded—"Sir, this rottendenthron didna corroborate wi' the rest o' the shribbery; it was in an ower lucrative a sitivation; so I've translaitit it ower here." The jumble of ecclesiastical and horticultural phrases disarmed the minister, and saved the audacious speaker from an intended reproof.

Great decorum is ordinarily preserved in Scottish places of worship. It must, however, be acknowledged that before the passing of Mr Forbes Mackenzie's Act closing the public-houses on Sundays, disorderly scenes in church would occasionally happen. A case of interruption in church, most embarrassing to the officiating minister, has been communicated. During service, an intoxicated person entered a church in Kinross-shire. His gesticulations were sufficiently irksome, but the minister calmly proceeded with the service, till at length the intruder fell sick, and discharged the contents of his stomach. "Put that nasty person to the door,"

exclaimed the minister, unable to suppress his indignation. The intruder, starting up, answered, "To the door, sir, I will gang; but, let me first tell ye, that siccan preachin' as yours wud mak' ony body spue."

A respected solicitor, in Edinburgh, lately mentioned the following:—Forty years ago he was worshipping in the parish church of Cupar-Angus. A tailor, who had fallen asleep during the earlier portion of the service, suddenly awakened at the close of the sermon, and, forgetting where he was, exclaimed, "Say what ye like, but a' body kens that it taks twa hanks o' thread to mak' a waistcoat." The tailor, no doubt, fancied that he was repelling the attack of a customer.

A Dissenting minister, in Dunfermline, was discoursing on the parable of the Ten Virgins. After descanting on the different portions of the parable, he commended for imitation the conduct of the wise virgins, whose lamps were, on the approach of the bridegroom, trimmed and burning. Of a sudden his oratory was interrupted by the exclamation, "That's a' nonsense, for wha' is there in a' the wark that can trim a lamp like 'Dutchie?'" A sleeping miner had awakened up on hearing about lamp-trimming.

Members of congregations are entitled to object to the settlement of ministers, provided they can substantiate any charge affecting their life or doctrine. Mr Davidson, presentee to Stenton in 1767; and Mr Edward Johnstone presentee to Moffat in 1743, were objected to for desecrating

the Sabbath by shaving on that day. The settlement of Mr Johnstone was delayed four years; so persistent were the objectors in maintaining what they regarded as the proper observance of the Sabbath. Views of a more enlightened character now happily prevail.

The love of titles is a national weakness. The owner of even a few acres is styled Laird or Lord; so is every burgh magistrate, when presiding in his Court. The farmer assumes the name of his farm; he expects to be saluted by it at the church-gate, in the market-place, and at the social gathering. Not the parochial schoolmaster only, but every village or way-side teacher, is the Dominie or Lord. The Presbyterian clergy have refused ecclesiastical titles, but are not unambitious of academical honours. Nearly all the northern clergy are Master of Arts; and the degrees of Bachelor of Divinity and Doctor of Laws are much coveted. Few Scotsmen are content to submit to the mis-spelling of their names. On one occasion, indeed, a mis-spelt name was of essential service to its owner. Ronald Macdonald, the young chief of Clanronald, was attainted for having followed Prince Charles Edward in 1745, but the legal official who prepared the writ of attainder, described him as "Donald." The chief pled that the writ must apply to another, and the plea was accepted by the judges.

Certain districts are remarkable for the spirit of adventure. Of these the most remarkable is the Isle of Skye.*

* M'Kerlies "Scottish Regiments."

Within forty years prior to 1837, that island, which is forty-five miles long and fifteen broad, produced twenty-one Lieutenant and Major Generals, forty-five Lieutenant-Colonels, six hundred Majors, Captains, and Subalterns, four Governors of Colonies, one Governor-General, one Chief Baron of England, and one Judge in the Court of Session. During the same period the island sent into the army ten thousand private soldiers.

Among those Scotsmen who have risen to positions of trust, the name of Mr Heriot—not old George, but a probable descendant of his house—is scarcely known. On the death of his Duchess, the Duke of Wellington requested the Marquis of Tweeddale to look out for a prudent Scotsman who might become his *major domo* or private secretary. Lord Tweeddale being somewhat reluctant to undertake the task, the Duke said to him, “Just select a man of sense and send him up ; I’ll take a look at him, and if I don’t think he’ll suit, I’ll pay his expenses and send him home.” Returning to Yester House, the Marquis sent for Mr Heriot, who rented one of his farms, and asked him whether he would undertake the proposed secretaryship. Mr Heriot consented to make a trial. Arriving at Apsley House, he was kindly received by the great Duke, who explained that, while all private business would terminate at one o’clock, the secretary would afterwards be required to entertain visitors. The latter duties seemed formidable ; but Mr Heriot did not seek an explanation. That evening the Duke gave

a dinner party. On the guests being ushered into the dining-room, the Duke said: "Mr Heriot, will you take the end of the table?" Embarrassing as was his position, the new *major domo* acquitted himself well, evincing on the various topics of conversation, especially on questions of the day, much correct information. Some members of the company described him "as an intelligent Scotsman," which concurred with the Duke's own sentiments. He was soon in entire possession of his grace's confidence.

Walking in the city one day, Mr Heriot met an old acquaintance from Scotland. "Hollo! Heriot," said the friend, "what are you doing in London?" "I am private secretary to the Duke of Wellington," answered Heriot. "You be nothing of the sort," said the Scotsman; "and I fear you're doing little good, since you would impose upon me in this fashion." Returning to Scotland, it occurred to Heriot's acquaintance that he would write the Duke, warning him that one Heriot "had been passing himself off as his secretary." From Apsley House he received a reply in these words: "Sir, I am directed by the Duke of Wellington to acknowledge receipt of your letter; and I am, your obedient servant, J. Heriot, Private Secretary."

Some anecdotes of eccentric persons may be related:—Alexander, tenth duke of Hamilton, was devotedly attached to the fine arts. Among his more valuable acquisitions was a fine bust of the Emperor Vespasian. The duke placed this bust in a suitable niche in the grand

staircase of Hamilton Palace. Whenever he returned to the palace, after an absence, he paid an early visit to the emperor's bust, which he embraced, exclaiming "My dear Vespasian!"

James, seventh Earl of Abercorn, was asked by his brother George, who was in orders, to use influence on his behalf for a living worth £1000 per annum. The earl wrote in answer, "Dear George, I never ask favours. Inclosed is a deed of annuity of £1000 a-year. Your affectionate brother, Abercorn."

Patrick, Lord Robertson, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, was a great humorist. He was on terms of intimacy with the late Mr Alexander Douglas, W.S., who, on account of the untidiness of his person, was known by the sobriquet of "Dirty Douglas." Lord Robertson invited his friend to accompany him to a ball. "I would go," said Mr Douglas, "but I don't care about my friends knowing that I attend balls." "Why, Douglas," replied the senator, "put on a well-brushed coat and a clean shirt, and nobody will know you." When at the bar, Robertson was frequently entrusted with cases by Mr Douglas. Handing his learned friend a fee in Scottish notes, Mr Douglas remarked: "These notes, Robertson, are, like myself, getting old." "Yes, they're both old and dirty, Douglas," rejoined Robertson.

Dr Meikle, of Carnwath, on professionally visiting a gentleman who had been stung in the cheek by a wasp,

found him uttering oaths and execrations. "The sting should have been in your tongue," said the doctor.

Among the MSS. of the Honourable Henry Erskine, in the Advocates Library, is the following epigram :

"That prattling Cloe fibs, forsooth,"
Demure and silent Cynthia cries,
But falsely ; for can aught but truth
Flow from a tongue that *never lies* ?

The Scottish taste for determining trifling points of difference at the law courts has passed into a proverb. Last year the House of Lords was engaged in finally deciding the long-protracted case of Gray and Turnbull. The litigants were neighbours, and their dispute was in regard to the possession of a portion of land, eight feet square. After the litigation had run the course of the provincial and national courts in Scotland, one of the parties appealed to the great judicature of the metropolis. The Lord Advocate was retained on the one side, and the Attorney-General on the other. Lords Chelmsford, Westbury, and Colonsay, pronounced judgment, and a case was terminated which involved several thousand pounds of costs, while the subject in dispute was not, in actual value, worth five shillings per annum !

The love of litigation occasionally becomes a mania. Take this illustration : Twenty-five years ago, two maiden sisters at Stirling conceived that they were aggrieved by

some parties unknown, and that they would obtain relief by applying through a solicitor, at the court of the provincial sheriff. They called on a respectable writer, who, of course, failed to understand a case which had no reality; but the sisters proceeded to the Sheriff-Court, in the hope that their case would "come on." Disappointment imparted energy to hope, and week after week did the anxious sisters present themselves in the court-room, always tarrying till the close of the business. The sheriff at length ordered seats to be provided for them. On one occasion, a person of their family name was called in court, when the elder sister rose up, and said with composure, "My Lord, our agent is Mr H——." During five years did these intending litigants present themselves in the court-room every court day. One of the sisters now died, but her survivor, though ceasing to frequent the court, continued her concern in the imaginary suit. During the last twenty years she has periodically waited on her attorney to ascertain whether any progress has been made.

Sir Alexander Boswell, Bart., of Auchinleck, son of Johnson's Boswell, represented the county of Ayr in Parliament. As a legislator, he was noted for having introduced and passed a single bill; it abolished the old Scottish statutes which provided that duelling, or the mere sending of a challenge, without any result, was punishable with death. Not long after his measure became law, he was challenged to a hostile meeting by James Stuart, younger

of Dunearn, on account of a poetical pasquinade he had published at that gentleman's expense. The combat took place at Auchtertool, Fifeshire, in March 1822, when Sir Alexander fell mortally wounded. The survivor submitted himself to an assize, and was acquitted on the Act passed through the intervention of his antagonist!

A work on Scottish sign-boards might prove of some interest. Thirty years ago the following inscription was attached to a public house at Morningside, Edinburgh :

“ We hae a' kinds o' Whisky, frae Glenlivat sae clear,
 That ne'er gies a headache, to the five-bawbee gear ;
 We hae Gin, Rum, Shrub, and ither nicknackets,
 For them wham the clear stuff their brain set in rackets.
 We hae fine Yill frae Peebles, an' Porter frae Lonnon,
 Ginger-beer frae the toon, and Sma', brisk an' foaming ;
 We hae Teas, Bread an' Cheese, alias Welsh Rabbits ;
 Ham, Eggs, an' Red Herrings for wairsh-tasted gabbets.
 If at ony time aught else should be wanted,
 We'll raither send for't than see freens disappointed.”

An Edinburgh draper lately published a showy advertisement, announcing a “ Cheap Sale.” After setting forth the highly superior qualities of particular wares, it concluded thus : “ Some only find out the merits of this department when it is too late. The lamentations at the door are protracted and heart-rending, when customers contrast the purchases they have made further up, with the quality and price of the goods now before them.”

The Scottish farmer, though generally shrewd, is not always so. A Kincardineshire husbandman, in expressing to his minister a favourable opinion of his personal virtues, concluded his eulogy in these words, "An' I especially like your sterling independence, sir. I have always said, sir, that ye neither feared God nor man."

Many of the substantial tenantry of the Lowlands are men of enlarged views, and well qualified to administer counsel to those whose educational advantages have not been tempered by experience. A farmer, the elder of a rural parish in Forfarshire, was suggesting to his lately appointed and youthful pastor how he should proceed in his parochial visitations. "To John," he said, "speak on any subject save ploughin' and sawin'; for John is sure to remark your deficiency on these, which he personally understands; and if he should detect that you dinna ken aboot ploughin' and sawin', he'll no gie ye credit for understanding onything else."

A peculiar phraseology, which obtains among hill-farmers, will in certain circumstances provoke laughter. When the Rev. Mr C—— was appointed to his parochial cure on the Braes of Angus, a hill farmer in the parish, was desirous of seeing him. After an interview with the reverend gentleman, he said to a neighbour, "I've just been seeing our new minister. He's weel faured, and I maist think he'll be weel likeit, but waes me, he's been ill wintered." The farmer meant that the pastor was, though good-looking and agree-

able, somewhat thin and delicate. Uneducated persons stumble into awkward speeches. A cottar woman in Lanarkshire stated to a neighbour that she had just had a visit from “the machinery”—she meant the missionary.

Mr Nicolson, advocate, one of the Educational Commissioners, was prosecuting his investigations in the Hebrides. Examining a class of young persons on the Shorter Catechism, he endeavoured to ascertain whether any ideas were associated with the words committed to memory. Putting the question—“What was the sin whereby our first parents fell from the estate wherein they were created?” he obtained a ready answer in the words of the Catechism, “eating the forbidden fruit.” Having changed the form of the question, he failed for a time to elicit any response, till at length a girl of fourteen said timidly “Committing adultery, sir.”

In most districts there is a system of terrifying children into obedience by stories of superstition. Bogles, witches, fairies, and hobgoblins, and even the minister himself, are impressed on the youthful mind as objects of dread. Mr H——, a clergyman in Forfarshire, was visiting a cottar family in a sequestered portion of his parish. A girl of five years screamed most vociferously as Mr H—— approached the cottage, nor would any gentle expedient induce her to be silent. Mr H—— began to express regret that the child should have been led to regard the minister with alarm. “Hout, na,” said the mother, “that’s no the reason ava’;

it's no that she kens ye're the minister, but she thinks ye're come to stick the soo." The butcher had been expected!

A remarkable illustration of infant precocity we received lately. The daughter of an Edinburgh minister, not three years old, was instructed by her mamma, in the names and peculiarities of Scriptural characters. She had been told about Mephibosheth and his lameness, but the lesson passed without exciting any apparent interest. Next day a clergyman from the country chanced to call, and finding the little girl in the apartment, made a fashion of pursuing her. "You can easily out-run me," he said, "for I'm lame." "'Bosheth! 'Bosheth!" shouted the pert little creature, as she scampered out of the room.

Scottish youth soon discover any marked peculiarity in their seniors. Three reverend gentlemen, bearing the same patronymic, ministered in the same town. They belonged to different denominations, but it was difficult readily to distinguish in conversation which was meant. The young folks were at no loss: to them one was "Dirty D——," a second "Dainty D——," and a third "Dandy D——." Three tenants on the estate of Laws bore the surname of Peter. They were known as "Whisky Peter," "Ale Peter," and "Water Peter."

During the last century it was not uncommon to characterise in ingenious rhymes those persons who possessed a variety of dignities. Witness the following:

“ Sir Aulay Macaulay,
Laird o’ Cairndhu;
Provost o’ Dumbarton,
And Bailie o’ the Row.”

Sir James Strachan, minister of Keith, in Banffshire, was celebrated in these lines :

“ The beltit knight o’ Thornton,
An’ laird o’ Pittendriech ;
An’ Maister James Strachan,
The minister o’ Keith !”

Mr John Anderson, minister of Fochabers, had a turn for business, and was accordingly appointed by the Duke of Gordon his local factor and a county magistrate. His pluralities were thus rhymed upon :

“ The Rev. John Anderson,
Factor to his Grace,
Minister of Fochabers,
And Justice of the Peace.”

Thirty years ago there were two distinguished students at St Andrews, who each bore the name of John Anderson. Their comrades indicated their individuality by styling one *the Intellectual* and the other *the Profound*.

A sergeant of the Regiment of the Isles, in whose company were four persons of the name of Donald Macdonald, took a different method of distinguishing them. When he called his muster-roll he trusted to accent alone. Thus Tónald Mactonald ; T^oñald Mactonald, with a drawl ;

Tonald Mactonald, with an increased drawl; and Tonald Mactonald, with a prolonged nasal sound, peculiar to the Hebrides.

“How is the Rev. M. A. sure to be happy?” said a smart youth, when his minister, who was of very short stature, had wedded a tall and prosperous widow. “Because,” he added, “he’s the *widow’s mite*.”

During the Voluntary controversy, Dr John Ritchie, of the Potterrow Church, Edinburgh, was one of the foremost champions on the Voluntary side. At a public meeting held in Dundee, the reverend gentleman was descanting on the misrepresentations to which his opponents had subjected him. “They have,” he said “called me everything but a gentleman, everything but a minister; nay, they have compared me to the devil himself. Now,” he proceeded, coming forward to the front of the platform and exhibiting a well-shaped limb, “I ask if you see any cloven foot there?” “Tak aff ye’re shae” (shoe) vociferated a youth from the gallery. The oratory was spoiled.

A Dunfermline youth, recovering from sickness, solicited help from an aged landowner of miserly habits. Meeting with a rough refusal, he said, “Ye’re no vera young, an’ ye canna carry ony o’ ye’re gowd awa wi’ ye; though ye cud, it wad be meltit in five minutes!”

The independence of the Scottish yeoman has been frequently illustrated. “Where are you going, Milton?” said the late Mr Lyell of Kinnordy, to an aged crofter in his

neighbourhood, whom he met upon the turnpike. "I'm gaein', sir, to Fotheringham to pay my rent." "A long distance, Milton," said Mr Lyell. "It is a pity I did not purchase your farm when it was in the market, as then you had not needed to walk so far on rent day." "'Deed, Maister Lyell," said the sturdy old crofter, "I had rather travel twenty miles twice a year to pay my rent, than tak aff my bannet to my laird ilka day."

Scottish females, even in humblest station, will indicate independence, and administer reproof in no ineffective fashion. The Countess of A——, with a laudable desire to promote tidiness in the different cottages on her estate, used to visit them periodically, and exhort the inmates to cleanliness. One cottage was always found especially untidy, and the Countess at length took up a broom, and having by its use made an improvement, said to the housewife, "Now, my good woman, is not this much better?" "O ay, my leddy," said the matron; "an' wull ye tak' a blast noo?" The irate housewife meant, that as the Countess had stooped to sweep the cottage, she might also smoke a pipe with its mistress!

The Rev. William Coupar, Presbyterian minister at Perth, attained considerable popularity among his people, who were proportionately disappointed when he accepted the Bishopric of Galloway. In his official residence in the Canongate of Edinburgh, he was visited by an old woman from Perth, who had been much attached to his ministra-

tions. She was ushered into his parlour, where the new fledged bishop was seated in his Episcopal vestments. It was dusk, and the bishop had two candles burning before him. "So you have left the gude cause," said his visitor. "I have got new light, Janet," said his lordship. "Maybe," returned Janet, "for when you were in Perth, you were content wi' ae cannel, and noo ye burn twa! And that's ye're new licht!"

Janet Halliday was much distressed when she heard that her parish minister, the Rev. George Barclay, was to remove from Hutton to the charge at Haddington. Meeting him one day, she said, "O Maister Barclay, what for are ye to leave the folks o' Hutton, wha wad sae fain keep ye?" "I am obeying a call of Providence," said Mr Barclay. "Aweel, aweel!" said Janet, "and Providence is unco kind to ye a', for He never ca's ye to a waur stipend!"

A geologist, more celebrated for his science than for his religious orthodoxy, was chipping rocks one Sunday morning at Dura Den. A cottage matron came up and asked him what he was doing. "Don't you," said the geologist, "see that I am breaking and examining these stones?" "You're doin' mair," said the woman—"you're breaking the Sabbath." The reproof was crushing.

A rebuke, without intelligence, was administered by a hind's wife at Crail to the late estimable Dr Andrew Bell, minister of the parish. Mr Bell was setting out for a drive with an invalid daughter, when a labourer called to seek

baptism for his child. Mr Bell promised that he would call on an early day to converse with him about the ordinance. He did so, and was met by the labourer's wife, who accosted him thus : " The bairn's bapteezed by the bishop, and ye did vera ill to refuse baptism to my man ; for if he hadna been a learnit man, Lord Kellie wadna hae employed him to brak' stanes."





A COUNTRY MINISTER AND HIS RECOLLECTIONS.

MY father, the Rev. James Roger, minister of Dunino, Fifeshire (1805-1849), was an eminent classical and general scholar. Born on the 24th June 1767, at Coupar Grange, Perthshire, an estate of which his ancestors were co-proprietors, he was dedicated to the altar by his father, a pious elder of the Church. In his fourteenth year he entered the University of St Andrews, having gained by competition a bursary or exhibition, which secured his education and maintenance for four sessions. At the close of his first session, he obtained a premium awarded by the Earl of Kinnoull, Chancellor of the University, to the student who had made the greatest progress in his classical studies. During the latter years of his theological course, he attended Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1791 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery

of Dundee. Soon afterwards he was introduced to the celebrated Mr George Dempster of Dunnichen, and, on his recommendation, was appointed to prepare an Agricultural Survey of Forfarshire for the Board of Agriculture. In 1796, he published an essay on the principles of Government, intended to correct popular notions as to the beneficial consequences of the French Revolution. In the same year he was awarded a gold medal by the Highland Society, for an essay on the best method of improving the Highlands.

My father now contemplated an extensive work on the rise and progress of Agriculture, but he afterwards abandoned the intention from lack of encouragement. He next made trial of literary life in London, but lost heart and returned to Scotland. In 1805 he was ordained to the ministerial office at Dunino, where, in the hope of obtaining academical preferment, which had been the lot of his three immediate predecessors, he devoted himself to studies of a more recondite and philosophical character. In 1816 he was a candidate for the Professorship of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews. He continued to prosecute his classical and philosophical studies with unabated ardour. Until his 82d year he read daily in the Latin and Greek classics, and in Hebrew literature. His conversational powers were of the first order, and his information was almost encyclopedic. After a period of feeble health he died on the 23d November 1849, at the age of eighty-three. A few days after his decease he was thus described by an able journalist:

“With the excellent natural abilities which he possessed, cultivated by study, the fruits of which a memory of great tenacity enabled him to have always at his command, and with a varied and extensive acquaintance with the real living world, Mr Roger was to those who had the happiness of being acquainted with him only in his latter years, an acquaintance at once delightful and instructive to a degree which cannot well be described. He had acted as a reporter in the House of Commons, at the time when its deliberations were influenced by the heavings of those terrible convulsions which afterwards overthrew the thrones of Europe, and in every country, except Britain, threw back for more than a century the cause of rational and solid liberty. Mr Roger had noted the speeches of Pitt and Fox, and of a host of able, though lesser men. Others might have had his opportunities of listening to these great men who might not have felt the influence or retained the memory of their presence, or been able to make an after generation the wiser of their experience; but Mr Roger was just the man whose vivid and picturesque descriptions in conversation faithfully conveyed to others the scenes which he had himself witnessed, and he could raise up before his hearers the whole figure of Charles Fox, with his blue coat and yellow waistcoat, opening his manly and simple addresses with a downcast look and an unanimated, heavy air, and gradually getting more and more carried away by the strength of his feelings, till his voice was

elevated beyond the pitch to which a calm attention to gracefulness would have confined it, but never elevated so as to lose its power of impressing and ruling the hearts of the Senate."

Of my father's recollections, the first portion is presented in his own words.

"In November 1781, I was introduced to the Latin and Greek professors at St Andrews, by my relative, Mr John Playfair, minister of Liff. This ingenious man, who afterwards obtained European fame as Professor Playfair of Edinburgh, was already in high repute for his scientific attainments. In 1772, while only twenty-four, he contested the Chair of Natural Philosophy at St Andrews, and lost the appointment only through an excess of local influence on behalf of a competitor. Soon after, he succeeded his father in the church living of Liff, but he was still prosecuting his peculiar studies, being more ardent about success in the academy than in the Church. In after life we did not meet; but I remember him as one venerated for his learning, and whose unaffected kindly manners caused me to regard him with affection. At the period to which I refer, the professor was in his thirty-third year. Though he had been patriarchal, he could not have administered more fatherly counsel or warned me more emphatically against the snares which beset the inexperienced. 'Write often,' he said, 'to your father and mother. Never indulge in play till you have finished your tasks, and select only a

few companions. Rise early, and revise your morning lesson before leaving your apartment. Keep your room in the evenings, unless on the appointed holidays.'

"When I entered St Andrews University, I found that the visit of Dr Samuel Johnson to that ancient seat of learning was still a theme of conversation, though seven years had passed since the English sage walked under the porch of St Salvator. There was a difference of opinion about Johnson—one section of the gownsmen '*siding*,' as they expressed it, with the professors, whose learning the English lexicographer had ventured to impugn. At the banquet to which the professors invited him, Johnson expressed surprise that grace should have been said in English rather than in Latin, and when the key of the library was missing, he spoke of a library of which the key could never be found. Several of the older students remembered Johnson's visit, and described the awe which he had inspired.

"John Campbell, a Highland student, was bold enough to lampoon the sage, and even to throw ridicule upon his dictionary. 'What is a window?' propounded the facetious querist. Johnson was supposed to reply, 'A window, sir, is an orifice cut out of an edifice for the introduction of illumination.' 'And how should one ask a friend to snuff the candle?' 'Sir, you ought to say, deprive that luminary of its superfluous eminence.' At St Andrews, Johnson indulged to the full in his combativeness of talk, and the pro-

fessors, while unwilling to speak harshly of one so noted, remembered his visit with distaste.

“St Andrews, with its three colleges, had dwindled into a state bordering on decay. The modern tenements were built of timber, and the older houses were in ruins. The streets, meanly paved, yielded a crop of grass, which was mowed by sheep; while less frequented thoroughfares had crossings of boulders, by means of which pedestrians could in wet weather avoid stepping into pools of mud. In the heart of the city a street was named the *Foul Waste*, and the name was appropriate; it was the receptacle of abomination of every sort, and constantly emitted a loathsome smell. The Cathedral buildings were unenclosed; from the ruins, builders took stones to rear private dwellings, and the citizens adapted the surrounding burial ground for every purpose of convenience. The three colleges were greatly dilapidated. St Leonard’s Halls were the repositories of farm produce and winter fodder. The Common Hall of St Salvator’s College was a dreary vault, with cobwebbed roof and damp earthen floor. The lecture rooms were small, dingy, and ill ventilated. In St Mary’s College, one room, dark and dismal, served for the prelections of the four Professors of Theology. The foundation bursars resided in a wing of St Salvator’s College; they were lodged, maintained, and taught at the expense of the institution. The entertainment provided was limited in extent, and in quality most wretched. For breakfast we received half an

oaten loaf, with half a chopin of beer; the latter was brewed on the premises, and could not have been of worse quality. Dinner was at three o'clock served in the Common Hall. Broth and beef constituted the fare four days weekly. A professor presided; he tasted the broth, and looked on as we ate the coarse flesh with which it was prepared. Thrice a week we dined on fish or eggs. Tea and coffee were unknown. Our evening meal consisted of a twopenny loaf, with a jug of the college beer. Each bursar's apartment was eight feet square. The bedsteads were timber tressels, and the bedsteads were rough and hard. Each room had a fireplace, but as smoky chimneys were the rule, we seldom used fire, except when extremity of cold rendered smoke with a little heat more tolerable than starvation. Each bursar provided and kept clean his knife and fork; but the professors, in consideration of deducting from our bursaries sixteen shillings and eightpence, gave us the use of silver spoons.

“Thirteen years before my entering the United College, Robert Fergusson, the poet, occupied the same chamber in St Salvator's which was assigned to myself. Many of his rhymes, inscribed on the walls, were still legible. There was a tradition that, by means of a poetical pasquinade, not very reverently introduced, Fergusson achieved considerable reform at the college table. Each bursar said grace by turns. It was Fergusson's turn. He rose up and expressed himself as follows :

“ For rabbits young and for rabbits old,
 For rabbits hot and for rabbits cold,
 For rabbits tender and for rabbits tough,
 L—d, we thank thee, for we’ve had enough.

Hitherto rabbits from a warren in the neighbourhood constituted the chief fare, and though complaints were often made, none proved effective. The present stroke was irresistible. The professors dreaded to inflict censure on the graceless poet, who might, if reproved for his present rhymes, inflict others even more wanton. The rabbits disappeared.

Among the more erudite Professors in the United College, were Dr John Hunter of the Latin, and Dr George Hill of the Greek chair. As the accomplished editor of the Latin classics, Dr Hunter became celebrated. Already he enjoyed high reputation as a teacher.* He composed Latin elegantly, and as the business of the class was conducted in the Roman tongue, we found that he always expressed himself well and neatly. But he wrote English with less skill. Imitating in some measure the Johnsonian formality, but deficient in fancy, his English composition was ponderous and uninteresting. This is apparent in his “Treatise on Conjunctions,”† and in the article “Grammar,” which

* Dr John Hunter, was born in the parish of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, in September 1746. He died at St Andrews on the 18th January 1837, in his 91st year. The year before his death he was advanced to the Principalship of the United College.

† Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions, 1788.

he contributed to the seventh edition of the 'Encyclopedia Britannica.'

“If biography is intended to stimulate to industry and virtue, it is to be regretted that a life of John Hunter has not been written. Man of genius he was not; there was no poetry in his nature, and he had little aptitude for business. He did not excel in conversation, and in matters of science he was very partially informed. But he had the sagacity to know his *forte*, and to keep by it. At the Free School of Wallace Hall he evinced a remarkable promptitude in mastering the details of Latin grammar, while he excelled all his class-fellows in discovering the true meaning of the classic writers. His father was a poor operative, and as all scholastic appointments were then made through private influence, it seemed doubtful whether the young scholar of Wallace Hall might ever attain a post beyond that of a country schoolmaster. He left school while still young, and proceeding to Edinburgh, became clerk in a merchant's office. Recommending himself to his employer, he obtained permission to attend the Latin and Greek classes in the University. His attainments as a Latin scholar were as marked at college as they had previously been in the academy, and when Lord Monboddo applied to the Professor of Latin for a clerk who could read Virgil, Hunter was named at once. Acceptance was matter of course, and the learned judge was delighted with his clerkly acquisition. Hunter was silent when his patron spoke about the origin of

mankind, but when he talked about the classics, the clerk proved equal to the judge. Monboddo began to defer to his amanuensis respecting the meaning of Latin phrases, and at his table introduced him to those who could appreciate his scholarship. In 1775 a vacancy occurred in the Humanity Chair at St Andrews. To the patron, General Scott of Balcomie, Monboddo strongly recommended his protégé. The story went, that the General, on receiving the recommendation, went to Monboddo's house, and desired to have an interview with his friend. On his presenting himself, the General drew from his pocket a copy of Horace, and asked him to read. Hunter read an ode, and gave a free and intelligent translation. The General put a few questions which were answered clearly and correctly. 'Now,' said the General, closing the book, 'I give you the Professorship, not because you are Lord Monboddo's friend, but for your personal merits.'

“Advanced from the clerk's stool to the Professor's chair, John Hunter never forgot whence he had risen, and never permitted his attention to be diverted from the earnest pursuit of those studies of which the early prosecution had led to his elevation. He formed a critical acquaintance with the best Latin authors, and his editions of the classics, prepared as they were with extraordinary care, retain an honourable place.

“My Greek Professor, Dr George Hill, afterwards attained great eminence in the Church. With the Greek Professor-

ship he held the second ministerial charge of the city, and his pulpit duties were discharged with the same power which characterised his academic teaching. His habits were singularly industrious ; he rose at four and prepared for his class till seven, when he took breakfast. No portion of his time was lost. He was eminently courteous. By his agreeable manner he charmed all with whom he came in contact. He had the art of pleasing. ‘ Laugh, laugh,’ said he, to his little daughter, as a blockhead at his table was relating some silly anecdote at which he himself laughed vociferously. ‘ What a becoming hat,’ he said to the Rev. Thomas K——, whose intellectual qualities did not admit of even a qualified laudation. None could easier turn away an angry word spoken in debate. In the General Assembly he had encountered a fearful onslaught from the Rev. James Burn, minister of Forgan. When Mr Burn concluded, he said with a smile, ‘ Moderator, we all know that it is most natural that *Burns* should run down *Hills*.’ The laugh was effectually raised against his reverend opponent. It was in the General Assembly that his oratory was chiefly displayed. He succeeded Principal Robertson as leader of the moderate party, and by his even temper, eminent tact, and enticing eloquence, he maintained his position to the close. He died in 1819 in his seventieth year, after attaining nearly every honour which a minister of the Scottish Church could enjoy. His Theological Institutes published posthumously, are a monument of his learning and industry.

The work has been used as a text-book, in various theological seminaries.

“In St Mary’s College, the chair of Church History was occupied by the Rev. William Brown, a man of considerable scholarship, strong will, and some odd ways. He composed his lectures in Latin ; and during the first two weeks of the session his prelections were entitled: *Res Gestæ ante mundum conditum*. As he did not pretend any acquaintance with geology, which, indeed, had scarcely taken its place among the sciences, his introductory lectures were not very interesting. As he did not examine, few cared to listen, and the business of the class passed on without any work being done. A curious history attended Mr Brown’s appointment to the Church History chair. After the battle of Prestonpans, several officers of the royal army were carried off by the victorious rebels and subjected to imprisonment at the village of Glammis. Along with some followers, Mr William Brown, then a theological student, rode from Dundee to Glammis, and by overcoming the detaining party, rescued the prisoners. Mr Brown’s gallantry was reported to the Duke of Cumberland, who promised to befriend him. Soon after Mr Brown obtained license, and was promoted to the church living of Cortachy. In this charge he had not been long settled, when a rumour spread to his disadvantage. He was accused of seduction. The Presbytery of Forfar were unwilling to prosecute one who had so lately distinguished himself in the royal cause, and

Mr Brown was disinclined to undergo a trial, when, as he alleged, so many of his people being lately in rebellion, were disposed to testify against him falsely. He resigned his charge, and, through the influence of the Duke of Cumberland, was appointed minister of the English congregation at Utrecht. Through the same channel of influence, he was appointed to his professorship. He received his commission in 1757, but did not obtain installation for some time afterwards; his nomination, on account of the old Forfarshire rumours, being resisted both by the University and the Presbytery. But his cause was warmly supported by Government, and the General Assembly at length ordered his induction. He was somewhat hospitable, and when he invited his students to his house, delighted to show them the brace of pistols with which he had encountered the Highlanders at Glamis. Professor Brown has, perhaps, his best claim to remembrance as the father of a distinguished son.

“That son was William Laurence Brown, D.D., Principal of Marischal College, Aberdeen, whom, at a subsequent period, I knew intimately. Principal Brown was an able and accomplished man, but could not be commended for his *bonhomie*. He was always on the attack—always disposed to run down some one. He monopolised conversation, and lost his temper if the monopoly was interfered with. Sarcasm was his forte, and it was cruelly indulged towards those against whom he had conceived an

aversion. Principal Hill had expressed to Lord Melville an opinion that he was not sufficiently prudent to discharge wisely the duties of the Principalship of Marischal College, and unhappily this opinion was brought to his notice. Henceforth he pursued Dr Hill with a relentless vengeance. He ridiculed him in society, denounced him in the General Assembly, and published 'Philemon,' a poem in two volumes, in which, under the name of *Vulpellus*, he sought to exhibit him to the world as a monster of treachery. Principal Brown died in 1830. He had, I believe, long previously abandoned that severity of expression and sentiment which, in former years, disfigured a career otherwise adorned."

At Aberdeen my father studied under Dr George Campbell, and Dr Alexander Gerard, author of the "Pastoral Care." He remembered Dr Gerard as a venerable gentleman, without much animation, and with only a moderate share of originality. On the merits of Dr George Campbell he delighted to expatiate. He spoke of the excellence of his lectures, and of the vigour and dignity with which they were expressed. At the Principal's table he was an occasional guest, and he was much struck by the delightful frankness which the distinguished host extended to every member of the company. His conversation was sprinkled with a humour peculiarly his own. "We have got," said a visitor, "nearly all sects and denominations represented in Aberdeen; but it is singular there are no Jews!"

“No ;” said the Principal, “we’re owre far north for them here.” There was a decided point in the story, for Aberdonian traders were supposed in their dealings to exercise a tenacity of gain scarcely to be rivalled.

There was an anecdote of the Principal and the Convener of the Trades, a hairdresser, who affected superior shrewdness, and an ample acquaintance with local history. As the Convener was one day prosecuting his craft, the Principal asked him, “Do you remember, sir, when Pontius Pilate was provost o’ the Al’ton?” (Old Aberdeen.) “I canna say, Principal,” was the ready response, “that I mind o’ him mysel’ ; but I’ve often heard my father say that he mindit him weel.”

Dr Campbell was naturally indolent. Aware of her husband’s infirmity, Mrs Campbell made secure the door of his library. For some time he submitted to the practice with patience ; but at length he fell upon a stratagem by which the vigilance of his helpmate was rendered useless. He concealed in his library a violin, with which he discoursed his favourite tunes to relieve the monotony of theological study.

In the class of Dr James Beattie, author of “The Minstrel,” my father was not an enrolled student ; but he was a frequent listener to his prelections. I cannot recall his sentiments respecting Dr Beattie’s professorial qualities, but he spoke emphatically in regard to the high estimation in which he was held as a poet. My father

related an anecdote in connection with his becoming acquainted with Mr Francis Garden, afterwards Lord Gardenstone, a little more copious in detail than that supplied by Sir William Forbes in the Professor's "Memoirs." Mr Garden was residing at Woodstock, in the parish of Fordoun, of which Beattie was schoolmaster. He had been told that the parish teacher was eccentric and suspected of lunacy. One day, walking in an unfrequented glen, he heard some one speaking aloud, and proceeding to the spot, found Beattie seated on a stone, writing, and repeating aloud what he had written. Mr Garden listened, and at once perceived that the schoolmaster was a man of genius. Introducing himself to the bard, an intimacy soon sprung up, when Mr Garden informed him that the country people thought him mad. "No wonder," said Beattie, "for I've sometimes found myself walking all night in the glen, forgetful that I was compromising myself." And so he composed "The Minstrel."

At Aberdeen my father boarded in the house of Mrs Dallas, the widow of an Episcopal clergyman, and cousin of Johnson's Boswell. During their visit to Aberdeen, Boswell and his illustrious fellow-traveller spent an evening in Mrs Dallas's house. To my father, who was a profound admirer of the sage, Mrs Dallas related the principal incidents of the evening. She was not favourably impressed with Dr Johnson's appearance, and his "bow-wow manner" she held as repulsive. Several of the professors had ac-

cepted her invitation to meet her cousin and his friend, and the evening was spent in controversy. Dr Johnson seemed to cavil at everything, and his incessant utterance of "No," rang in Mrs Dallas's ears long after. "But," added Mrs Dallas, "Mr Boswell would hear nothing to his dispraise."

In 1791 my father became ministerial assistant at Cortachy. Many of the older parishioners had, under Lord Ogilvie, been attached to the standard of Prince Charles Edward. These expatiated to my father on the sufferings to which they had been subjected after the disastrous battle of Culloden. None seemed to lament the fall of the Chevalier, whose cause they had espoused out of attachment to their young landlord, and from no personal conviction. Lord Ogilvie was long an exile in France; but having obtained a pardon, he was permitted to enjoy the family honours. As fifth Earl of Airlie, he resided in his ancestral mansion of Cortachy Castle. He was a singular old man, dressed in the French fashion, and had many odd ways. He received a weekly newspaper, but after reading it, put it into the fire, that he might enjoy the satisfaction of retailing the news to his dependants. For this purpose he visited the servants' hall every evening at eight o'clock, where, leaning against a large upright chest, he discoursed with his principal attendants on the political aspects of the times. They listened reverently; but all had seen the weekly journal before it had passed into his lordship's hands.

In 1793, my father was introduced to Sir John Sinclair, Bart., then in his zenith. With Sir John he enjoyed a little personal intercourse. He was much struck with his bustling character, and extraordinary appetite for work. Sir John's vanity, my father said, was apparent on the slightest acquaintance with him.

With Mr George Dempster of Dunnichen, my father about this time began an acquaintance, which continued with growing respect on both sides, for a quarter of a century. Hearing of my father's literary tastes, Mr Dempster invited him to Dunnichen House, and the visit was, by his desire, speedily repeated. A steady friendship grew up, and the laird of Dunnichen rejoiced frequently to entertain a gentleman whose stores of information were not inferior to his own.*

On his retirement from Parliament in 1790, Mr Dempster began to devote his energies towards improving the natural resources of his country. He obtained an act for the protection and encouragement of Scottish Fisheries. He advanced the interests of northern manufactures, but at length concentrated his exertions in the cause of husbandry. In its agricultural concerns, the county of Forfar, more especially in the upland districts, considerably lagged, and it was Mr Dempster's ambition to imbue the tenantry of

* In his *Fasti Ecclesie Scoticanæ* (Edinb., 1869, part iv. p. 424), Dr Hew Scott represents my father as amanuensis or secretary to Mr Dempster. This is an error; my father did not have the honour of being so employed by his friend.

his district, with a spirit of enterprise and emulation, which he hoped would ultimately subdue the mosses, and reclaim the waste lands. In this laudable object, he found a willing and experienced coadjutor in my father, who was familiar with the agricultural condition of every parish in the county, and had, by extensive reading, made himself acquainted with agriculture as a science. With my father's assistance, Mr Dempster established the "Lunan and Vinney Farming Society," of which, at the first meeting, my father was elected honorary secretary. The society held yearly a festive entertainment at Dunnichen, and some eighty persons—landlords and tenants—were enrolled as members. On Mr Dempster's death in 1818, meetings of the society were suspended, and the minute-book is now in the custody of the writer, as the secretary's representative. The minutes abound in curious agricultural speculations, with extracts from the classic and eloquent speeches with which Mr Dempster, the ingenious president, delighted the assemblages.

An incident which occurred at one of these agricultural feasts may be related. Mr Dempster had one year offered an apology for drinking toast and water, by stating that he was an invalid. At the following meeting, one of his farmers followed his landlord's example of abstinence. "Why," said the president addressing him, "aren't you taking your glass, James?" "Excuse me, Maister Dempster," said the farmer, "for I'm an infidel." "Ah," rejoined Mr

Dempster, "you differ from the old infidels who said, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.'"

Though for nearly thirty years a member of the House of Commons, and fond of conversation, Mr Dempster seldom alluded to his Parliamentary experiences. His sterling independence had gained him the designation of "Honest George," but it was my father's opinion that he regretted he had so long engaged in political concerns. He had achieved his entrance into Parliament as member for the Fife and Forfar burghs, by a course of bribery on an enormous scale. To obtain the means of defeating his opponent, he sold three estates. He sometimes alluded to these matters regretfully, and would speak of the impetuosity of his hot youth. He mentioned that a hairdresser in St Andrews had received from him five guineas as a recompense for shaving him. By the acceptance of this gratuity, he understood that he had secured the barber's vote; but on resuming his canvass, he heard that the honest hairdresser had been liberally recompensed for shaving his opponent. Meeting him one day he said, "Why, Mr Bell, you have been shaving the opposition! I did not expect this." "Troth," said the barber, "I just wantit to pleasure ye baith." Calling at the house of another trader, he proceeded to ingratiate himself with his wife and daughter. On leaving, he made a fashion of kissing the honest matron, quietly placing five gold pieces in the hand which was modestly extended to protect her face. Contemplating her glittering prize, the delighted house-

wife exclaimed: "Kiss my dochter too, sir!" Mr Dempster delighted to relate the anecdote.

Mr Dempster was well acquainted with Mr Macpherson of Ossianic celebrity. He sat with him in Parliament. He related to my father that it was believed that the parchments, which Becket, the London publisher, exhibited in his shop as the originals of Fingal and other poems, were Gaelic leases from the charter-chest of a Macleod of Skye.

A London gentleman of fortune was visiting at Dunnichen House. My father was also there on a visit. All were seated in the library one evening, when Mr Dempster said to his London friend, "How is Woodfall?" Woodfall was the publisher of "Junius." "Ah!" said the London visitor, "poor Woodfall is much reduced. Some of his old friends lately subscribed a small amount to help him; but he is still very poor, and at his advanced age his circumstances are not likely to improve." "Indeed, indeed!" exclaimed Mr Dempster, "I wish, for his sake, I had been rich; but will you add these as my contribution in aid of my old friend?" Mr Dempster handed a small bundle of Scottish notes to his visitor, and turned round to conceal his emotion. My father believed that Mr Dempster was in the secret as to the authorship of "Junius," but he durst not venture to put questions on a theme so delicate.

At Dunnichen my father met John Pinkerton, the antiquary. Pinkerton attended a meeting of the Farming

Society, and took part in a discussion on fiorin grass. He is thus introduced in the minutes: "Mr Pinkerton, the antiquary, had not bent much of his mind to modern things. He had only to state that Camden mentioned a field in the west of Scotland, which cut four times a year, and consisted of fiorin grass." It was my father's opinion that Pinkerton desired to be regarded as a universal genius. He spoke of being admitted to a library abroad solely from his reputation. He was ready to debate on any subject, and in the assertion of his views was opinionative and dogged. Contradiction, even in the mildest form, he would not tolerate. He had been on a long visit to Dunnichen House, and had rendered himself obnoxious to the young people. Said a young miss of thirteen to Mr Dempster one morning, before the antiquary joined the breakfast-table, "Grandpapa, when is Mr Pinkerton going away?" "Whisht, my dear," said Mr Dempster with a smile. Pinkerton spent a large portion of his time in visits to county families and others, who were content to tolerate his peculiarities. He latterly resided in France, where he died in 1825, in circumstances of penury.

Respecting the character of Mr Dempster, my father shared the opinion of his contemporaries. A stainless patriotism was his leading characteristic. Though latterly the reverse of opulent, he was liberal to his relatives, and benevolent to the poor. Latterly, he became frugal in his domestic arrangements from a delusion, incident to old age,

that he was on the verge of poverty. He dismissed his valet, who had been in his employment for forty years. The disconsolate old man applied to my father to intercede for him. "It is unnecessary," said my father; "return to your duties, and Mr Dempster will at once relent, if he has not already forgotten what has occurred." The advice was followed, and the faithful valet remained till his kind master bade adieu to time resting in his arms.

Mr Dempster died in February 1818, in his eighty-fourth year. Some time before his death, Mr Dempster was requested by my father to express his wishes in regard to a memoir. In answer, he wrote on the 9th June 1816, "You joke about the life of an individual to whom nothing but *oblivion* belongs :

'Vixi, et quem dederat cursum
Natura heregi.'

After his decease, no document likely to be useful to a biographer could be found in his repositories. The whole had been destroyed.

Disappointed in obtaining ecclesiastical preferment, though more than one congregation had applied to "just and auncient patrons" on his behalf, my father resolved to try a literary career in the metropolis. Provided with letters from Mr Dempster, and his relatives, Principal Playfair of St Andrews, and Professor Playfair of Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1802 he sailed for London. There he placed himself chiefly under the guidance of Mr William Playfair,

brother of Professor Playfair, and well-known as an inventor and miscellaneous writer. By this gentleman my father was strongly dissuaded from remaining in the metropolis. "As a newspaper reporter," he said, "you might make a decent livelihood; but you are at the mercy of your employer, and an ebullition of temper on his part, or an attack of illness on yours, might throw you helpless on the world. Besides, you have influence in Scotland, which, sooner or later, must lead to your obtaining a living in the Presbyterian Kirk." My father listened, and hastened home, leaving one letter of introduction undelivered. This was addressed by Mr Dempster to the Rev. William Thomson, LL.D., formerly assistant minister at Monivaird, but for many years a well-employed miscellaneous writer in the metropolis. Mr Dempster's letter to Dr Thomson proceeds thus :

"Dunnichen, Forfar, 13th Sept. 1802.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I am glad to embrace this opportunity of enquiring how you are, and expressing my hopes that this will find you in health and prosperity. It serves to introduce to you the Rev. Mr James Roger, who, by being assistant to our parish clergyman, has gained the good opinion and good-will of all our parish, and no small share of mine among the rest. In your time, a Scotch kirk was no great object, and at present an assistant is as poor an object as ever. He has therefore accepted some proposals for establishing himself in London. He will mention particu-

lars to you himself. I know you have a heart that disposes you to acts of kindness to others. You are a successful veteran in the career that he is about to begin. I pray you let him avail himself of all your experiences, and if possible share in your laurels. I am persuaded that you will have satisfaction in his acquaintance, and find him grateful for your attention to him. He will tell you about me. Time has altered many parts of me, but has not abated a tittle of my liking and respect for you. Farewell. My Dear and Revd. Sir,

“Yours, &c.,

“GEORGE DEMPSTER.”

A few sentences will express my father's opinion of Mr William Playfair, whose stirring but not prosperous career is described in the Biographical Dictionaries. He was a laborious worker, but amidst a variety of accomplishments, was incapable of discovering where his chief strength lay. He was most patriotic, but from some lack of ballast, statesmen could not utilise his powers, or reward them with emolument. He died poor—the lot of so many literary adventurers in the metropolis of Britain.

Mr Playfair augured rightly, for in 1804 my father was presented to the church of Dunino, by the masters of the United College of St Andrews, at the intercession of his relative, the principal. Mr Dempster hastened to offer his congratulations in these terms :

Dunnichen, Forfar, 25th Feb. 1804.

“REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Ever since I heard of your being certainly provided with the kirk of Dunino, I have been confined to my room with a fit of sickness, which I mention as my apology for not having congratulated you earlier on that happy event. It does great honour to your friend Principal Playfair, being a vigorous act of friendship. I also ascribe your good fortune to the kind interposition of Providence in your favour, for there are few College Patronages occur at a time that none of the Patrons’ families are qualified to receive them; neither do I doubt that your dutiful attention to your aged parents, and your diligent discharge of all your other duties have disposed Providence favourably towards you, and induced you to refuse the killing drudgery of a London newsmonger, and a precarious provision in the family of a Highland laird. Such are my reflections on this occasion. They are accompanied with the most heartfelt satisfaction. I now heartily wish you good health to enjoy your preferment. All this family are much pleased at your good fortune, and I remain most sincerely,

“Yours,

“GEORGE DEMPSTER.”

To the ministerial charge of Dunino my father was ordained in May 1805. The parish manse was four miles from St Andrews, where there was pleasant literary society

and the well-stored University Library. Among the more intimate associates of my father's early ministry were Dr Henry David Hill, Dr James Brown, and Dr James Hunter, who had all preceded him in his parochial cure, and were now Professors; also Mr Thomas Chalmers, minister of Kilmany, and Principal Playfair his relative and patron.

Dr James Playfair is entitled to remembrance. At a period when astronomy, geography, and the kindred sciences attracted little attention from Scottish scholars, he diligently prosecuted those branches of learning. His work on Geography, extending to six volumes quarto, with a folio atlas, constitutes the basis of many less costly geographical publications; while his folio Chronology is known as a work of great research and respectable authority. It afforded my father peculiar satisfaction to prove serviceable to his relative when he was exposed to some serious hostilities. These he honourably surmounted, and died in peace with all mankind in May 1819, in his 81st year. Of somewhat unbending manners, and not particularly sociable, Principal Playfair preferred the quiet retirement of his study to any displays of eloquence or learning, whether in the pulpit or in the academy. But he was both an orator and an elegant scholar.

Through his marriage with Miss Margaret Lyon, who was nearly related to the noble family of Strathmore, Dr Playfair became father of four sons, who all attained positions of distinction. Colonel William Davidson Playfair, the eldest

son, after a successful military career in India, spent many years of honourable retirement at St Andrews. Colonel Sir Hugh Lyon Playfair, LL.D. the second son, was distinguished as an artillery officer, and as the constructor of the Great Military Road between Calcutta and Benares, and more especially in after life as the greatest city reformer of his time. He was many years chief magistrate of St Andrews, and he changed that place from the condition of a mouldering hamlet into a well-constructed modern city. For his praiseworthy exertions at St Andrews, he was knighted in 1856 ; he likewise received every honour which the citizens or the University could confer. Sir Hugh died on the 23d January 1861, in his 75th year.

Principal Playfair's third son George, became an eminent physician in India. A son of this gentleman, Dr Lyon Playfair, LL.D., C.B., at present represents in Parliament the Universities of St Andrews and Edinburgh, and is highly distinguished for his scientific attainments and his interest in the cause of education. Dr Playfair's youngest son James, prosecuted in Glasgow a successful mercantile career, and became one of the magistrates of the city.

Dr Henry David Hill was a younger brother of Principal Hill, formerly noticed. He was ordained at Dunino in May 1785, but demitted the cure on being appointed Professor of Greek at St Andrews in October 1789. Professor Hill published a work on "The Institutions, Government, and Manners of the States of Ancient Greece." He

was remarkable for his social qualities and ready humour. Dining one day with the Presbytery of St Andrews, a joint was found to be imperfectly cooked. "Come," said Dr Henry, "let us not grumble. We can easily hand it to the cook, who will pass it to the kettle, and all will be made right." Dr Cook and Mr Kettle were two of the brethren present. The laugh which followed restored the clerical equanimity. Professor Hill found Mr Kettle seated on a large boulder at his manse gate as he chanced to come up. "Seated so lowly, Mr Kettle," exclaimed Dr Hill, "when your brother Pan was a heathen god!" A humorist of this ready stamp was an acceptable visitor at the manse of Dunino. Dr Henry David Hill died in February 1820.

Of an entirely different mould was Professor James Brown. He held the living of Dunino from 1790 to 1796, when, on the recommendation of Dr John Hunter, he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow. For this office he was eminently qualified, but an unhappy affection of the nervous system, soon incapacitated him for performing the Professorial duties. For some years he discharged his duties by proxy, but afterwards resigned his chair on an allowance. He long made St Andrews his head-quarters, and his remarkable powers of conversation drew around him not only all the lettered society of that neighbourhood, but learned and distinguished persons from a distance. My father frequently invited him to his table, where the brilliancy of his conversation con-

trasted not unpleasantly with the more solid talk of other learned persons, who were frequent visitors at the manse. Professor Brown died in November 1838 in his 75th year.

Dr James Hunter was my father's immediate predecessor ; he was minister of Dunino for six years. Son of the celebrated Dr John Hunter, Dr James inherited his father's tastes, and was expert in discussions connected with classic literature. In 1804 he was elected Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at St Andrews, an appointment which he held till his death in 1845. As an instructor in metaphysics and *Belles Lettres* he did not excel. Formal and precise in manner, he failed to impress his students with any philosophic ardour ; and some even doubted his personal interest in those branches of knowledge which it was his duty to inculcate. In private life he was kind and sociable. He had read much, and, aided by a powerful memory, he could use promptly what he knew. He indulged in a species of repartee, which fell somewhat heavily on the object of it ; but he never left a company without, by a corresponding compliment, compensating for his unpleasantness. In the pulpit his manner partook of that freedom which characterised him in private life. Preaching for my father on the evening of a Communion Sunday, he failed to discover his text. After a pause, he exclaimed, " This is extraordinary ; I cannot find my text. I marked it on the top of my sermon last night, and I thought that it was in the Epistle to the Hebrews, the 13th chapter and 22d

verse ; but that's a mistake. The text is, 'Suffer the words of exhortation,' but where these words are, I can't tell you. But your minister has a good knowledge of passages. Ho !" proceeded the Doctor, looking towards my father, who was seated in his family pew—"can you tell me where the text is?" "You're quite right," said my father; "look at the passage you have named." "Well, brethren," said the preacher, "your minister says that the text is in Luke—Luke's Gospel, the 30th chapter and the 22d verse ; if not there, it's somewhere else, for I know it's in the Bible." After service, the Professor being informed that the text was in the middle clause of the verse which he had at first named, called out in the churchyard—"Halloa ! my friends, the text is in the Hebrews after all ; you'll find it when you get home."

No clerical neighbour was by my father more esteemed than Thomas Chalmers of Kilmany. On the occasion of every visit to his parents at Anstruther—and they were not few—Mr Chalmers spent one or two days at Dunino manse, which stood about half-way between Kilmany and Anstruther. One of Chalmers' earliest movements was to improve the social status and domestic condition of the clergy. He came to my father on a Monday in a state of great enthusiasm. "Yesterday I preached," he said, "in the College Kirk, and inaugurated my scheme for the augmentation of stipends. I'll read to you my discourse ;" thereupon taking a MS. from his pocket, and placing it on the table. "Just twenty minutes," said my father, who

knew that his friend, when he entered warmly on a subject, forgot everything else ; and the cook had announced that dinner was almost ready. "Half an hour," pleaded Chalmers, "and you shall have the entire discourse." My father assented, but placed his watch upon the table. The orator proceeded, as if he had been addressing a congregation. "The church bell," he said, "may ring for a century to come, but if the clergy are not properly remunerated, they will be termed 'paur bodies,' and themselves and their ministrations will be regarded with contempt." "I beg your pardon," Mr Chalmers, said my father, "but what's your text?" "My text," said the orator, "is Luke 12th and 15th — 'A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.'" "You are not textual," said my father. "Wait a little," rejoined the orator, "and you'll see." The sermon proved both eloquent and appropriate. "He never expressed himself better," said my father, "even in the days of his greatest popularity."*

In general conversation, Chalmers was reticent. But he was an agreeable companion, and even loquacious in the society of a few. At this period he was actively pursuing his chemical studies, and making experiments in natural science. "I was much troubled in shaving," he said, "till I discovered proper cutlery. The secret is worth

* This discourse, slightly altered, was delivered by Chalmers as his maiden speech in the General Assembly of 1809, and created no inconsiderable interest. It was published by request.

knowing. If you desire to shave smoothly, use razors with brown or mottled handles. I now shave painlessly." "An odd experience," replied my father, "for razors of the finest edge are mounted in ivory, and are accordingly sold at a higher price."

On a Saturday morning, the minister of Kilmany stepped in. "My dear sir," said he, "I have been detained at Anster all the week, and I am unprepared for to-morrow's duty; so allow me to take your place, and, like a kind man, you'll take mine at Kilmany." My father consented. "I don't know what my housekeeper may have for you in the way of eating," he proceeded, "but there is very fine whisky; and this reminds me, I have discovered a method of eliminating the harsher and more deleterious particles from all spirituous liquors. I leave my bottles uncorked, and place them in an open cupboard, so that atmospheric air entering the necks of the bottles, may mollify the fluid." "All very good," said my father. On a bottle of Mr Chalmers' rectified aqua being produced next day after dinner, at Kilmany, he found that other agencies than those of the atmosphere had been reducing the strength. Three-fourths of the liquor had evidently been poured out, and the remainder proportionately diluted with aqua from the well. Whisky of such extreme mildness might be drunk readily. In the evening, as my father was approaching his manse, Mr Chalmers met and hailed him. "Got well through, I hope?" "Oh! yes." "And some home comforts, too?" "Yes, a

very good dinner, and very mild whisky." "Glad you liked it; knew you would. I've fallen on the true secret." "It was so very mild, that I finished the bottle." "Nonsense, my dear sir," said Mr Chalmers, who now began to suspect his friend's sincerity; "had you done so, you would not have been here to tell the tale." "Oh yes," persisted my father, "I finished the bottle. The fact is, Mr Chalmers, you're a bachelor, as well as myself, and if you take the corks out of your whisky bottles, and throw open your cupboards, your whisky will be mild enough. Yours was mostly water." Chalmers was a little crest-fallen, but added after a little—"Depend upon it, sir, the air does it."*

The minister of Kilmany was no confirmed bachelor. It was believed that he entertained an affection not altogether undisguised for Miss Mary C——, daughter of a Professor in the United College, and a near relative of Principal Hill. The lady was possessed of no inconsiderable attractions, and had numerous suitors. Chalmers, it was alleged, had addressed her in some stanzas of poetry; but she was inexorable. Certain rhymes at the expense of the hapless suitor were put into circulation. An opening stanza, which we subjoin, is tame enough—

"Tom Chalmers wooed fair Mary C——,
And praised her in poetic book;

* This anecdote and a number of others, which I communicated at his request to my friend Mr James Dodds, have been included by that respected gentleman in his recent work, "Thomas Chalmers, a Biographical Study." Edinburgh: 1870. 12mo.

Quick to her heels the lady took—
And left Thomàs to mourn.”

My father induced Mr Chalmers in an important case, which was before the Provincial Synod, to make an oration. He was proceeding to place before him the record of the proceedings, with comments of his own. “Don’t,” said Chalmers, “but give me a point—one branch of the case,—and I’ll work it out; I cannot scatter myself over a multitude of points.” An important point was accordingly selected, and upon it the minister of Kilmany promised to be prepared in due time. The Synod met at Kirkcaldy, and when Chalmers rose to address the meeting there were thunders of applause. A number of gentlemen from St Andrews had planted themselves in different portions of the building to encourage the young orator. “Mr Chalmers,” said my father, “acquitted himself magnificently. The sarcasm heaped upon our opponents was crushing. His eloquence seemed to bear upon the Court like the onward progress of a great river. The point was gained.” “You have done admirably,” said my father, grasping the orator’s hand. “I was vastly encouraged,” was the reply, “by those fellows encouraging me to go on. Encouragement, my dear sir, is half the battle.”

One winter afternoon Chalmers called at Dunino manse, uttering expressions of distress. “I am come to crave your assistance, my dear sir. Have you a spare suit? I have suffered a terrible disappointment. Some friends ex-

tracted a promise that I would attend the military ball to-night, and I wrote to my mother to get me proper clothes for the occasion. I went to Anster yesterday, and at once asked about the clothes. Conceive my mortification when my mother said that, being unable to read my letter, she had put it on a shelf that I might read it when I came." My father laughed heartily, and agreed to lend the desiderated garments, but suggested that both might be as profitably employed in a quiet evening talk as amidst the excitement of a ball-room. The minister of Kilmany at length acquiesced, and tarried at the manse.

Mr Chalmers was chaplain and adjutant of a corps of St Andrews' volunteers. The members were to dine together in the city, and my father was invited. Sometime before the hour of dinner, he met Mr Chalmers in the street, fully equipped in military attire, including a scarlet coat and white trousers. "How are you, my dear sir?" said the pastor of Kilmany. "Very well, I thank you," said my father, "but you have the advantage over me. I don't know who addresses me." "Don't know me? You know me perfectly—Chalmers of Kilmany." "Forgive me," persisted my father, "You certainly resemble my friend Mr Chalmers, but I feel that he has too much good sense to appear in a dress so unsuited to his profession." Chalmers took my father's arm, and some conversation ensued, which resulted in the adjutant of volunteers appearing at dinner in clerical vestments.

Soon after the publication of his "Inquiry into the National Resources," Mr Chalmers presented himself at Dunino. He was (1808) in his 28th year, and was still subject to an effervescent ardour concerning any theme which for the nonce arrested his fancy. "Have you read my book, my dear sir?" he inquired eagerly. "Yes, said my father." "Well, have I not established my theory?" Removing from his table the "Farmer's Magazine," which contained a slashing attack on the work, my father said "You'll have my views after dinner." When that meal was concluded, the friends proceeded together to an eminence a few hundred yards eastward of the manse. Having seated themselves on some boulders, with which the little hill was covered, my father began: "Now Mr Chalmers, for your political economy! You allege that as a nation we should be independent of foreign trade, and that if our home resources were properly economised, commerce with foreign countries might be dispensed with." "Precisely, my dear sir." "Well," said my father, "I don't propose to substitute another theory, nor to assail yours; but let us look round. The estate of Dunino, on which we now are, how was it acquired?" "Oh, you know," said Mr Chalmers, "Mr Irvine made a fortune by trading in the West Indies." "Precisely so," said my father. "And Stravithie?" "Partly by foreign trade, no doubt." "And Bonnytown?" "Yes, by colonial merchandise." "And Feddinch, Lathockar, Brighton, Lingo?" naming nearly

every estate which could be seen from the spot. "I suspect," added my father, "we must not quite abandon our foreign trade." Chalmers accepted the criticism very good naturedly.

On the appearance of Dr Claudius Buchanan's "Christian Researches," Mr Chalmers became much interested in the conversion of the heathen, and a vigorous advocate of missions. In order to interest him in what had produced such a powerful effect upon his own mind, he presented my father with a copy of Buchanan's work. The volume occupies a place in my library. The presentation note is dated 24th January 1813. Dr Chalmers removed from Kilmany to Glasgow in 1814. After an interval of four years, he and my father renewed correspondence, but only for a brief period. A difference of ecclesiastical sentiments estranged them. To the last my father, while upholding a policy opposed to that of his old friend of Kilmany, yielded every tribute to his genius. He would say, "We all knew that Chalmers would become eminent. If he had not identified himself with party, he would have been the greatest man in Scotland."

Francis Jeffrey married as first wife, a daughter of the Rev. Dr Charles Wilson, Professor of Ecclesiastical History at St Andrews, and sister-in-law of Dr James Hunter. Through Dr James, my father became acquainted with the Reviewer. As the General Assembly came round, he found himself at Jeffrey's table, enjoying a hospitality which was profuse and elegant. Jeffrey was singularly acute. Though entertaining company during the entire evening, he was

sure to appear in court next morning, perfectly at his ease, and quite familiar with his brief. From what my father termed his "affected" English accent, he did not excel in leading parole evidence; but in demolishing unfavourable testimony he was matchless. A military officer had given evidence which seriously compromised his client. In reviewing his deposition, Jeffrey proceeded, "And as to this soldier"—"I'm an officer, sir," shouted the indignant witness from a back bench. "I beg his pardon, my lord," said the counsel; "this officer, but *no soldier*."

Jeffrey discouraged litigation, and urged those who desired to try fortune at the law to make up differences in private. He seemed unconscious of personal celebrity, but delighted to celebrate his contemporary Henry Cockburn. The appreciation was reciprocated by the other great barrister, who spoke of Jeffrey with affection. Cockburn likewise discommended appeals to the law courts. "If," he said, "any one claimed my coat, and showed that he really wanted it, I would give him both my coat and vest, sooner than defend my right to them in the Court of Session."

Cockburn and my father often met. At a consultation in a church case, my father asked him whether his reasons of dissent and appeal to the General Assembly were well drawn. "They're much too good," said Cockburn; "never show the enemy your hand. Always keep your best reasons till the entire case comes up, so as to take your opponent by surprise. Never blow the trumpet and warn the opposition."

“Moral gladiatorship,” said my father, “was presented in the Assembly when Jeffrey and Cockburn were opposing counsel. Cockburn spoke more naturally, using the native Doric, and his plain, candid manner might have induced the belief that he was no hired pleader, but an honest countryman. When he spoke pathetically, a hush was heard. His drollery excited shouts of laughter. In the Assembly, Jeffrey always spoke seriously, and with marked respect for the House—but he never failed, even in the most hopeless cause, to produce some impression favourable to his client.”

Jeffrey and Cockburn were counsel together in a case in which it was sought to prove that the heir of an estate was of low capacity, and, therefore, incapable of administering his affairs. Jeffrey had vainly attempted to make a country witness understand his meaning, as he spoke of the mental imbecility and impaired intellect of the party. Cockburn rose to his relief, and was successful at once, “Dy’e ken young Sandy ——?” “Brawly,” said the witness; “I’ve ken’t him sin’ he was a laddie.” “An’ is there onything in the cratur, dy’e think?” “’Deed,” responded the witness, “there’s naething in him ava; he wadna ken a coo frae a cauf!”

When attending the General Assembly of 1806, my father had the satisfaction of sitting, as a member of that venerable court, with John Home, the author of “Douglas.” After retiring from the ministry in 1757, Mr Home obtained the sinecure office of Conservator of Scots’ Privileges at Camp-

vere, and he was, by the ecclesiastical establishment of that place, elected annually as their representative elder to the Assembly. Mr Home was now in his eighty-fourth year. My father was much struck by his reverend aspects: he seemed an impersonation of good-humour and gentleness. He died in September 1808.

During the sitting of the General Assembly of 1806, my father first heard of Walter Scott. The "Lay of the Last Minstrel," had been published about a year, and its merits were still a subject of conversation in the capital. As all spoke highly of the poem, my father procured it from a circulating library, but with some difficulty, and at a high charge. He was so fascinated that he sat up at night and read the entire poem. His admiration of the author, which began on this occasion, gained strength; he obtained all Scott's works as they appeared, and always maintained that the author of the "Lay," was alone capable of producing "Waverley."

During one of his Edinburgh visits, my father became acquainted with Archibald Constable. When they first met, Mr Constable said, "I hope you'll be no stranger to me. Your parish I know as familiarly as our Edinburgh High Street. I was born at Carnbee;* and many a day as

* In the memoirs of Archibald Constable, he is represented as having been born on the 24th February 1775. This is an error. The entry of his birth in the Baptismal Register of Carnbee parish is as follows:—"1773, Feb. 24, Thomas Constable and Elizabeth Myles had a child born, and baptized on the 27th, named Archibald."

a boy did I ride on the riggin' of Dunino Kirk."* Of Mr Constable my father entertained a high opinion. He spoke of his fine commanding appearance and courtly and unaffected manners. Mr Constable, he said, delighted to serve all who came to Edinburgh from his birthplace; while natives of the *East Neuk o' Fife* held responsible positions in his own establishment. His father was a farm-grieve, and his immediate progenitors were similarly employed. "But it was impossible," said my father, "to look at Archibald Constable, and entertain any doubt as to his having sprung from a gentle stock." In Fife the name of Constable is uncommon, but it abounds in the Carse of Gowrie or eastern Perthshire, where those who bear the patronymic are substantial yeomen, and occupy good positions in society.

Not long before the period when my father became acquainted with Archibald Constable, the partnership between him and Alexander Gibson Hunter of Blackness had been dissolved. In Mr J. G. Lockhart's "Life of Scott," that dissolution is attributed to Mr Hunter's impracticable temper. This statement rests on no solid foundation. By the death of his father, in 1809, Mr Hunter became owner of three fine estates in Forfarshire, and he proposed to leave Edinburgh to reside in the old family mansion of

* The old parish church of Dunino, which was taken down in 1826 to make room for the present handsome structure, was partially underground, and the turf roof sloped so closely to the churchyard that goats grazed and children romped upon it.

Blackness House, near Dundee. In these circumstances, he retired from his connection with the publishing firm of Constable & Co., but in terms of perfect amity with the remaining partner. In reference to this subject I am privileged, through the kindness of Mr Hunter's son, the present proprietor of Blackness, to subjoin a letter addressed to himself by Mr Constable, in which, besides other interesting particulars, the uninterrupted intimacy which subsisted between Archibald Constable and the original partner of his publishing firm is emphatically set forth. The letter is as follows :—

“Edinburgh, 26th March 1825.

“David Hunter, Esq. of Blackness,

“SIR,—I had the pleasure of sending you by carrier a set of the Novels, Tales, and Romances of the Author of ‘Waverley,’ in thirty-three volumes, and the Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott, in eight volumes. They will aid the commencement of your library; and I have to request you will receive them as a small memorial of my sincere regard for you, and as the representative of an early and most justly esteemed friend. Had your father been now alive, no man would have delighted more in the perusal of these works; no one could better have appreciated their merits, or more fully rejoiced in their celebrity.

“You have, besides, other claims to the possession of these volumes from their publisher. One of these claims I

cannot forget, and must now repeat to you, that I very often heard your father express a wish that the distinguished individual—since the Author of ‘Waverley’—would turn his mind to novel-writing; and which, in the most warm terms, he used to predict, would place the great Unknown most prominently without a rival in literature. And this, I think, I can venture to assure you, sometimes happened (in Mr Hunter’s own enthusiastic manner) in the author’s own presence. This is a little historical notice which I cannot resist the gratification of now recording, and which, I am sure, cannot but be pleasing to you. I do not, however, pretend to say what effect, or any, these prophetic effusions may have had in producing the works originally, but the circumstance has very often occurred to me when thinking of former days.

“It will give me great pleasure to hear from you, and with best wishes, believe that I am always,

“My dear Sir,

“Your sincere Friend,

“ARCH. CONSTABLE.”

“P.S.—I need not say that you will consider this letter, in so far as it relates to the works of the Author of ‘Waverley,’ as *entirely* confidential and private; I mean, in so far as regards the Author.”

With an esteemed associate of Robert Burns, my father enjoyed an agreeable intimacy. This was Allan Masterton,

who, under his Christian name, has been celebrated by the Bard in the opening verse of one of his more popular songs—

“Willie brewed a peck o’ maut,
An’ Rob an’ Allan cam’ to pree.”

Allan was, during Burns’ visit to Edinburgh, a teacher of writing in the city, and possessing an excellent ear and much musical skill, he composed tunes to several of the poet’s best songs. Among these are the “Braes of Ballochmyle,” “Beware o’ Bonnie Ann,” “Strathallan’s Lament,” and the song in which he is personally celebrated. In a letter to Captain Riddel, Burns describes him as “one of the worthiest men in the world, and a man of real genius.” To my father Mr Masterton related an incident, which he said had produced on his mind a powerful and salutary impression. He was on a visit to London. Having proceeded to the metropolis in the Leith passenger boat, he proposed to return home by the same vessel. His luggage was being placed on board, when it occurred to him that, as he might not revisit England, it would be more interesting and profitable to return by coach. He acted on his resolution at once. When he reached Edinburgh he found that there was an alarm as to the non-arrival of the Leith passenger boat. It was never heard of. Mr Masterton celebrated the birthday of the Ayrshire Poet, as the year came round. As he rose on one anniversary to propose the

memory of his friend, his voice faltered, and he fell back and expired.*

I group together the names of three estimable persons with whom my father enjoyed an intimacy, of which he always spoke with satisfaction—the Rev. Sir Henry Moncreiff, Bart., minister of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh; Dr John Jamieson, author of the Scottish Dictionary; and Dr John Fleming, minister of Flisk. Sir Henry expressed himself in the Scottish dialect, a circumstance which did not mar the respect which attended his oratory in the General Assembly. He was a leader of the House. Possessed of a forensic turn of mind, had he chosen the legal profession, he would have acquired distinction, as did his son and grandson, who were raised to the bench. *Sir Harry*, as he was commonly named, was opposed to all innovations on the strict simplicity of Presbyterian worship. To show his distaste at the idea of sacredness being attached to the church fabric, he always walked through the church to the pulpit without removing his hat. Dr Jamieson was jocular and full of anecdote; a hearty pleasant man, familiar with the events of the “langsyne.” The minister of Flisk, Dr John Fleming, was of a similar nature. To sit between him and Dr Thomas Gillespie, minister of Cults,† at a synod dinner, was an event which one fond of humour was not likely to

* So my father related. I have been unable otherwise to obtain particulars of the last years of Mr Allan Masterton.

† Concerning Dr Gillespie, see *postea*.

forget. "It was," said my father, "diamond cut diamond. Each had his hit—at first gentle, then harder, till repartee followed on repartee, with an intellectual gladiatorship difficult to describe." Dr Fleming became Professor of Natural Science at Aberdeen. In 1844 he was appointed to a professorial chair in the New College, Edinburgh. He died in 1857.

Dr John Lee, latterly Principal of the University of Edinburgh, was a man of some singularities, and one of the most remarkable scholars which his country has produced. Born of humble parents at Stow, in Mid-Lothian, he studied medicine, passed as M.D., and became surgeon-apothecary in a military hospital. Disgusted with the practice of physic, he qualified himself for the ministry, and preached in London. In 1808, he was presented to the church of Peebles, and four years thereafter, became Professor of Church History at St Andrews. In 1820 he accepted the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in King's College, Aberdeen, intending to lecture one-half of the session at Aberdeen, and the other at St Andrews. His intention was changed by an overturn of the stage-coach, which nearly proved fatal to him. From St Andrews he removed to Edinburgh, to become collegiate minister of the Canongate. In 1824 he was chosen a University Commissioner, and was appointed minister of Lady Yester's church. In 1827 he was elected second clerk of the General Assembly; in 1828 he delivered lectures as substitute Professor of Theology in the Uni-

versity of Edinburgh. He was appointed in 1830 one of the King's chaplains. Still office followed upon office. In 1835 he exchanged Lady Yester's for the Old Church, Edinburgh; in 1837 he became Principal of the United College, St Andrews—in 1838 he was named Secretary of the Bible Board. The Deanery of the Chapel Royal and Principalship of Edinburgh University came in 1840. In 1843 the Professorship of Divinity was added to the Principalship. In 1844 the Principal of Edinburgh College was both moderator and principal clerk of the General Assembly.

While so passing from office to office, and creditably performing the duties of each, Dr Lee was ready to undertake any occasional work which might arise from the incapacity or infirmity of others. He was the most extraordinary book-collector in the kingdom, and knew the history of every book and pamphlet in British literature. On every volume of his library he made special annotations, describing its particular or relative value. More than once he was obliged to part with his books from want of space in which to contain them. At last he dispensed with shelving and piled his books on the floors of his apartments. His memory was so retentive, that from his library heaps he could at once select any book which he desired to consult, and turn to the page where the information sought for was to be found. Of his health he constantly complained, but he was seldom laid aside by illness till his 80th year, when he paid the debt of nature. Though he had obtained more offices than any of his

contemporaries, and attained every honour which his country could bestow, including graduations in Law, Theology, and Medicine, he was not slow in expressing discontent that he had fared so poorly. He was impatient of contradiction, and sometimes fretful when no contradiction was offered. Though the best informed man of his time, he has produced no work in any degree worthy of his learning, or creditable to his industry. His public appearances were not striking. In the General Assembly he expressed himself in a monotonous undertone; and after he had spoken, it was difficult to discover the purpose of his talk. His pulpit discourses were like his pastoral addresses, "beautiful and saintly,"* but they lacked force.

With this strangely-compounded and remarkable individual, my father maintained a cordial intimacy. When he was professor at St Andrews they met frequently. In private life Dr Lee was as facetious as he was in public stern and unyielding. His humour was sprightly and playful, and his laugh hearty and unconstrained. He delighted to relate witty anecdotes, always expressing himself with a *naïveté* which intensified the humour. "I have remarked, Dr Lee," said a royal personage, "that the kitchen of Scottish monasteries is generally very large." "Scottish friars," responded the doctor, with a shake of the head which was peculiar to him, "did not object to the kitchen. They preferred it to the library."

* The latter were so characterised by Dr Chalmers.

Principal Lee had a talent for mimicry, in which he indulged to the last. When on the verge of fourscore, he made a visit to his old friends at St Andrews. In the university library, he asked the late obliging librarian for a book, and during his absence to procure it, took his place behind a large desk or counter in the entrance-room. Principal Haldane of St Mary's, then verging on fourscore, entered, and with eyes half-closed, as was his manner, requested the librarian to send him certain books. "You have not read what you have got," said a voice from behind the counter. "Eh!—eh! Mr M——," exclaimed the astounded Principal, "what!—eh?" "I say, sir," persisted the voice, "you shall have no more books till you return those you have got." "Eh!—eh! what, what!" said Dr Haldane, opening his eyes wide, and casting a glance behind the counter, where the Principal of Edinburgh was rubbing his hands and struggling with a laugh. "Oh! you rogue, Doctor Lee, who would have supposed it? But I'm quite relieved, for I thought our friend, Mr M——, had lost his reason."

When my father was a lad of twelve, he received instructions in the small-sword exercise from a humble veteran named Stewart, who lived near his father's house at Coupar-Grange. He took much to the old man, whose stories of "hairbreadth 'scapes" charmed his youthful fancy. Years passed, and Stewart's nephew entered, as a classical student, the University of St Andrews. At my father's manse he

found a warm welcome. His name was James Browne ; he was born in the parish of Cargill in 1793. At St Andrews he distinguished himself by his attention to the classics, but more so by a persistent combativeness. He was constantly getting into scrapes—not by vicious indulgence, but by breaches of the peace. He challenged, boxed, whipped, and demolished all with whom he differed ; and he inclined to differ with all mankind. But for my father's good offices, he might, on account of his propensity, have been compelled to exchange the academic groves of St Andrews for the pastures of Cargill.

As he grew older, Browne became somewhat less combative, though in his thirtieth year, he sought to vindicate his honour by challenging to mortal combat the editor of the *Scotsman* newspaper. After a short experience as a probationer of the Church, he passed as advocate, when he received the degree of Doctor of Laws from his old professors at St Andrews. But his impetuous nature and a tendency for romancing, unfitted him for professional employment. He became a writer for the press. As editor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, he proved serviceable in discovering the West Port murders. He contributed to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and was sub-editor of the seventh edition. His "History of the Highlands and the Highland Clans" is a respectable performance. He died in 1841. Shortly before his death he became a convert to the Romish faith.

The office of parochial schoolmaster of Dunino became vacant in 1813 by the death of Mr George Cant, a man of eminent accomplishments. My father sought to secure a suitable successor, and it afforded him peculiar satisfaction when the choice of the electors fell upon one who had prosecuted learning under difficulties, and was known as a poet. This was William Tennant, author of "Anster Fair," a man destined to occupy a high scholastic position, and to record his name among the poets of his country. The poem of "Anster Fair" had in 1811 proceeded from the provincial press at Anstruther; but the author was now encouraged to issue an edition under the auspices of an Edinburgh publisher. Among those who chiefly countenanced the poet at this time was the minister of Dunino. At his hospitable board he appeared once or twice a week, and the shelves of his well-stored library were thrown open to him.

For these acts of kindness the poet was not ungrateful. He had formed a poetical society at Anstruther, styled the "Musomanik," and of this institution my father was constituted chaplain. The following communication, addressed to the reverend chaplain by the leading members of the fraternity is in Mr Tennant's handwriting :

"Ambrose's Tavern, Edinburgh, 25th March 1815.

"REV. AND VERY DEAR SIR,

"Being assembled, as we now are, over a tavern glass, and enjoying, as we now do, the pleasure of our poetical

existences, we cannot refrain from communicating to you somewhat of our Musomanik raptures, and wafting over to the parsonage of Dunino and its hospitable landlord, by means of the conductor of this sheet of paper, a little flash of that burning electricity which animates our bosoms. We hope you are well and happy, and in possession of all those pleasures which hospitality and open-heartedness never fail to pour upon the heads of their fortunate votaries. We feel strongly inclined to expatiate and expand ourselves in the luxuriance of epistolary gaiety ; but we must clap a bit upon the foaming mouths of our fiery Pegasus. We, indeed, have nothing to say of importance—it is all fume, and folly, and inanity ; but foolish and full of smoke and fume as are our thoughts, our affections are real and sincere, and we rejoice to take the opportunity, even though it cost you ninepence, to signify to you our affectionate and unanimous regard.

“ We must, therefore, close our card with wishing you all good things. ‘ May you be blessed with the blessings of Heaven above, and the blessings of the deep that lieth under.’

“ We are, very dear Sir, with much esteem and regard,

“ Yours very sincerely,

(Signed) “ WILLIAM TENNANT, *Laur^e*.

“ CHARLES GRAY, *Recorder*.

“ W. MACDONALD FOWLER, *V.P.*

“ MATTHEW F. CONOLLY, *Sec. Soc. Muso.*”

The absence of the chaplain from the autumnal symposium in 1814 is lamented by the laureate in these terms :

“We are all extremely sorry that you found it inconvenient to attend our Musomanik Club on Friday. I assure you, that rich and inexhaustible as is our own unparalleled wit and humour, we were anticipating a large increase and additament to our hilarity from your presence and conversation. Indeed, this has been our only vexation and disappointment—first, to flatter ourselves with hopes of your company, and then to be defrauded of it by I know not what unlucky and untoward star.”

The chaplain, on subsequent occasions, did not disappoint his poetical brethren by his absence. Next spring he assisted in conferring honorary membership on Sir Walter Scott ; and as a compliment to himself, his friend, Mr Dempster of Dunnichen was, at the autumn meeting, honoured with a diploma. From these new members communications were received. Sir Walter Scott wrote thus :

“ To the Presidents of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther.

“GENTLEMEN,

“I am, upon my return from the country, honoured with your letter and diploma, couched in very flattering terms, creating me a member of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther. I beg you will assure the society of my grateful sense of the favour they have conferred upon me, and my sincere wishes that they may long enjoy the various

pleasures attendant upon the hours of relaxation which they may dedicate in their corporate or individual capacity to 'weel-timed daffing.'

"I remain, Gentlemen,

"Your much obliged humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"Edinburgh, 27th March 1815."

The laird of Dunnichen addressed his reply to the reverend chaplain :

"Dunnichen, 29th Oct. 1815.

"MY DEAR AND REV. SIR,

"The carriers of St Andrews and Forfar brought me last night the favour of your letter and packet. The compliment contained therein is one of those pieces of good fortune commonly preceded by some supernatural intimation or presage. Such was not wanting on this occasion, for, beside passing the day in uncommonly good health and high spirits, in the morning dream of that night I was honoured with an unexpected visit from Apollo. Though my windows were shut, he opened my door, presented me with a sprig of laurel, and most benignly said, in the words of his favourite child—

'Accede! O magnos, aderit jam tempus honores,
Care Dêum.'

I had hardly time to reply *Agnoseo Deum*, when he vanished, and I awoke to the reception of my diploma, before sleeping again ; for which be pleased to return my thanks to all

my worthy Maniacs. Assure them I am twice as mad as any of them, though not half so ingenious, and that I shall not fail to attend the next anniversary.

“ I remain,

“ Rev. and dear Sir,

“ Most respectfully yours,

“ GEORGE DEMPSTER.”

The Musomanik Club, on the departure of the founders to other localities, suspended its sittings, not, however, before the publication of a volume in memorial of their fellowship. This volume, a thin octavo, is entitled “ Bouts-Rimès, or Poetical Pastimes of a few Hobbler round the base of Parnassus.” It contains many specimens of impromptu versification most creditable to the brotherhood.* The laureate rose step by step, till in 1835 he was, on the recommendation of Lord Jeffrey, appointed to the Chair of Oriental Languages at St Andrews. He died in 1848, in his sixty-fifth year. As a linguist, he has left some evidences of his skill in a “ Synopsis of Syraic and Chaldaic Grammar.” Of his poetical compositions, a few only obtained praise. His fame rests on “ Anster Fair,” a poem in which elegant versification renders classic a narra-

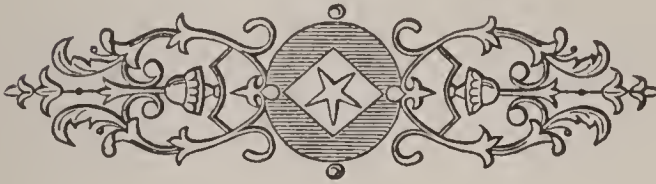
* For a full account of the Musomanik Society of Anstruther, see *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* of the 25th July 1840. “Lays and Lyrics” by Charles Gray. Edinburgh, 1841, 12mo, pp. 242-255; and Conolly's “Life of Professor Tennant.” London, 1861. Pp. 209-223.

tive otherwise puerile. As a writer of prose, Professor Tennant did not excel; his style was always inflated, and occasionally turgid. In conversation he indulged a learned phraseology, which was rendered quaint and singular by a peculiar intonation. The recollection of early difficulties left an impression; for though his expenditure on books and book-printing was unrestrained, he was in household matters inclined to penury. It was the custom of the St Andrews professors to invite their students to breakfast once a-year. Mr Tennant conformed to the practice, but not until eggs had fallen in the market to a price not exceeding one halfpenny per egg. A single egg for each student, with toast and butter, constituted the *dejeunè*. Shortly before his death, he received the degree of LL.D. from Marischal College, Aberdeen. He was lame in both his limbs, but he bore his infirmity with patience, and was not indisposed to join in any little jest concerning his restrained locomotion. "The tax assessor last year charged me for arms," he remarked to the late witty university librarian. "To charge you for the use of your arms is indeed exquisite cruelty," said the humorist. The professor laughed heartily.

Another member of the Musomanik Club is entitled to a passing notice—Charles Gray, then a lieutenant, latterly a captain in the royal marines. This estimable gentleman delighted in cherishing the society of all who cultivated the gift of rhyming. In his two volumes of poems, he has pro-

duced several songs of superior merit.* Captain Gray was a welcome guest at the manse of Dunino. He sung his own songs, and related his naval experiences with a good-natured egotism. He died in 1851 at an advanced age.

* See "The Modern Scottish Minstrel." Edinburgh, 1870. Pp. 206-207.





MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

FROM the last and best work of my late obliging correspondent, Mr William Jerdan, of the *Literary Gazette*, I borrow the title of the present chapter. No other will so accurately describe the character of reminiscences which are chiefly biographical. During the last thirty years I have associated with many literary and other distinguished Scotsmen. Concerning those of the number who have left the scene, I desire to put on record my impressions and recollections.

The late Professor Gillespie of St Andrews was my father's friend, and my own. He was an enthusiastic angler, and frequently prosecuted his favourite pastime in the Kenly stream. Dunino Manse was near, and when the Professor was weary of his sport, he would put up his rod and have a chat with my father. A literary man he essentially was, and with no inconsiderable share of genius. Born in 1778 at

Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, the birth-place of the celebrated Dr John Hunter of St Andrews, to whom he was related, he was educated in the free school of Wallacehall, and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1813 he was presented to the church living of Cults, Fifeshire; he afterwards was appointed assistant to Dr Hunter in the St Andrews Humanity Chair. When Dr Hunter was promoted to the Principalship of his College in 1836, he became his successor. As Professor of the Roman language he inspired his students with a literary ardour; he rejoiced to advance the interests of the deserving. His speculations on grammar, delivered in the form of "Saturday Conversations" to his class, were abundantly ingenious. As a periodical writer he excelled. To *Blackwood's Magazine* he contributed interesting "Sketches of Village Character," and in Constable's *Edinburgh Magazine* delighted the facetious by his adventures of "Ill Tam," and "The Feelings and Fortunes of a Scottish Tutor."

In conversation, Dr Gillespie was most diverting and jocund. His anecdotes were exhaustless, and every story received a charm from his peculiar relation of it. The most dejected were enlivened and cheered even by a short interview with the facetious Professor. He related with inimitable effect how he punished old Francy Robertson, the churlish hind, and terror of the schoolboys. Francy took delight in thrashing every youth who chanced to cross his path, and was detested accordingly. When found fault

with for his cruelty and rashness, he said that if the boys did not deserve castigation at the time when he administered it, they were sure to deserve it before they passed into manhood. Along with some schoolmates the future Professor conspired to punish the old clodhopper. As he was one day seated on a mud wall near the farm yard, two of the conspirators walked up and engaged him in conversation. Gillespie, as the most adventurous, crept cautiously behind the wall, and got unseen to Francy's back. He now, by a small fish-hook, adroitly attached to the churl's voluminous bonnet the cord of a *dragon* or kite, which he forthwith let loose. By a rapid sidelong sweep, kite and bonnet rose into the empyrean. Missing his head-gear, and unsuspecting the cause of its flight, Francy entreated the youths beside him to give pursuit. They did, and likewise the maid-servants and others at the farm. But just as the bonnet was again and again within grasp, off it scampered into the air with ludicrous reluctance to be caught. At length it was arrested by a cow's horns, the animal kicking and running all the while with admirable precipitation. When Francy at length got back his bonnet, it was found considerably worse of its aërial and bovine experiences.

The Professor was on a visit to two maiden aunts. He had the credit of being studious, and, to maintain his reputation, he sat much by the fireside reading his favourite chap-books. Suddenly the crook began to move, and the kail-pot which it suspended over the fireplace moved too,

till it hung right over the hearth. "That will be some of Elspit Macgrowther's tricks," said one of the sisters, referring to a suspected witch who lived near. The other assented and re-arranged the cooking vessel. In a few minutes crook and pot moved again, and turned right upon the hearth. "Preserve us a'," exclaimed the sisters simultaneously, "the deil's i' the pat." Tom feigned proportionate alarm, but after a time resumed his stool by the ingle-side. Again the pot became erratic. The sisters shrieked, and Tom fell over the stool in an affected swoon. Amidst the confusion that followed, he contrived to remove from the crook the little cord by means of which he had produced the alarm.

The Professor's first teacher was like some others of his class, a hero only in the absence of peril. During a thunder storm he was utterly prostrate, and when a dark cloud passed across the sky, he began to look from the school windows in tremulous apprehension of approaching danger. The boys were familiar with his weakness, but young Gillespie turned it into account. When a holiday was wanted, he caused some idle herd to gyrate a *thunder spale* outside, while he and others raised the cries, "There's thunder!" "Did you see that flash?" "That's awfu'—the hale sky's in a bleeze!" "Go home boys, go home quickly," the paralysed dominie would exclaim; "we are on the eve of a thunder-storm, and the rain will descend immediately."

When minister of Cults, Professor Gillespie experienced

his first and worst attack of toothache. One Sunday the twinges were horrible, and shutting himself up in his library, he resolved to spend the afternoon in giving vent to his agony. At the entreaty of his wife he at length consented to try a plate of broth, the usual Sunday dish of the Scottish ecclesiastic. He had taken a few spoonfuls only, when he declined to proceed further, and at once despatched his man John to the neighbouring town of Cupar to fetch the doctor. When the physician arrived, he proceeded to assure him that an attack of toothache had assumed a very aggravated form. "I am spitting teeth," he said. "I found two in a plate of broth, and no doubt all will soon go." "Did you retain the teeth found in the plate?" inquired the physician. "I did," said the patient, "and hope you can restore them to my jaw; I slipped them quietly into my pocket not to alarm my wife, and there they are," presenting them. "These are sheep's teeth," said the physician. "Oh! I remember, I was supping sheep's-head broth," replied the pastor, "and I'm so thankful that my teeth are safe." The relation of this story by the facetious Professor never failed to produce roars of laughter.

In a field fronting his manse, Dr Gillespie erected a handsome sun dial. His cows, by rubbing against it, having menaced its overthrow, he instructed the village joiner to inclose it with a timber fence. The order was executed, and a note of the cost handed in. It run thus, "For railing in the deil, 5s." "Wonderfully cheap," said the Pro-

fessor. "I'm paid considerably more for railing him in, but have not succeeded yet."

When his fame as a writer had spread abroad, Dr Gillespie was invited to lecture in one of the Fife towns on a subject to be selected by himself. To the Secretary of the lecture-room he intimated that he would lecture on Burke. What was his surprise, he said, when he came to fulfil his pledge, to find that he was placarded over the place as having consented to lecture "on Burke and Hare, and the West Port murders!"

Dr Gillespie talked seriously when he spoke of his recollections of Robert Burns. He remembered him distinctly. As a youth he had waited at Dumfries to see him pass by, and had regarded him with a veneration akin to idolatry. "But," he added, "we boys well knew and deeply regretted that he was allowing his splendid genius to be obscured by social indulgences."

Professor Gillespie cherished a deep interest in the Scottish Martyrs. Chiefly through his exertions, a handsome obelisk, commemorative of those who suffered at St Andrews, was reared in that city. Adjacent to this monument a pile of handsome buildings has lately been constructed, and named *Gillespie Terrace*, in honour of his memory. He died at Dunino on the 11th September 1844. His second wife was a sister of John, first Lord Campbell, and Lord Chancellor.

Dr George Cook was another of my early friends. A

man of active habits, and deeply imbued with common sense, he was a judicious counsellor and effective administrator. He succeeded Dr Chalmers as Professor of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews, and a better appointment might not easily have been made. Originality of sentiment he did not claim, and his style was unadorned. But he had mastered the science of ethics by a course of pertinacious study, and he supplied to his students the views of philosophers, both ancient and modern, on every department of his subject. His lectures were delivered with an impassioned manner, and which was intensified by the deeply sonorous character of his voice. As a leader in the General Assembly, he retained the confidence of his party, and after his death a strong testimony to his eminent services was entered on the public records of the Church.

Dr Cook was a keen observer of human affairs, and rejoiced in relating his experiences of the whims and follies of mankind. When minister of Laurencekirk, he was invited by the chief magistrate of Brechin to become a candidate for the office of first minister of that place. Having consented to preach in the parish church, he was on the previous evening entertained at dinner by the Provost, along with some leading members of the Town Council and congregation. At that period toasts were common, and the reverend candidate was warned by the host to select one which would not offend the convictions or prejudices of any one present. Intending to act upon the counsel, he

proposed as his toast, "Honest men and bonnie lasses!" "I thought," said the Doctor, "that I had been abundantly happy in my selection, but I afterwards learned that a Bailie came to the conclusion, that a minister who was thinking about the fair sex on the Saturday evening, would not be a suitable minister for the town of Brechin. So," added he, "I lost the parish."

Immediately after the event of the Disruption, Dr Cook was met on the North Bridge, Edinburgh, by Mr Walter Dunlop of the Secession Church, Dumfries, a celebrated humorist. After some conversation on the extent and character of the secession, Mr Dunlop exclaimed, "Well, Doctor, you cooked them lang, but you've dished them at last!"

Dr Cook was son of Mr John Cook, Professor of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews, and a nephew of Principal Hill. He was born in 1773, licensed to preach in April 1795, and settled at Laurencekirk in September of the same year. In 1825 he was chosen Moderator of the General Assembly, and in the following year was appointed a member of the Royal Commission for visiting the Scottish Universities. He became Professor of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews in 1828, an office which he held till his death, which took place in May 1845. Of his several publications, his "History of the Reformation" is the most interesting; it has been commended for the candour which pervades it. A memoir of Dr Cook would find readers, and it is to be regretted that it has not been written.

In 1838, the Principalship of the United College of St Andrews was conferred on Sir David Brewster, a man of European fame, but who, though in his 57th year, and the reverse of wealthy, had not yet held any academical or other public appointment. It was alleged that he had an acrimonious temper, and that this unhappy peculiarity had interfered with his earlier promotion. But in his mature years and with his enlarged experience, it was hoped that he would, in the position he had at length attained, bear himself meekly. That hope was speedily overthrown, for however genial in private life, Principal Brewster was, within a few months after his appointment at St Andrews, in a state of hostility with half his colleagues. Nor was the strife of an evanescent character. As the older Professors stepped off and were succeeded by others, previously apart from the scene of conflict, it was found that academical contention did not cease, but was rather on the increase. That there were some abuses in University management may be conceded, but there were certainly none which would have resisted the obvious appliance of a firm and judicious administration. Sir David Brewster proceeded differently, and sought to carry his measures *vi et armis*.

It is unpleasant to refer to bygone feuds, but there is a cause for the allusion. In a well written and interesting work,* it has been alleged that Sir David Brewster, was “*par*

* “Home Life of Sir David Brewster,” by his daughter, Mrs Gordon. Edinburgh, 1870.

excellence the suffering elder of the Free Church," and that he was specially selected for persecution by the adherents of the Established Church subsequent to the Disruption. His accomplished daughter alludes to the attempt made by the Presbytery of St Andrews, to deprive him of his Principalship for an alleged violation of the Act of Union, by his retaining office in a University, while he had severed his connection with the Established Church. That he was the only member of a Scottish University subjected to prosecution under the Test Act is correct, but it must be remembered that he was the *only* Professor who had violated the provisions of the statute. And Sir David was not subjected to prosecution from any ecclesiastical considerations, but solely on account of his having rendered himself, by his temper, so obnoxious in office, that the fact of his having contravened an old Act of Parliament was seized upon as an excuse to get rid of his presence at the University table. That this course was adopted, none can more heartily regret than I now personally do, but I will here publish the confession that his prosecution arose from my own individual suggestions. I discovered and made known the provisions of the Union Act, and in the public journals urged the prosecution. With a speech founded on materials which I had collected, my father moved in the Presbytery of St Andrews, that Sir David should be indicted at their bar. The proceedings which followed were, with entire unanimity, approved by the members of

the University, but were abruptly terminated by a resolution of the General Assembly.

In urging the prosecution of Sir David Brewster by the Presbytery of St Andrews, I had to gratify no feeling of personal dislike. I was in my nineteenth year, and in the impetuosity of hot youth sought to indulge what I then deemed a wise, but now perceive to have been a most mistaken, patriotism. I heartily rejoice that the effects of my juvenile rashness proved scathless to the illustrious though irate philosopher, and that my injudicious procedure accelerated the abolition of Scottish University Tests. From St Andrews, Sir David Brewster was transferred to the Principalship of Edinburgh University in 1859. He was now bordering on fourscore, and was not unaware that rumours had reached the capital as to his dissensions at St Andrews. From whatever cause, the latter years of his life were comparatively serene. His last hours were worthy of a philosopher and a Christian. He died at Allerly, near Melrose, on the 11th February 1869, at the age of eighty-eight. With Sir David I had latterly some pleasant correspondence. He accompanied Lord Elgin to the public meeting at Stirling for inaugurating the national monument to Wallace, and readily subscribed to the Ettrick Shepherd's monument which I had originated. During the Non-intrusion controversy he often expressed himself with much bitterness, but he latterly was disposed to extend an abundant charity towards the religious con-

victions, and even the prejudices of others. By the gentler sex he was beloved. When bordering on eighty, Miss Phœbe L—n, a charming young lady of Fifeshire, begged that he would contribute some lines to her album. In vain did the philosopher protest that verse-making was not his *forte*. The lady would admit of no excuse; so Sir David snatched a pen and wrote thus :

“ Phœbe,
Y’ be
Hebe.
D. B.”

He delighted to recall the memory of those who had encouraged his early studies. One of these was the eccentric David Stuart, eleventh Earl of Buchan. Sir David used to relate that as he was becoming known by his contributions to the scientific journals, Lord Buchan remarked to a friend, “ David writes good papers; he cleverly expresses the ideas which I give him from time to time !”

The late Dr Robert Haldane, Principal of St Mary’s College, St Andrews, is entitled to honourable remembrance. In his twofold capacity of *Primarius* Professor of Theology and first minister of St Andrews, he discharged his duties with remarkable industry, and no ordinary acceptance. His discourses were forcible expositions of Divine truth, and were delivered with a manner singularly earnest and impressive. As a University lecturer he did not excel, but his examinations on his theological text-

books were judicious and searching. He delighted to reward the meritorious, and spared no efforts in procuring posts of honour for those students who were conspicuous by their diligence. He exercised a boundless hospitality.

Principal Haldane was born in January 1772, in the parish of Lecropt, Perthshire, where his father rented a small portion of land. By his father he was intended for agricultural pursuits, but his mother, discovering his aptitude for learning, resolved, on the proceeds of her personal industry, to send him to the Grammar School. As a private tutor, he acquired the means of prosecuting his studies at Glasgow College, and in December 1797 he was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Auchterarder. In 1807 he was ordained to the ministerial charge of Drummelzier in the county of Peebles, and after two years was preferred to the Professorship of Mathematics at St Andrews. In 1820 he was promoted to the office of first minister of St Andrews, and to the Principalship of St Mary's College. In 1827 he was elected Moderator of the General Assembly. He died at St Andrews on the 9th March 1854, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

Among the earliest of my literary friends was Dr David Irving of Edinburgh, author of the "Lives of the Scottish Poets." With this venerable gentleman I became acquainted in 1843. He was then in his sixty-fifth year: he looked considerably older. He dressed in a suit of superfine black cloth—dress coat and vest, with breeches and silk

stockings; and as he was tall and well formed, with a fine massive head, soft features, and white flaxen hair, he presented a most commanding presence. His manners were mild and courteous, but he was not free from prejudices, and both in speaking and writing would express himself keenly on whatever savoured of insincerity or assumption. With the majority of literary Scotsmen, for nearly half a century, he had enjoyed some acquaintance, and his reminiscences of them were especially pleasing. Those who were familiar with classic literature possessed his chief regard, while all pretenders to learning received no common measure of disapprobation and censure. With Thomas Campbell and his contemporaries, he had been intimate, and it gave him pleasure to recount amusing incidents in their lives. Dabblers in verse were so obnoxious to him that few would venture to name in his presence a minor or provincial poet. In his advanced years he did not leave Edinburgh, yet he possessed correct information as to the condition and peculiarities of men of letters in every portion of the country. His love of books was a ruling passion. He obtained the best editions of the classic writers, and every valuable work illustrative of the national history. His books were well bound, and arranged on the shelves with the most business-like precision. Obliging and generous in other matters, he only permitted his books to be consulted in his presence, and rigidly adhered to a rule which he had early laid down, of permitting no friend to

borrow from his shelves. His hand-writing was singularly beautiful—every letter was exhibited in its relative proportions, and his punctuation was balanced by the nicest rules of composition. For indifferent penmanship he would admit no excuse, maintaining that haste in writing might not justify an illegible MS. His private communications were conceived in the same measured style which was exhibited in his public writings, unless when he censured a printer for a typographical blunder, or *charged* against some literary charlatan.

David Irving was born at Langholm, Dumfriesshire, on the 5th December 1778. From both parents he inherited a yeoman descent; but his father was a trader. The youngest of five sons, he was educated with a view to the ministry. In 1796 he entered the University of Edinburgh, and in 1801 graduated in arts. Before the latter date he published his “Life of Robert Fergusson, with a Critique on his Works.” This literary performance he dedicated to Dr Robert Anderson, editor of the “British Poets.” At the age of twenty-three he produced his “Elements of English Composition,” a work which, being adopted as a school-book, has passed into many editions. The intention of entering the ministry was abandoned, and under the encouragement of Dr Robert Anderson, whose daughter he afterwards married, he commenced the career of a man of letters. In 1804 appeared his “Lives of the Scotch Poets,” in two octavo volumes. Concern-

ing this work, he writes in a letter to myself in October 1843: "The Lives of the Scottish Poets were written 'yore agoe in mine undaunted youth,' and exhibit too many marks of a premature publication." The self-criticism is unjust; for the "Lives" evince an extent of research, a maturity of reflection, and a power of composition altogether marvellous, when it is remembered that the author had not passed his twenty-sixth birthday. The work is held as an authority, and is a principal basis of the author's fame. During 1805 he published his "Memoirs of George Buchanan," which attracted the attention and praise of Principal Brown, Dr John Hunter, and other Scottish scholars. In 1808 he received the degree of LL.D. from Marischal College.

For some years Dr Irving received into his house in Edinburgh young gentlemen as boarders, and gave instructions in the Civil Law. In 1820 he was elected Principal Keeper of the Advocates Library—an office of high responsibility and respectable emolument. He continued to devote his leisure to the illustration of Scottish literary history, editing various works for the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, and contributing many important articles in Scottish biography to the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." In 1837 he published his "Introduction to the Study of the Civil Law." From his duties as Librarian he retired in 1848; his latter years were dedicated to classical studies, and to the society of his friends. He died,

after a short illness, on the 10th May 1860, in his 82d year. His "History of Scottish Poetry," on which he had been engaged upwards of thirty years, was published posthumously.

An anecdote connected with Dr Irving's prevailing peculiarity—a love of literary order—may be related: Within a few hours of his decease, his eye rested on a lately-acquired copy of Josephus, which stood on one of the book-shelves which clothed the apartment. He requested that one of the volumes might be handed to him; he tried to read, but the book fell from his grasp. He then desired that it might be returned to its place. When this was done, he expressed himself impatiently, and it was observed that it had been pushed in too far. The position was corrected, and he was satisfied.

With Dr Thomas Dick, author of "The Christian Philosopher," and other esteemed works, chiefly astronomical, I became acquainted at an early age. By a relative I was introduced to him in his Observatory at Broughty Ferry, in my seventeenth year; I retained a pleasant recollection of his amenity, and when, twelve years afterwards, I observed in a newspaper that his circumstances were reduced, I considered how I might relieve him. Communicating with the venerable gentleman, he favoured me with a statement of his affairs, together with a narrative of the sums he had received from publishers for the copyrights of his works. This interesting document I have unhappily mislaid; but,

if my memory does not betray me, it supplied the information, that he had received less than a thousand pounds for works which would have yielded him, had he retained the copyrights, twenty times the amount. From no British publisher had he obtained any pecuniary acknowledgment beyond the amount of payment originally stipulated. American publishers had been more generous, and he had received from Transatlantic admirers many substantial tokens of regard.

Dr Dick was now (1855) in his eighty-first year. For nearly half-a-century he had subsisted on his copyrights, gifts from America, occasional grants from the Royal Literary Fund, and the profits of leasing his marine villa to sea-bathers during the months of summer. But he had been unable to make provision for old age, though his principal meal daily for forty years was bread and milk. Efforts had been repeatedly made to secure him a pension on the Civil List, but hitherto unsuccessfully. Another effort might prove fortunate, and, at his advanced age, no time was to be lost. On his behalf I prepared a memorial to the Prime Minister: it was subscribed by men of science throughout the kingdom. By Sir Thomas Makdougall Brisbane, President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, it was forwarded to Lord Panmure for presentation. The prayer was supported by Lord Duncan, Scottish Lord of the Treasury, the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, Sir John Ogilvy, Mr Charles Cowan, and other members of the House of Commons. At first

Dr Dick was offered £10 a year from the Compassionate Fund, which, on my recommendation, he declined. Soon after Lord Palmerston granted him £50 a year on the Civil List—a boon which was most gratefully acknowledged. But the aged philosopher did not long enjoy the royal bounty; he died on the 29th July 1857, at the age of eighty-three. I had made a promise that should I survive him, I would spare no effort to secure a pension to his widow. It was my privilege to accomplish what I had undertaken; and for the valuable aid which I experienced on this occasion from Mr Cowan, M.P., and from my relative, Sir John Ogilvy, I desire now to record a becoming acknowledgment. The career of Dr Dick may be described as a life-long sacrifice. The son of a linen manufacturer at Dundee, he was born in that town on the 24th November 1774. Educated for the ministry of the Secession Church, he was at an early age called to the pastorate of a congregation at Stirling. His ministerial services were most acceptable; but, not long after his settlement, he invited deprivation by acknowledging himself chargeable with an unclerical offence. He now devoted himself to teaching—first at Methven in Perthshire, afterwards at Perth. In 1827 he built a cottage at Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, in which he resided during the remainder of his life. At the top of the building, an apartment was fitted up as an Observatory, and provided with valuable telescopes and other astronomical instruments.

With Dr Dick I maintained a correspondence during the two years which preceded his death, and he paid me a visit at Stirling. He was an unpretending, amiable, and friendly man, most willing to communicate information, and most desirous of encouraging those who evinced scientific and literary tastes. He had a strong feeling of independence, and had long refused to sanction the efforts of his friends in procuring a public recognition of his services. His conversation partook of the character of his works—he rejoiced in simple words to express his deep sense of the Divine goodness. His letters abounded in pious sentiment. On the 19th November 1856, he thus wrote to me, in reference to the *Scottish Literary Institute*, which I had lately established, and of which he was a member: “As it is enjoined upon us by the highest authority that we should acknowledge God in all our ways, I should consider it as highly expedient that all the meetings should be opened with prayer to God for direction and guidance. This is not customary in literary associations, but it cannot on that account be improper. We are too apt to consider secular and religious objects as essentially distinct, whereas they are only parts of one system, and every action we perform, if performed aright and from proper motives, should be considered as a part of religion.”

To Dr Dick's writings, Dr Livingstone, the celebrated traveller, was indebted for his conversion. And many others who now occupy useful positions in the Chris-

tian Church have ascribed their spiritual awakening to a perusal of one or other of his publications. In the United States his works exercised a wide and most beneficial influence; nor has that influence materially diminished. Dr Dick finished his career as became one who had so long borne his cross and brought the message of peace and resignation to others. "I have been much troubled," he said to a clerical friend; "without were fightings, and within fears, but now I can say all is well." These were his last words.

Dr John Reid, of St Andrews, the eminent physiologist, was another of my early friends. In my eighteenth year I called to consult him as to the state of my health. I described my symptoms very minutely, making use of some medical phrases. Having examined my pulse, and applied the stethoscope, he inquired what medical book I had been reading? I named the book. "Throw it into the fire," he said, "and in a week come back." I returned to report that my health was improved. "Beware of medical books," he said, smilingly, "and you'll get quite strong." Thus commenced my acquaintance with one of the most genial and upright men I ever knew.

John Reid was a native of Bathgate, a town which produced another eminent physician, afterwards to be named. He was born on the 9th April 1809. His father, who was a cattle-dealer in good circumstances, gave him the best elementary education which the locality could afford, and sent

him as a student to the University of Edinburgh. In 1825 he entered on his medical studies ; he became surgeon in 1829, and doctor of medicine in the year following. He subsequently attended anatomical lectures and demonstrations in the medical schools of Paris. In 1833 he accepted an invitation to become partner in the Edinburgh Anatomical School, along with Dr Knox and Mr William Fergusson. His duties were those of demonstrator, which implied his continual attendance in the dissecting room. From this irksome situation he was relieved in 1836, when he was appointed physiological lecturer in the Edinburgh Extra Academical School. In 1838 he became Pathologist to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary, and in 1841 was preferred to the chair of Anatomy at St Andrews. This latter appointment afforded him an opportunity for deliberate study, such as, without abridging his hours of rest, he had not hitherto enjoyed.

Under his predecessor, Dr Briggs, the Anatomical chair at St Andrews was a sinecure, but Dr Reid not only prepared a course of anatomical lectures for those who might enrol themselves in his class, but delivered a popular course on physiology, to which, free of charge, he invited both students and citizens. In connection with these public lectures Dr Reid obtained golden opinions ; while he promoted a taste for physiological inquiry at St Andrews, which was altogether new. It was expected that he would attain the highest honours of his profession.

But a cloud was looming. In the month of November 1847, a small blister appeared on his tongue, which ere long betrayed symptoms of cancer. In the following autumn he submitted to a surgical operation, himself assisting his friend Professor Fergusson in the excruciating process. I met him on his return to St Andrews, and we had some conversation on his malady, and the attempted cure. He articulated with difficulty, but his utterances indicated cheerful resignation. It was evident he entertained little hope of ultimate recovery. To a period of the severest suffering, patiently borne, death came as a merciful deliverer on the 30th July 1849. During the latter years of his life he had been closely preparing for the eternal world. A sincere and devout believer, he accepted his affliction as a salutary chastisement. He had inflicted pain on the inferior animals that he might discover the functions of the "Eighth Pair of Nerves," and he regarded the pain which he personally endured as a heaven-sent message, warning him that such cruelties were obnoxious to the Supreme. When he knew that his days were hastening rapidly to a close, and while he was obliged to have recourse to opiates to relieve the gnawing severity of his malady, he prepared for the Press his "Physiological, Anatomical, and Pathological Researches," a work which was published posthumously. Of a tall, well-knit figure, with a fresh ruddy countenance, and broad massive forehead, Dr Reid, till his last illness, bore the aspects of physical and intellectual strength. His

manner was gentle and pleasing ; in general conversation he did not much join, but he was in private abundantly sociable.

A memoir of Dr Reid was prepared by Dr George Wilson, of Edinburgh. The work, which is to be procured at a moderate price, is a most instructive Christian biography.* With Dr Wilson, the author of the memoir, I enjoyed a short but most pleasant intercourse. I can recall his genial demeanour, as seated in his laboratory he was ready to discuss any subject which might be brought to his notice. Like his friend Reid, Dr Wilson was long a silent worker till he emerged suddenly into reputation and eminence. I do not recollect of any one whose career was more meteoric. Till within one or two years of his appointment as Professor of Technology at Edinburgh, the lay world knew of George Wilson only as a skilful chemist, whose opinion in matters of analysis was entitled to respect. But at length the truth dawned that the analyst of Surgeons' Hall was capable of illustrating the arts, both industrial and recondite, with a power and precision and eloquence seldom surpassed. In 1855 he was appointed first keeper of the Edinburgh Industrial Museum, as the one man in Scotland pre-eminently fitted to occupy and adorn so responsible an office, while a University Professorship was created for his use. Besides, it was found that if an orator was needed to arouse the

* "Life of Dr John Reid, by George Wilson, M.D." Edinburgh, 1852. 12mo.

citizens to ardour, industrious, or social, or patriotic, none was so effective as that quiet, thoughtful chemist, who had so unexpectedly stepped from his laboratory into fame.

On the 22d November 1859, George Wilson, the ingenious philosopher and pleasing poet, sunk into his rest. He was only forty-one,—just a year older than John Reid, whom in all respects, save in a robust frame, he strikingly resembled. Both were industrious workers, loving work for its own sake, and indifferent to its rewards. Both were generous and open-hearted. Both were great physical sufferers—for Wilson was a prey to acute sickness, and had suffered, without an anæsthetic, the amputation of his foot. Both were men of piety—Reid during his latter years—Wilson during his whole life. Both, it may be added, have found appropriate biographers—Reid in his friend Wilson—and Wilson in an accomplished and loving sister.

From Professor George Wilson, it is no violent transition to name another Professor of Edinburgh College, who was likewise cut off in the midst of a most useful and important career. I refer to Dr James Robertson, Professor of Church History, but better known as Convener of the Endowment Scheme of the Established Church. With this admirable man I was well acquainted during his last years. The personal aspects of Dr Robertson were not prepossessing. In person short and stout, his countenance had a thoughtful cast, but was withal stern and even austere. His voice was harsh, and his *brogue* the worst sort of that worst of all dialects—the

Buchan. His talk on any theme which interested him was protracted, and his sermons and orations were most lengthy. He was prone to take offence, and when offended, was not slow in the expression of his resentment.

This is one side of the picture. Of Dr Robertson in other respects, it is difficult to keep within the bounds of ordinary laudation. A man of powerful intellect, his perseverance was enormous. No individual minister of the Established Church, since the days of Knox, did more "to lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes." If he did not plant churches, he rendered secure and permanent those which had been designated. Under his advocacy, thousands of pounds were secured for the endowment of chapels in localities where religious ordinances were greatly needed, but where there were no means of supporting either ministers or missionaries.

Dr Robertson possessed the art of procuring money for his "scheme" in a degree altogether unparalleled. He did not make successful raids only on the pockets of the liberal and open-hearted. These were of course approached in the first instance. But the penurious and the miserly also opened their treasures and placed them at the feet of the Scottish apostle. Twenty-three years ago, I was visiting a friend in a rural parish about the centre of Fifeshire. In the neighbourhood lived an opulent miserly landowner, who had not presented himself in the house of prayer for many years, who never saw company, and lived in his old mansion

with few attendants, and apparently actuated by aspirations no higher than those of adding house to house and field to field. Dr Robertson, it was asserted, had boldly approached the citadel and been admitted. How he succeeded in effecting an entrance, no one knew. But this was not all, for he likewise found admission into the laird's old miserly heart. In a short time it was announced in the public journals, that —— ——, Esq., had contributed several hundreds to the Endowment Scheme.

Somewhere in the vale of Lochleven, dwelt a narrow, rich old squire, whose premises were walled in as if to bid defiance to the cravings of the outer world, and of whom it was said that he never performed a deed of charity or inclined an ear to the tale of distress. Dr Robertson came to the neighbourhood in prosecution of his mission. "Will he attack laird ——?" was a jocular observation, as a proceeding totally beyond the bounds of reasonable belief. But what was the surprise of the neighbourhood when it was related that Dr Robertson had actually been seen along with the hard-hearted laird, looking from the interior wall of his inclosures, while both were smiling together as in chiefest amity and most cordial friendship. The sequel may be guessed. There was a handsome addition to the Endowment Fund. An elderly miser had been induced by Dr Robertson to make promise that he would endow a chapel; but on the appointment of a clergyman, the capital was not forthcoming. On approaching the miser, the managers of

the chapel received only fair promises along with a variety of excuses for non-payment. At length Dr Robertson was appealed to. He intimated his intention of visiting the neighbourhood, and was invited by the miserly gentleman to take up quarters at his house. Within a week the endowment was completed.

A landowner of surly temper, and most unapproachable, had resisted all attempts on his finance in connection with the Endowment Scheme. Several gentlemen of the locality accompanied Dr Robertson to the vicinity of his residence, where they halted in ambush, while the champion of endowment marched up to the front door of the mansion-house. The man-servant appeared—there was a parley—a little delay—and Dr Robertson was admitted. “He has got in,” exclaimed the friends. And he remained within for some hours. At length the door opened, and the laird bid his guest a frank and friendly adieu. “Well, Doctor! good news, I hope,” said one and all. “I have got,” said Robertson, “five hundred pounds.” No other man in Scotland would have extracted a crown.

Dr Robertson attended meetings of Presbyteries and Synods, and by stirring addresses aroused on behalf of his cause the energies of the clergy. An interesting speaker he was not; but there was a moral and an intellectual force about him which was resistless. To his addresses one could listen for hours without a feeling that the speaker had been tedious, or had on his subject said more than was

needful. Anecdotes he had none. He used no figures of speech; he seldom indulged in illustrations; he did not, more than naturally arose from his line of argument, refer to the higher motives for sustaining the cause of the Gospel. But he was strictly logical and profoundly practical. From his subject he might depart for a time, and those who knew him not might have concluded that the thread of his discourse was lost; but he was sure to return, bringing to his argument new and redoubled force. His speeches were like the mountain stream which arises in a crevice of the topmost rock, and is constantly augmented by the contributions of other hill-streams, till it becomes a vast torrent, sweeping all before it into the river channel, and thence into the estuary or the ocean.

James Robertson was son of a farmer at Ardlaw, in the parish of Pitsligo and county of Aberdeen. He was born on the 2d of January 1803, and at the age of twelve was enrolled as a student of Marischal College, Aberdeen. In 1825 he was elected schoolmaster of his native parish, and in other three years was preferred to the head mastership of Gordon's Hospital, Aberdeen. To the church of Ellon he was appointed in 1832. From the first he preached without notes, and with that power and energy which characterised all his public appearances, whether in the pulpit or on the platform. In the non-intrusion controversy he took part with the Conservative section of the Church, and became the chief auxiliary of Dr George Cook in withstanding

in the General Assembly the formidable logic of Dr Chalmers and Dr Cunningham. By Dr Chalmers he was regarded as one of the ablest of his ecclesiastical opponents, and one of the best intellects in the Church. After the Disruption of 1843, he was promoted to the Chair of Church History at Edinburgh, as successor to Dr Welsh, and was appointed Secretary to the Bible Board. These offices afforded him the leisure needful for the prosecution of his great "scheme." How he conducted the duties of that "scheme" has been partially related. But I may not attempt in this passing manner to set forth his abundant labours. These were prosecuted incessantly and often with the lack of proper rest, till they silently undermined a constitution naturally robust. Dr Robertson was attacked with symptoms of illness, which clearly proceeded from excess of work. The best medical aid proved unavailing, and on the 2d December 1860, in his fifty-eighth year, he entered into his rest. His premature decease was a cause of mourning in all the churches. Though he did not survive to complete his great scheme, he enjoyed a fair earnest of its accomplishment. By his labours many desolate localities were blessed with a provision for the supply of ordinances, and a nucleus was formed, since, in many instances filled up, for an endowment of all the chapels.

A vigorous and untiring worker, Dr James Robertson was likewise a man of prayer. When he entered on his ministry, he solemnly consecrated himself to God, and

resolved by daily prayer to entreat the Divine help. He kept his resolution. I met him on two occasions when we were both itinerating on behalf of public objects. He was holding public meetings and canvassing the opulent in support of his great "scheme." I was awakening public interest in the work of commemorating, by public memorials, those who had contended in the national defence and struggled in the cause of letters. On these occasions I could hardly conceal my emotion, for I felt deeply that the cause of my illustrious friend was so much better than my own.

Hugh Miller was, like Dr James Robertson, a native of the north. They somewhat resembled personally. Each had a rugged countenance, with a decided intellectual expression; each was careless about the graces of utterance, and had a harsh and unmusical intonation. Each, it may be added, executed heartily whatever he undertook. With Hugh Miller I had only a single interview: it was in the office of the *Witness* newspaper, when he subscribed the memorial for a civil-list pension to Dr Dick. His conversation impressed me favourably as to his kindly nature. He was very plainly attired in his favourite shepherd tartan dress, in which, with a plaid of the same stuff, and the geologist's hammer in the right side pocket, he was often to be seen on the streets of Edinburgh.

Hugh Miller might not in any garb disguise his intellectual superiority. He had a large head, with a brow square and massive, surmounted by a profusion of thick sand-

coloured hair. His eyes were bright and penetrating. I sat beside him in the Edinburgh Royal Society when a paper was read by the Duke of Argyll : he was profoundly attentive. He latterly consented to deliver lectures to the public institutions ; but his manner was unsuited for the lecture-desk. His utterance was constrained ; he spoke in the Cromarty dialect, and his pronunciation was most faulty.

A native of Cromarty, Hugh Miller was born on the 10th October 1802. His father, who was master of a small trading vessel, perished at sea during his childhood. He was educated at the grammar-school by two maternal uncles, who urged him to adopt a learned profession ; but he selected the humble craft of a stone-mason. As an operative stone-hewer in the old red sandstone quarries of Cromarty, he achieved those discoveries in that formation which fixed a new epoch in geological science. By composing verses at his evening hours, he relieved the toils of labour, and varied the routine of geological inquiry. He obtained employment in cutting and lettering gravestones ; and in the prosecution of this branch of his craft, he, in 1828, proceeded to Inverness. In that place, his literary aspirations were encouraged by Mr Robert Carruthers of the *Inverness Courier*, in whose journal he first appeared as a writer. His literary talents became known, and he ventured to produce a work chiefly founded on local traditions. The volume appeared in 1835, under the title of "Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland." About the same time

he was appointed accountant in a bank at Cromarty, and improved his domestic condition by marrying a lady of literary tastes, who had, while he was practising his trade, discovered his genius and frequented his society.

In the veto controversy which agitated the Established Church, the bank accountant at Cromarty took a deep interest. He warmly supported the cause of the evangelical party, and, in 1839, on the adverse decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, produced a pamphlet on the popular side in the form of a "Letter to Lord Brougham." This production excited immediate attention, and the author was invited to undertake the editorship of the newly projected *Witness* newspaper. On his editorial duties Mr Miller entered in 1840, and his power was at once felt. Had his services been retained sooner, it might, for the interests of his party, have been better. As a controversialist, he excelled, combining force of argument with keen and crushing satire. But he will be remembered chiefly as a geologist. His "Old Red Sandstone," a book of charming English, and embodying important scientific discoveries, appeared in 1841. Next followed his "First Impressions of England and its People." His "Footprints of the Creator," in reply to the "Vestiges of the Natural History of the Creation," was published in 1849. In 1855 he issued his "Schools and Schoolmasters," a work descriptive of events in the history of his career as a craftsman. "The Testimony of the Rocks," the most original and ex-

haustive of all his scientific works, appeared posthumously. A martyr to brain disease, he died by a pistol-shot inflicted by his own hand, on the 24th December 1856. His premature decease was regarded as a national calamity. The newspaper which he conducted did not long survive him ; it was for its vitality mainly indebted to his terse and vigorous writing. As a man of science, Hugh Miller was an honour to his country.

Another distinguished Scotsman was my late noble friend James, eighth Earl of Elgin. With this distinguished nobleman I became acquainted in 1856, when I had the honour of inviting him to preside at an open-air meeting for the public inauguration of the movement for raising a national monument to Wallace on the Abbey Craig. His lordship consented to undertake the duty which I had ventured to assign to him ; and from what immediately followed, I was led to form that high estimate of his honour which I have now the pleasure to record. No sooner was the announcement made that he had consented to preside at the proposed demonstration, than representations were made to him that the undertaking to which he had lent his support must inevitably result in fruitless effort or disgraceful failure. Those who so communicated were influential ; their statements were emphatic and precise ; and living at Stirling and its neighbourhood, they had the best opportunities of being informed. To his lordship I was a stranger, and, under the circumstances, most persons in his position would have

devised some ingenious excuse, and thereupon retired. But his lordship, anxious if possible to fulfil his pledge, was frank and open with me. It had been represented, he said, that no speakers from a distance would take part in the proceedings. It was difficult to assure his lordship to the contrary, for while our opponents stated to him on the one hand that no notable speaker would be present, they, on the other, communicated with the speakers as they were successively announced, assuring them that Lord Elgin had changed his mind. Nearly all the speakers credited these assurances, and sent letters of excuse. Lord Elgin remained firm. He was attended by Sir David Brewster, Cluny Macpherson, and some other notables. The meeting was held in the King's Park, Stirling, on the 24th of June 1856, when twenty thousand persons were present. Lord Elgin made a noble oration, which essentially promoted the national enthusiasm. The success of the movement was no longer doubtful.

Lord Elgin was son of James Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin, by his second wife, the youngest daughter of James T. Oswald, Esq. of Dunnikier. He was born in Park Lane, London, in 1811, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church. He was distinguished as a classical scholar, and completed his academical career as Fellow of Merton College. In 1841 he married the only daughter of Charles Lennox Cumming Bruce, Esq., whose grandfather, on the mother's side, was the Abyssinian traveller. As Lord

Bruce, he was returned to Parliament for Southampton ; but having, in 1842, on the death of his father, succeeded to the family honours as Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, he had to resign his seat as a commoner without being entitled, as a Scottish Peer, to sit in the House of Lords. In this anomalous position he sought colonial employment, and was offered by Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley the office of Governor of Jamaica. In 1846 he was appointed, by the Whig Government, Governor of Canada. During the eight years that he presided in that colony, he distinguished himself by a conciliatory policy, and by actively developing the resources of the country. In acknowledgment of his services, he was in 1849 honoured with a British peerage.

During the year 1856, Lord Elgin remained at Broom Hall, his Scottish seat. In 1857 he was appointed ambassador to China. On his way thither, he received information of the Indian mutiny, and at once gave instructions that the troops ordered to China should be despatched to Calcutta. The decision which he manifested on this occasion, new in the annals of diplomacy, imparted the highest indication yet afforded of his capability in meeting an emergency. His mission to China proved eminently successful. After the taking of Canton, he negotiated the treaty of Tien-tsin, which forms the basis of our present relations with the Celestial Empire. Returning to England, he was in 1859 appointed Postmaster General in the Government of Lord Palmerston. The

Chinese having proved unfaithful to their engagements, he proceeded on a second mission to China, which was attended by the humiliation of the Chinese, and the entrance in state into Peking of the British representative. Soon after this triumph, Lord Elgin was appointed Governor-General of India. To the duties of this high office, he devoted himself with his wonted ardour and intelligence. But a life of active usefulness was hastening to a close. He was assailed by a complication of disorders, culminating in disease of the heart. On the 6th November 1863, he was informed by his medical attendant, that his complaint was mortal. He received the intimation with composure, only expressing some regret that he had not been spared to the accomplishment of certain duties. During his illness, which was often acute and prostrating, he bore himself meekly, and affirmed his entire confidence in the work of a Saviour. Some days before his death, he partook of the Holy Communion, and thereafter desired Lady Elgin to select a spot for his grave in the cemetery at Dhurasala. He sent a message to the Queen, expressing his devotion to her service, and desired that his best blessing might be conveyed to the secretaries of the Indian Government. He died on the 30th November. One of the best representatives of the house of Bruce, and a most faithful and enlightened public servant, he had only reached his fifty-second year. The first Lady Elgin died in 1841, and his Lordship married secondly, in 1846,

the fourth daughter of the first Earl of Durham, by whom he is survived.

In the death of Lord Elgin, I felt that I had lost an honourable and true-hearted friend. Without show, without pretext, and seemingly unconscious of any superiority of rank, he delighted to serve all who seemed worthy of his regard. To the friends of his youth, irrespective of their worldly status, he attached himself with a cordial friendship. At Broom Hall, his family seat, he was beloved by old and young. Before he proceeded to India, he was presented with his portrait at a public entertainment in Dunfermline, when the leading citizens took part in the demonstration. On his return from his first Chinese expedition, I had the honour, at Stirling, of bidding him welcome to Scotland. I shall not soon forget the cordiality of my reception.

In person, Lord Elgin was above the middle height, and was strong, muscular, and well built. His face was large, with a finely arched forehead. His manner was frank and unrestrained.

Lord Elgin had returned to Scotland when the administrators of the Wallace Monument Fund were prepared to lay the foundation stone. Of course, his Lordship was requested to undertake the duty, but he suggested that some noted Scotsman, who had taken an active part in raising the funds, should share in the honours of the enterprise. Sir Archibald Alison was selected, and, in approval

of the nomination, and of the proceedings of the day, Lord Elgin sent from Broom Hall, the sword of King Robert the Bruce, to be carried in the procession.

Sir Archibald Alison was younger son of the Rev. Archibald Alison, author of "Essays on the Nature and Principles of Taste." At the period of his birth, his father was incumbent of Kenley, Shropshire. In the parsonage-house of that parish he was born, on the 29th December, 1792. His mother was the youngest daughter of Dr John Gregory of Edinburgh, and sister of the more celebrated Dr James Gregory. His progenitors on the father's side belonged to the parish of Kettins, in Forfarshire. In 1800, his father removed to Edinburgh, of which he was a native, and became senior incumbent of St Paul's Chapel, Cowgate. The future historian studied at the University of Edinburgh, and in 1814 was called to the bar. He did not at once devote himself to forensic practice, but entered on continental travel, which he prosecuted at intervals for eight years. In 1823 he was, under the Conservative Government, appointed an advocate-depute, and he retained office till the close of the Wellington administration in 1830. On the return of the Conservatives to power in 1834 he was promoted as Sheriff of Lanarkshire.

In 1832, Mr Alison published his "Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland," and not long after, his "Practice of the Criminal Law." But he had chiefly occupied his leisure in accumulating materials for his

“History of Europe,” a work which he had projected in his twenty-second year. When, in 1833, the first volume of this work appeared, critics generally predicted that, notwithstanding certain inequalities of style, it would, on completion, secure the celebrity of the author. So it has proved, for Alison’s Europe, in twenty volumes, is, with its literary blemishes and minor errors, the most valuable history of the French Revolution, and of continental events since that period, which has been published. It was continued by the writer to the period of the Crimean War.

The laborious industry which produced the “History of Europe,” was duly acknowledged. In 1845, the author was elected Lord Rector of Marischal College, Aberdeen. By the students of Glasgow he was afterwards honoured with the rectorship of that university. In 1852 he was created a baronet; and the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law.

While sedulously devoting himself to literary research—a constant contributor to *Blackwood’s Magazine*, and producing other works beside his History—Sir Archibald was most attentive to his duties as a magistrate. From eleven till four o’clock daily he was to be found in his Court, either seated on the bench, or discharging the other duties of his office. In his chambers I frequently visited him to obtain his friendly counsel or active help in resisting the annoyances to which, as secretary of the Wallace Monu-

ment Committee, I was so constantly subjected. Mainly through his assistance the appropriate design of the monument, now executed, was rendered possible.

Sir Archibald was influenced by no personal ambition; his patriotism was untainted by any grain of selfishness. When I invited him to preside at the laying of the Wallace Monument foundation-stone, he informed me that should any one of higher rank be found to undertake the duties, he would willingly retire. This statement he renewed in the following letter, with which he favoured me some ten days before the monumental celebration :

“Glasgow, June 13, 1861.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

“I learn from Sir J. Maxwell Wallace that he is to be present at the Wallace Monument Demonstration, and the subsequent banquet. He is, I believe, lineally descended from the family of Sir William Wallace, and he is to give £100 to the monument, and his sister, Lady Fairlie, the same. Being a *Lieut.-General*, he will probably be the officer of the highest rank present, and he will therefore answer for the army. Of course, you will assign him a suitable position in the proceedings at the laying of the foundation-stone. To the toast ‘Lord Clyde, Sir Hope Grant, and their companions in arms,’ my son Archy will, as you wish, make a reply. He is singularly enough nineteenth in direct descent from Robert Bruce. It will be curious

to have two officers, descendants of Wallace and Bruce, brought forward on this occasion.*

“I will not shrink from the arduous and honourable duties which the committee design for me, if it is deemed in the interest of the meeting that I should do so. But I still think it is an honour much above my social position, and I would gladly yield to any popular nobleman who can speak, and resume my place as croupier. But I place myself entirely in your hands.

“I am,

“My Dear Doctor.

“Yours faithfully,

“A. ALISON.”

Sir Archibald was a zealous Freemason, and held the Provincial Grand Mastership. I was associated with him as a speaker, when a public building in Lanarkshire was inaugurated under masonic auspices. He was not particularly happy, yet I felt, in mounting the rostrum as his successor, that my words were as icicles compared with those with which he had just electrified the assembly. He was, indeed, not essentially an orator. He lacked grace of delivery; his utterances were painfully monotonous, and he failed even in his most impassioned bursts to raise his voice

* General Sir J. Maxwell Wallace was constituted Grand Marshal of the procession, the duties of which he discharged with military precision.

to a pitch befitting the character of his sentiments. At times, he was lengthy and painfully minute, especially when he dealt with figures and statistics, for which he retained an unhappy partiality. Yet his public speaking possessed a charm peculiarly its own. Patriotic ardour and a generous, gushing philanthropy pervaded and permeated his utterances. He delighted to set forth the intellectual and martial glory of old Scotland, and as he celebrated the poetic triumphs and heroic achievements of her sons, neither an expressive intonation nor muscular action were needed to arouse his auditory. Words more eloquent were not spoken at the Burns' centenary celebration than the following, uttered by Sir Archibald, as president of the great banquet at Glasgow :

“It is to few men only, and those in ages far distant from each other, that nature has given the passport to immortality ; and when she has done it, it is not on the great or the affluent that she in general has bestowed the gift, but on the most humble and suffering of the human race. She gave it to the bard of Chios. As a blind and needy suppliant he wandered through the isles of Greece. She gave it to him of the Mantuan Lake, as he mourned the loss of his little freehold under the shadow of his wide-spreading beech-tree. She gave it to the exile of Florence, as by the waters of the Po he sat down and wept. She gave it to the prisoner of Ferrara, as in the gloom of his dungeon he mourned a hopeless love. She gave it to the republican of England, after he had, poor and unbefriended,

‘ ——— dazzled by excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.’

But where was she to find a worthy recipient for such a gift among the

aged civilisation, and natural jealousies, and political passions of Europe at the close of the eighteenth century? She looked for him in the halls of princes, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the senates of nobles, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the forums of commerce, but she found him not there. She looked for him in the solitude of nature and she found him beside the plough, with his eye fixed on the mountain daisy which spread its humble beauties beneath his feet."

Sir Archibald was peculiarly in his element at the Wallace celebration of 1861. Of his brilliant address I have selected a few portions, not more as illustrating the character of his eloquence, than the patriotic ardour of the speaker :

"What, then, shall we say to a monument which has been called for by the loud acclaim of his country six hundred years after his death, and is now reared under circumstances and with a unanimity which prove that it is indeed the voice of ages! Figure again in imagination the scene we have this day witnessed. Recall to mind the Abbey Craig, which still looks down on the scene of his greatest triumph, studded with ardent and grateful patriots. Recollect the scene, the most beautiful in Europe, which the plain of Stirling, watered by the windings of the Forth, and shut in by the mountains, 'the native guardians of the land,' now the abode of peace and happiness presents, and compare it in imagination with what the same scene exhibited six hundred years ago, when the troops of Wallace rushed down with terrible force on the legions of Edward, which had crossed the river, and the waters of the Forth ran red with English blood! What has occasioned the wonderful and blessed change? What has turned the scene of slaughter and desolation into the abode of peace and happiness, and caused the shepherd's reed to be now alone heard on those

plains which formerly rung with the trumpet of war? What but the heroism of Wallace and the devotion of his followers, which compensated for all the disadvantages of number and discipline; and by the spirit they infused into Robert Bruce, finally effected the deliverance of their country!

‘ For his lance was not shiver’d on helmet or shield;
And his sword, which seem’d fit for archangel to wield,
Was light in his terrible hand.’

But Wallace was not only a stalwart knight, a splendid Paladin; he was also a great general, a consummate commander, else he never could, with forces not a fifth part of those to which he was opposed, and in the midst of a divided and broken people, have achieved the deliverance of his country in a single campaign, and driven the armies of England, ruined and dispersed, from the rock of Stirling across the Tweed. It is the best proof of his generalship that the manœuvre by which he effected this victory—allowing half of the enemy’s forces to cross the river and then assailing them before the other half could get across—was exactly the same as that by which one of the greatest masters in the art of war, the Archduke Charles, five hundred years after, defeated Napoleon on the banks of the Danube, on the field of Aspern. What mind can now conceive, what tongue can now portray, the blessings which their heroic stand have conferred, not merely on their own country, but evidently on their powerful and their hostile neighbours, and upon the united British Empire! It has given us the inestimable blessing of independence—that blessing, the greatest which man can enjoy,—which must be taken and cannot be given. It has done more; it has given union, strength, and happiness to the whole British Empire; for, by preventing the subjugation by force, it has left room for the union by inclination. It is thus, and thus alone, that the pacification of Great Britain could have been rendered complete, and the empire raised to the exalted destinies designed for it by Providence.

The Scotch are proverbially a proud people ; and it is no wonder they are so, for they are almost the only people in modern Europe who have never been conquered. Other nations have been repeatedly subdued. The Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans, the Goths, the Saracens, have overrun their territories and enslaved their inhabitants ; but, though often pierced to the heart, the Scotch have never been permanently subdued ; and within a few miles of this place, the mountain barrier of the Grampians tells us that within them the foot of the spoiler has never penetrated ; that the language of their inhabitants—the lasting mark of conquest—has never been changed ; and that their hoary summits saw the eagle of the legions, equally with the standards of the Plantagenet, roll back.

* * * * *

“If Scotland,” proceeded Sir Archibald, “had been conquered by her powerful neighbour—if the swords of Wallace and Bruce had not saved her from subjugation, she would have been to England what Poland is to Russia, what Hungary is to Austria, what Ireland, till within these few years, has been to England. She would have been a tower of weakness instead of strength—a thorn in her side instead of the right hand of her power. United now on a footing of perfect equality to England—strengthened on both sides by glorious recollections—Great Britain has now formed a United Kingdom, which, securely cradled in the waves, has not seen the fires of an enemy’s camp since the Union ; and, instead of trembling as of old at the sea-kings of the north, has sent her victorious bands into the most distant parts of the earth, encircled it by her colonies, and entered in triumph the capitals of Paris and Madrid, Brussels and Munich, Lisbon and Copenhagen, Grand Cairo and Sebastopol, Washington and Delhi, Lucknow and Peking !

* * * * *

“Great as have been the efforts of Wallace and Bruce on the subse-

quent history and growth of the British Empire, their influences on the Scottish character and the deeds of her sons have been still more remarkable. It is to them that have been mainly owing that energy of mind, perseverance in difficulty, and martial spirit, by which Scotland has ever since been distinguished, and which has given her a place among the nations far beyond what population, wealth, or national resources could otherwise account for. This it is which has rendered the poetry of Burns as household words throughout the world—this it is which has rendered Scott the idol of every civilised nation. When Burns conceived the immortal lines :

‘ Scots, wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce hae often led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to Victory !’

he embodied in verse the noble feelings which the exploits we are this day assembled to commemorate must ever awaken in every generous mind, and have times immemorial prompted to noble deeds! How often have they glowed beneath the Scottish plaid on the eve of the most glorious actions, on the heights of Toulouse, on the field of Waterloo, in the trenches of Sebastopol, on the march of fire of Havelock, in the assault of Lucknow! Historic glory is the best inheritance of nations; a due appreciation of it their best security. But, like liberty, it must be taken, it cannot be given. Wallace died in taking it; but he left his mantle to his successors. As long as the spirit of this day lives in the breasts of his country, the precious legacy will not be lost.”

After a short illness, Sir Archibald Alison died on the 23d of May 1867. No citizen of Glasgow was ever more sincerely lamented. In his decease every patriotic movement in the city lost an advocate, every benevolent institution an effective pleader. Few men in a public office, and

of strong political sentiments gave less offence or were more conciliatory. Though he had possessed no eminence as a historical and controversial writer, or in any other public capacity, he would have been remembered as a generous citizen.

Of equal geniality with the historian of Europe, and an illustrious orator, was my late friend, John Thomson Gordon, Sheriff of Midlothian. This accomplished man, whose star set much too soon, was son of John Gordon, M.D., a physician of some standing; he was born about the year 1812. Called to the bar in 1835, he at once, from his brilliant and captivating address, gave promise of eminence. In 1848 he was, by his uncle, Mr Andrew Rutherford, subsequently Lord Advocate, recommended to the office of Sheriff of Midlothian, and the appointment was bestowed upon him. Though Sheriff Gordon did not lay claim to extensive attainments as a lawyer, he discharged, so long as his health permitted, his magisterial duties with fidelity and intelligence.

I became acquainted with Mr Gordon in 1852, when I was guest at a dinner of the Architectural Institute, of which, at that time, he was president. The Sheriff was then in his prime. Tall and well-formed, his appearance was elegant and commanding, and his manners, though abundantly hearty, were not deficient in dignity. As a chairman, he might not have been excelled. On every topic he spoke fluently and in appropriate words, while his fine sonorous voice

especially recommended him to his auditory. I met the Sheriff frequently, both on public occasions and in private society. In the qualities of social companionship he was unrivalled. From a fund of unfailing jocundity he electrified every company. His exuberant joyousness never forsook him ; and at the close of a long meeting, when others were weary, he was still vigorous and eloquent.

On the platform, the Sheriff was one of the most powerful orators of his time ; among his Scottish contemporaries he had no equal. When he appeared as president of a meeting, he cast into the shade all who spoke after him. Were his speeches recovered and collected, they would hold a place among the best specimens of modern eloquence. I present a few short quotations from some of his best-known speeches. To the members of the Glasgow Athenæum he spoke thus :

“Stands Scotland where it did ; or from the most trivial domestic comfort to the highest constitutional privilege, do not ten thousand proofs attest our progress ? You know that harvests wave their golden honours over the decayed forests and exhausted morasses of other times ; that the sleepless fires of mighty manufactures are illuminating the midnight of whole counties ; that the white wings of commerce are bringing into your harbours—harbours deepened into the very centre of your cities—the whole treasures of the earth ; that the facilities of inland communication are concentrating distant cities into suburban vicinity ; that the populousness of the country is being increased, while the vigour and independence of the national character is not diminished ; that the probity, and industry, and sagacity of Scotsmen are distributed and

scattered over the whole globe ; and that the desires and yearnings of the population for instruction and improvement are extending with a vehemence which has no parallel in history.”

At a meeting in the Music Hall of Edinburgh in 1852, he used these words :

“What is Britain now? Her foot is upon every soil in Europe, Asia, America, and Africa—upon the islands of every wave in the Mediterranean, Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Seas. Her tributaries are kingdoms ; her colonies are as vast as continents ; her manufactures travel beyond the Chinese Wall ; her commerce circulates with the ocean round the habitable globe ; and her language is not only wherever enterprise can pierce, or valour tread, or dauntless heroes can carry the Divine message of Christian truth ; but is the living tongue of myriads of a mighty people almost beyond her sway throughout the republic of America, and is known among the dawning races of Australia, at the extremity of the African promontory, and at the base of Indian Himalaya.”

At one of the banquets at Edinburgh in honour of the centenary of Burns, he thus spoke of Lord Brougham :

“He is not with us, but depend upon it, and indeed we are sure, that his sympathies are not far away from a meeting which means to appreciate the sturdy independence and the blunt honesty of a nature on which the shadows of hypocrisy or duplicity never fell—a meeting which means to commemorate the victorious progress of an inborn vigour, which, against the barriers of social condition, ay, and even of individual temperament, held on its earnest way till glory filled the furrows of its plough—and a meeting which means to wreath with green gratitude the wonderful achievements of that Æolian sensibility, which, placed in the window of a peasant’s breast, vibrated to every

whispering air or stirring breeze, or even stormy gust, which moves man's strange and chequered life, and gave back the exquisite melody, of which the undying echoes have been, and will be, wafted over 'a' the airts the wind can blaw' till time shall cease to be. Brougham is not with us, but I see him now, the Demosthenes of Britain, as he sits on the shore of the bright Mediterranean and reviews across its tideless mirror the magnificent renown and the terrible ruin of which the colossal annals, from the pillars of Hercules to the blue Symplegades, strew the whole margin of its waters.

'Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee,
Assyria, Rome, Greece, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since.'

And I hear him murmur to this unchangeable witness of the awful vicissitudes of nations and kingdoms—'Does, then, the past always teach us the future? for if the free and brilliant race who conquered at Marathon—the Bannockburn of Greece—and if the majestic and proud people who survived Cannæ, the Flodden of Italy, are now crumbled into littleness almost worse than nothingness, shall I fear or may I hope for my own grand country? But it is not for the sea, but for us ourselves, his countrymen and his fellow-citizens, to answer his query, and I think we may bid him be of good cheer; or at all events I think we may tell him with a cheerful pride that there has not often lived in the world any man who more truly than Henry Brougham, looking back with an undimmed eye through a retrospect of fourscore years, can track the steady and large improvement of his country by the very foot-prints of his own luminous and indefatigable career. . . . He has invaded tyranny in all its citadels, and shaken all its arsenals, and settled the sunshine of the standard of freedom both upon the heights and downs in the valley of humanity. He has torn bigotry into very tatters, and let in the comfort of the light of common sense even through the

densest theological atmosphere; and he has warred with ignorance under every shape and in every recess, and planted, and watered, and cherished, till its fruits were ripe and mellow for the taste and nourishment of all, the blessed tree of general knowledge. I do think that the man who has done all this may well hope, and need not fear for his country, which by its whole life shows that the lessons of Brougham have entered deeply into the convictions, the aspirations, and the daily habits of its people. And therefore I shall, in all our names, bid the currents of the ocean carry to that old man eloquent, upon the shore of the great inland deep, our heartiest thanks and good wishes, and our belief that when he obeys the doom to which we all must yield, even if no temple, or column, or memorial tomb shall mark his resting-place, HE needs none of them who shall be known in after times as a man who can feel on his deathbed that, largely by his means, man, his brother, in his native land, stands at this hour more erect and free before God and his fellow-man."

At a public meeting convened at Edinburgh to express abhorrence at the assassination of President Lincoln, Sheriff Gordon said :

"I am not here to hold any balance between contending parties on topics where there must be diversity of opinion. I am here to hurl the unanimous verdict of all mankind against an enormous and intolerable wrong, which darkens us all with its gloom. I am here in the name of outraged humanity to deplore and denounce a crime which nothing can palliate—an unwarrantable, a licentious, a brutal crime, which the laws alike of God and man brand with their warning stigma, and smite with their avenging justice. It is an act of foul rebellion against the holiest instincts and the holiest convictions within us. It is the blind violence of an idiot, who imagines by the sudden flash of his interposition to frustrate or foil the issues of what is to come, of which the deep

foundations have been laid, and the irreversible paths have been traced by a prescient Wisdom utterly beyond and above our ken. He might as well try to stem with his hand the torrents of Niagara."

One who could so eloquently express himself would unquestionably have excelled as an author. But Sheriff Gordon lacked the concentrativeness necessary to the production of a great work. For social fellowship, it was often said, he sacrificed powers which might have been more usefully employed. This may have been; yet who will forget an evening spent in the companionship of John Thomson Gordon! Personal celebrity he sought not; he was content to be recollected by his friends. After the publication of the memoirs of her father, Professor Wilson, by Mrs Gordon, I remarked to the Sheriff that I liked the work both from its substance and style. He said, "Mrs Gordon had no assistance from me; she would not have accepted any. I am charmed with the book, and desire only to be remembered as her husband." He said this with deep feeling.

By the late Prince Consort, Mr Gordon was honoured with a cordial friendship. I met him not long after the Prince's death, and took occasion to refer to the event." "Don't speak of it," he said, feelingly. "I have lamented him as a brother. No man knew I more intimately or understood better. I shall never cease to lament him."

The Sheriff was for some years unable fully to discharge his magisterial duties. He afterwards rallied, but his con-

stitution was permanently impaired. In the autumn of 1865 he proceeded to Caen, in Normandy, in the hope of benefiting by the change. He died suddenly at Thury Harcourt, near Caen, on the 22d September 1865, about the age of fifty-three.

Sheriff Gordon was one of the three sons-in-law of Professor Wilson, the *Christopher North* of *Blackwood*. Just six weeks before the Sheriff's death, another of the sons-in-law passed away. I refer to my late friend, Professor William Edmonstone Aytoun. He was of Norman lineage, and was a cadet of the Aytouns of Inchdairnie. He was born in Abercromby Place, Edinburgh, on the 21st June 1813. His father, Mr Roger Aytoun, was a Writer to the Signet, and through his grandmother he represented the old family of Edmonstone of Corehouse. From his mother, a daughter of Keir of Kinmonth, Perthshire, he inherited a taste for Scottish ballad and an attachment to the memory of the cavaliers. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and became a Writer to the Signet; he subsequently passed advocate. At the bar, he obtained a good practice, but his tastes partook more of a literary than a legal character. He contributed to *Tait's Magazine*, in which, with his early friend, Mr Theodore Martin, he published the "Bon Gaultier Ballads." His connection with *Blackwood's Magazine* began in 1836, when in that periodical appeared his translations from Uhland. In 1843 he published his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," which at once

established his poetical reputation. He was in 1845 elected Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in Edinburgh University, an appointment attended with small emolument, but otherwise suited to his tastes. In 1852 he was appointed Sheriff of Orkney, a lucrative office, and of which the duties did not imply a removal from Edinburgh, or an abdication of his professorial functions.

Possessed of an abundant leisure, Professor Aytoun now contributed to nearly every number of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and produced several separate publications. His poem of "Bothwell," which appeared in 1856, did not fulfil the expectations of his admirers, but his "Firmilian, or the Student of Badajoz," a poetical satire on the poets of the spasmodic school, regained his poetical laurels. In 1849 he married Jane Emily, youngest daughter of Professor Wilson; she died on the 15th April 1859. In 1863 he contracted a second marriage with Fearne Jemima, second daughter of James Kinnear, Esq., Writer to the Signet. After an illness of about a year, he died at Blackhills, near Elgin, on the 4th August, 1865, in his 52d year.

With Professor Aytoun I became acquainted in 1852. He was then a leading supporter of a short-lived and ill-omened association for the "Vindication of Scottish Rights." The administration of the Society's affairs got into the hands of an individual who, possessing patriotic ardour, unbalanced by common sense, set forth as a chief national wrong that on a public building in the west of Scotland, the Scottish

lion was improperly quartered in the national shield. So the Society was laughed down, and the Professor, who had hoped from the movement better things, could never hear of it afterwards but with distaste. Like his friend, the historian of Europe, Professor Aytoun was a zealous freemason. As Master of the "Canongate Kilwinning" lodge, which is associated with Burns, Hogg, and other celebrities, he increased the popularity of the craft, bringing with him to the interesting lodge-chapel in St John Street, both as members and visitors, many eminent citizens and men of letters. He was fond of drollery, and could resist no opportunity of practising his facetiousness. During the summer of 1860, I chanced to meet him at dinner, at a fashionable watering place. The guests were strangers to each other, the Professor being known only to the family of the host and to myself. He talked chiefly with an elderly gentleman, who sat near him, and who had at the commencement of the conversation referred to his holding office as a county magistrate. Conceiving that his new acquaintance valued himself on his magisterial status, he resolved to have some diversion at his expense. Brigandage in Italy was then occupying public attention, and on this theme being introduced the magistrate stated his belief that tranquillity would only be restored by an entire extirpation of the brigands. "Won't do, sir," said the Professor. "Brigandage is not an unmitigated evil. Brigands are brave; they take their lives in their hands, and they earn their livelihood by their heroic

deeds. Suppose," he continued "you and I should tomorrow morning go up to the railway station, each provided with a brace of pistols in our vest pockets. Just as a train is starting, we might dart our heads into compartments of first-class carriages, and presenting our pistols at well-to-do solitary travellers, demand an instant surrender. We might, sir, do a good turn of business, and though discovered, we would no doubt be excused for our heroism." "I abhor your proposal," said the indignant J.P., and will have nothing to do with it." "I could not accomplish it alone," said the Professor. After an interval the magistrate spoke of some of his own decisions in the administration of the Poor Law. The Professor said that he was himself a sheriff, and that he decided quite differently. "Then I cannot commend your law," said the magistrate, who was evidently both puzzled and disgusted with the strange individual into whose society he had been thrown.

We adjourned to the drawing-room, where the Professor and I conversed. The magistrate embraced a convenient opportunity to take me aside, and to inquire whether I knew privately the gentleman with whom I had been talking, remarking at the same time that both his law and his principles were strangely unsound. "Not at all," I replied, "he is a capital lawyer, and is sound every way. He is the sheriff and vice-admiral of the Orkneys, a doctor of the civil law, professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh, and the principal contributor to *Blackwood*." "Oh! I see, Professor Aytoun,

of course. "What a facetious dog he is," said the magistrate. "Pray introduce me to him!"

Of Aytoun, the following anecdote is related in his memoirs by Mr Theodore Martin. I give the anecdote in his biographer's words. "Being asked to get up an impromptu amusement at a friend's house in 1844, for some English visitors, who were enthusiastic about Highlanders and the Highlands, he fished out from his wardrobe the kilt with which he had electrified the men of Thurso in his boyish days. Arraying himself in this and a blue cloth jacket with white metal buttons, which he had got years before to act a charity boy in a charade, he completed his costume by a scarf across his shoulders, short hose, and brogues! The brevity of the kilt produced a most ludicrous effect, and not being eked out with the usual "sporan," left him very much in the condition of the "cutty sark" of Burns's poem. With hair like Katterfelto's, on end in wild disorder, Aytoun was ushered into the drawing-room. He bore himself with more than Celtic dignity, and saluted the Southrons with stately courtesy, being introduced to them as the famous Laird of MacNab. The ladies were delighted with the chieftain, who related many highly-exciting traits of Highland manners. Among other things, when his neighbours, as he told them, made a foray, which they often did upon his cattle, he thought nothing of "sticking a tirk into their powels," when the ladies exclaimed in horror, "O laird, you don't say so!" "Say so!" he replied, "on my saul,

laties, and to pe surely I to it." A picture of Prince Charles, which hung in the room, was made the object of profound veneration. At supper he was asked to sing a song. "I am ferry sorry, laties," he replied, "that I have no voice ; but I will speak to you a translation of a ferry ancient Gaelic poem," and proceeded to chant "The Massacre of ta Phairshon," which came upon all present as if it were the invention of the moment, and was greeted with roars of laughter. The joke was carried on until the party broke up, and the strangers were not undeceived for some days as to the true character of the great Celtic chief."

Though his humour inclined to sarcasm, Professor Aytoun was radically genial. I remember that at our first interview he referred to the illness of his gifted father-in-law, Professor Wilson, in terms which left no doubt as to the intensity of his affections. He spoke of the Ettrick Shepherd, and others he had known in early life, with expressions of generous kindness. In his conversation I could not detect the least self-assertion. On one occasion he expressed to me his dislike of memoirs, and his feeling that a man's reputation should rest solely on his works. I chanced to visit him when he was preparing notes to his poem of "Bothwell," which was to appear in a few weeks. I told him how anxiously the public waited for the poem. He said, "I intend my reputation to rest upon it." It was to prove otherwise. Though exposing to ridicule the style of the spasmodic poets, he was most friendly with several

of them, who on their part duly appreciated his kindly nature. With his students he was a universal favourite ; the attendance at the Rhetoric class rose after his appointment from thirty to one hundred and fifty.

At the outset of his career, Professor Aytoun was uncommonly diffident. When in her father's drawing-room he was making proposals of marriage to Miss Jane Emily Wilson, who afterwards became his wife, the lady reminded him that before she could give her absolute consent, it would be necessary that he should obtain her father's approval. "You must speak for me," said the suitor, "for I could not summon courage to speak to the Professor on this subject." "Papa is in the library," said the lady. "Then you had better go to him," said the suitor, and "I'll wait till you return." The lady proceeded to the library, and taking her father affectionately by the hand, mentioned that Professor Aytoun had asked her in marriage. She added, "Shall I accept his offer, papa? he is so diffident that he won't speak to you about it himself." "Then we must deal tenderly with his feelings," said the hearty old Christopher. "I'll write my reply on a slip of paper, and pin it to your back." "Papa's answer is on the back of my dress," said Miss Jane, as she entered the drawing-room. Turning round, the delighted suitor read these words, "With the author's compliments!"

The third son-in-law of Professor Wilson, my late gifted friend, Professor James Frederick Ferrier, died at St

Andrews on the 11th June, 1864, in his fifty-sixth year. He was born at Edinburgh in November 1808. His father, John Ferrier, Writer to the Signet, was son of James Ferrier, who represented an old Norman house, and held the office of a clerk of Session. His mother, Margaret Wilson, was sister of the gifted Professor, who became his father-in-law. His aunt, Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, was the authoress of "Marriage," and other celebrated novels. He studied at Edinburgh University, and afterwards proceeded to Oxford, where he graduated. He subsequently travelled and studied in Germany. In 1832 he was called to the Scottish Bar, but it is doubtful whether he ever sought employment as a lawyer. He was elected to the Professorship of Universal History in the University of Edinburgh, and became a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine* and other serials. In 1845 he was preferred to the chair of Moral Philosophy at St Andrews. In 1852 he was candidate for the Moral Philosophy chair at Edinburgh, vacant by the retirement of Professor Wilson, but the Town Council of the city being generally adherents of the Free Church, elected a gentleman who belonged to that communion. The proceedings of the Edinburgh Town Council at this and a subsequent election, led to the patronage of the University being transferred from them to a body of trustees.

As an expounder of ethical science, Professor Ferrier maintained a growing popularity. As a philosophic thinker he was assigned a first rank on the publication of his "In-

stitutes of Metaphysics" in 1854, and when Sir William Hamilton died, soon after, it was held by all save the sectarian traders of the Edinburgh corporation—that no living metaphysician was better fitted for the vacant chair.

Professor Ferrier studied with an incessant perseverance. He almost lived in his library. He entered it after breakfast, and continued in it, with a short respite for an early dinner, till a late hour of the evening. While his colleagues were enjoying their holidays, he sat at home wedded to his books. "You are always here," I said to him one day. "I am not so comfortable elsewhere," was the reply. "My books are around me, and my world is books." "You take an occasional excursion, I hope?" "I have not done so for some years. I have no taste for running about." "But you must doubtless enjoy fine scenery. I have just been among the Grampians, seeing waterfalls, and lochs, and moors, and romantic dells, and have greatly enjoyed myself." "I like to read about what you describe, but for some years I have been unable to change my habit of keeping at home." "A great mistake," I persisted; "you will die; you will wear yourself out." "Perhaps," he said, "but I cannot help it." My prediction was unhappily realised. Only a year or two after our conversation, Professor Ferrier was seized with a complication of disorders. For some time he struggled against his ailments; at length he was obliged to delegate to others the duty of conducting his classes. After three years of bad health, he gently sunk

into his rest. Apart from his eminence as a metaphysician, he was an accomplished general scholar. He was abundantly hospitable, and of conciliatory manners. None who knew him will utter a word in his dispraise.

As another contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, though he survived some others yet to be named, I would next refer to my late friend Professor George Moir. He was a native of Aberdeen, where he was brought up and educated. With a view to becoming an advocate, he proceeded to Edinburgh, and prosecuted the study of law. He was called to the Bar in 1825, and amidst a host of brilliant competitors, gradually found his way both as a pleader and chamber counsel. In his 25th year he contributed an article on "Spanish Literature" to the *Edinburgh Review*, which he followed by another on the "Lyric Poetry of Spain." In 1831 he began to write for *Blackwood's Magazine*, to which he contributed at intervals for twenty years afterwards. In 1838 he was elected Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, an office which he resigned in 1840, when he was appointed Sheriff of Ross-shire. He was in 1858 preferred to the Sheriffship of Stirling, and in 1864 elected Professor of Scots Law in Edinburgh University. The last appointment he was obliged to relinquish in 1866, from failing health. He died suddenly on the 19th October, 1870, aged seventy-one years.

Professor Moir was short in stature, and in his facial aspects afforded little, if any, indication of intellectual

power. His manner was dry and distant, and his conversation seldom warmed into fervency. But he was withal a kind-hearted man, ready to do a good turn, and to promote any cause worthy of support. He was a keen lover of art, and took an intelligent interest in landscape gardening. In order to complete the public grounds on the Castle Hill of Stirling, the laying out of which I had devised some years before, I asked Sheriff Moir to contribute to the cost. He replied, that he took a deep interest in improvements of the sort, and would inform me whether he would subscribe after his next visit to Stirling. Some weeks after, he took a solitary walk on the Castle Hill, and was observed to inspect the ornamental grounds from the different prominences. He afterwards wrote me, expressing his admiration of the improvement, and tendering a contribution.

Another Edinburgh professor, entitled to a place in these reminiscences, is my late excellent friend, Sir George Ballingal. This most estimable gentleman was born in the manse of Forglen, Banffshire, on the 2d May 1780, his father being the parochial clergyman. He received his school education at Falkland, and afterwards prosecuted medical studies at the universities of St Andrews and Edinburgh. In 1806 he entered the army as assistant-surgeon in the First Royals, and accompanied his regiment to Madras. He was present at the capture of Java, in August 1811, and was surgeon to the 33d regiment during the occupation of Paris in 1815. Having retired on half-pay, he commenced private practice

in Edinburgh. In 1823 he was appointed to the Chair of Military Surgery in Edinburgh University. In 1831 he received the honour of knighthood. He was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the principal medical societies of Europe. Sir George died at Edinburgh in 1855, in his seventy-fifth year. In the branch of surgery to which his attention was especially directed, he was an enthusiast, and he delighted to communicate his knowledge without professional reserve. He had travelled much, and he related what he had seen in an interesting manner. He rejoiced to yield a helping hand to all who required his aid. An accomplished gentleman, his intercourse was at all times enjoyable.

Professor Pillans I knew only in his old age. He had an exact and most retentive memory, and took pleasure in repeating long passages from his favourite poets. He was an agreeable companion, told capital stories, and could portray the manners of those long departed. Of a generous nature, he was yet careful of his coin; and had the art of living comfortably without profusion. It is pleasant to recall the venerable form of this professorial veteran of fourscore, and pleasant to think of our last meeting in Yarrow, when he descanted on his recollections of the Ettrick Shepherd, Thomas Campbell, and a host of others. He died at Edinburgh on the 27th March 1864, in his eighty-sixth year.

Similarly entertaining in his recollections was my late

gifted friend, Dr John Strang, City Chamberlain of Glasgow. The son of a Glasgow wine merchant, and his successor in trade, he early renounced the practice of business, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. In opening manhood he visited France and Italy, and prosecuted philosophical studies in Germany. His first publication was entitled "Tales of Humour and Romance, from the German of Hoffman and others." Having visited some of the chief art galleries of Europe, he obtained celebrity as a fine-art critic. In 1830, he published, under the pseudonym of Jeffrey Crayon, jun., "A Glance at the Exhibitions of the Works of Living Artists, under the patronage of the Glasgow Dilletanti Society." During the following year he produced a small volume entitled, "Necropolis Glasguensis," advocating the conversion of the Fir Park, which adjoined the Cathedral, into a place of public sepulture. This effort was attended by the construction of the Glasgow Necropolis, one of the most picturesque cemeteries in Britain.

In 1832 Dr Strang edited, during its existence of six months, *The Day*, a Glasgow daily journal, to which he contributed many original compositions, both in prose and verse. His "Travels in Germany," in two octavo volumes, appeared in 1836. A little before, he was elected City Chamberlain, an office of which he discharged the duties with most remarkable acceptance. His statistical reports were held in high esteem, and form a local record of no inconsiderable value. His most popular work, "Glasgow

and its Clubs," was issued in 1855, as a thick octavo, and soon passed into a second edition. During his last illness, he prepared "Travelling Notes of an Invalid," which was published within a few weeks of his decease. He died on the 8th December 1863, in his sixty-eighth year. He was LL.D. of Glasgow University, and Associate of several of the learned societies. Abundantly hospitable, he rejoiced to see at his table the cultivators of literature and art. He remembered several old Glasgow notables in their everyday life, and could vividly depict their peculiar manners. He was a laborious student, but seldom referred to his literary labours. Of a conciliatory disposition, he disliked controversy, and rejoiced to unite in harmony those who were estranged. His peculiar profile did not at first impress strangers with a proper conception of his powers. In conversation he excelled.

I now pay a tribute to the memory of one whose progress to distinction I watched from boyhood, and whose premature decease I mourned in common with his contemporaries. I refer to the Reverend John Robertson, D.D., Minister of the Cathedral Church, and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow. This most accomplished and excellent man was born in the city of Perth on the 9th April 1824. Having in childhood lost his father, his upbringing devolved on his mother, who supported herself by keeping a small shop. As a youth, he was singularly retiring; avoiding all sports, he was constantly

with his books. In all his classes he gained the top, and kept it. Before leaving the Grammar School he had mastered and professed the twenty-four books of the *Odyssey*, twelve books of the *Iliad*, the *Medea* of Euripides, and the *Œdipus* of Sophocles; and in his sixteenth year he could read French and German. He became a student at St Andrews University in 1840. Thither his fame had preceded him. He was hailed as a prodigy. He excelled in every department of study, and so modestly did he repeat his tasks that he seemed to offer an apology for his excellence. With the exception of another, also a native of Perth, and now a useful clergyman at Edinburgh, I do not remember that any of my fellow-students were so revered for extent and variety of attainments. Mr Robertson's moral qualities were on a par with his intellectual precocity. When at any meeting of the gownsmen, however stormy, he was known to be on his feet, there was a hush, and each prepared to listen reverently. He had no rival, and he chose as companions the best scholars, or those whom he had known at Perth. He lost his mother when sixteen, and having no other near relative he made St Andrews his home. At the Divinity Hall his talents were at once recognised by the professors, who took every opportunity to denote their approbation. From the Presbytery of St Andrews he received license to preach in February 1848. Before the close of that year he was, on the invitation of the people, ordained to the pas-

toral charge of the united parishes of Mains and Strathmartin, in the county of Forfar.

By his flock Mr Robertson was beloved. He visited from house to house, and so acceptably that the humblest of his people regarded him as a friend. His discourses were conceived in plain words, and delivered with an earnestness which commended his teaching even to the careless. Though seldom absent from his own pulpit, his reputation extended rapidly. In 1852 he was offered the first charge of Stirling, and some time afterwards the office of collegiate minister of St Andrews Church, Edinburgh. These appointments he declined; but in 1858 he accepted an invitation to become minister of the Cathedral Church, Glasgow. The position was most influential, but none doubted the fitness of the presentee. The University of St Andrews conferred on him the degree of D.D., and he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of Glasgow College.

At Glasgow Dr Robertson laboured indefatigably. Interesting himself in the parochial charities, these were, by his efforts, augmented and consolidated. Latterly he undertook extensive labours on behalf of the University. His constitution was never robust, and from early youth he had taxed it severely. He suffered from a languid circulation. Early in 1863 he was seriously ill; but after a period of rest from his public labours, he considerably recruited. But his ailment returned, and he was laid aside from duty of every sort. He had lately married a daughter of Professor John

Cook of St Andrews, and he retired to that city—the scene of his early triumphs—there to be tended by loving and anxious friends. He died at St Andrews on the 9th January 1865, and his remains were solemnly interred in the Cathedral burying-ground—the citizens closing their shops during the mournful ceremonial. His memoirs have been published, with some specimens of his pulpit discourses. Yet all who knew him must feel that neither his well-written sermons, nor the appropriate words of his accomplished biographer, bring out with sufficient force the power and energy of his nature. He survives in the hearts of his contemporaries, and of those who profited by his ministerial counsels.

Eminently cheerful, Dr Robertson much enjoyed the tale of humour. He used to relate an anecdote of Walter Nicoll, the beadle of Mains. Walter paid him a visit at Glasgow, and on Sunday worshipped in the Cathedral. With its noble columns, lofty arches, and elegant stained windows, it is the most stately place of worship in Scotland. “This is a much finer church than Mains, Walter,” said Dr Robertson, after service, to his visitor. “I’m no sae sure o’ that,” was the rejoinder. “Indeed,” said Dr Robertson; “surely you have no fault to find with the Cathedral.” After a pause, Walter replied, “She’s useless big—she’s got nae laft—and she’s sair fashed wi’ thae pillars!”

Another distinguished graduate of St Andrews, was the late Dr Robert Lee of Edinburgh. With this ingenious

and learned person I was slightly acquainted. He was born at Tweedmouth, Berwickshire, in November 1804; and, being of humble parentage, was trained as a boat-builder. His father was precentor in the Presbyterian Church, and encouraged him to study for the ministry. After the hours of labour he constructed a boat, which he sold, and with the proceeds repaired to St Andrews, where he enrolled himself as a university student. He had the usual struggles. Distinguishing himself in his classes, he procured teaching, and so obtained the means of support. He entered college in 1824, and eight years afterwards became a licentiate. In 1833 he was elected minister of Inverbrothock Chapel, near Arbroath. He was translated to Campsie, Stirlingshire, in 1836, and in August 1843, was appointed to Old Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh. In 1847, the Professorship of Biblical Criticism in Edinburgh University, newly instituted, was conferred upon him. He was an accomplished scholar. With the Christian Fathers he had formed a critical acquaintance, and he was conversant with ancient and modern literature. As a preacher, he was remarkable for a clear intonation, and a distinct utterance. His Scriptural expositions were original and ingenious, and those who doubted the soundness of his conclusions, were ever ready to commend his mode of expressing his convictions. Many, who had long been strangers to the sanctuary, were, by his preaching, attracted to Old Greyfriars' Church.

Dr Robert Lee will be chiefly remembered for his persistent and successful efforts to render the worship of the Presbyterian Communion more in harmony with that of other Protestant Churches. He introduced a modified liturgy in Old Greyfriars' Church—got his people to stand at praise and kneel at prayer, and terminated the struggles of liberal Presbyterians, carried on for half-a-century, by using an organ. These enlightened ameliorations of the Presbyterian ritual were achieved amidst a course of opposition, and perhaps no other Scotsman would have mastered the difficulties which he had to surmount. His acknowledged learning, and the excellence of his devotional services, considerably availed him, while his acquaintance with ecclesiastical polity, and unrivalled powers of debate, proved overwhelming to his opponents. None who were present in the General Assembly of 1859, when the debate on "innovations" was proceeded with, can forget the masterly manner in which he overturned the arguments of his opponents. While an ordinary innovator would have been subjected to censure, he left the bar without rebuke, and without interference with his congregational arrangements. Subsequent General Assemblies allowed him to take his own course, till more becoming postures in prayer and praise were actually sanctioned. Congregations, too, were permitted to conjoin instrumental music with the psalmody.

If his life had been prolonged, Dr Lee would probably have succeeded in introducing a modified liturgy. As it

was, he laid the foundation of reforms in the Genevan system, which, as old prejudices disappear, will unquestionably be carried forward. He was attacked by paralysis in May 1867, and died at Torquay on the 14th March 1868. He was a keen controversialist, and smote his antagonists with relentless and crushing sarcasm. Latterly, he forbore the use of offensive weapons. In early life he was disposed to censure keenly the bigoted and ignorant; latterly he was more disposed to excuse than to condemn. He was a kind husband, an affectionate father, and a confiding friend. He sought the best interests of the Church of Scotland.

In these "Recollections" I may not omit the name of the late Dr John Aiton, minister of Dolphinton. This somewhat eccentric, but most worthy clergyman, was son of Mr William Aiton, sheriff-substitute of Lanarkshire. Educated at the University of Edinburgh, he was in 1819 licensed as a probationer. In 1825 he was ordained to the pastoral charge of Dolphinton, where he ministered till his decease. He died at Pyrgo Park, Essex, on the 15th May 1865, at the age of sixty-five. He was a somewhat extensive writer; his more esteemed publications being "Clerical Economics;" "Life and Times of Alexander Henderson;" and "St Paul and His Localities." An eager disputant, he was uncompromising in the exposure of wrong-doing. Through his unsparing denunciations of certain abuses in the financial concerns of the Church, a better system of

administration was inaugurated. Zealous in the cause of missions, he sought to establish a special mission to the Jews in Palestine. He was a vigorous advocate of temperance, and a warm upholder of benevolent institutions. An extensive traveller, he delighted to relate his experiences at gatherings of the young, with a view to their improvement. Of a large and ungainly form, with severe features, and generally apparelled in very plain attire, his aspect was repulsive rather than inviting. Nor was his personal ungainliness compensated by pleasing and conciliatory manners. But he was withal of a genial nature ; he was opposed to contention at the law, and rejoiced to reunite the bonds of a severed friendship. He was a warm friend, a faithful pastor, and a true Christian.

Another country minister of great worth was my late ingenious friend, Dr Patrick Bell of Carmyllie. This most estimable individual, whose name, as the inventor of the reaping machine, is familiar throughout Britain and America, was born early in the century on the farm of Leach, parish of Auchterhouse, Forfarshire. Being a second son, he was destined for the ministry, but he was more inclined to mechanical than theological pursuits. While a college student, he invented an instrument for extracting sugar from beet, and contrived an apparatus for producing gas. From boyhood he had fixed his attention on the invention of a machine to supersede female labour in the reaping of corn. After many failures, he succeeded in realising his

object, and in the autumn of 1826 first applied his machine to the harvest-field.

In 1828 Mr Bell's Reaper assumed the form in which it is used now. But the importance of the invention was not recognised till long afterwards, and the inventor, a licentiate of the Church, was obliged to accept employment as a tutor in Canada, nothing better having offered. In 1843 he returned to Scotland, when he obtained the church living of Carmyllie. In this retired parish he laboured with exemplary fidelity. No inventor was more unpretentious or less of a self-seeker. Many of his clerical brethren were, long after his appointment to Carmyllie, unaware that he had invented the reaper, and when at a reaping machine exhibition at Stirling in 1853, I introduced him as the inventor to a member of the Highland Society, I was supposed to labour under a mistake. In 1867 he read to the British Association at Dundee, a paper setting forth the history of his invention. At length public attention awakened to his claims. The Highland Society proposed a testimonial. He was presented with a thousand guineas and some valuable articles of plate. The University of St Andrews offered him the degree of LL.D. He did not long survive his honours; he died at Carmyllie on the 22d April 1869.

Sir James Young Simpson, Bart., I claim only as an occasional correspondent. The son of an operative baker at Bathgate, he was intended for the same trade. He entered on the first stage of it, but his aspirations pointed to a higher

destiny. Through the assistance of an elder brother he entered the University of Edinburgh. In 1832 he took his degree of M.D., while in his twenty-first year. He became assistant to Dr John Thomson, Professor of Pathology, and began to deliver extra academic lectures on obstetric science. In 1840 he was preferred to the chair of Midwifery. Success attended him from the first, and ere long his eminence was recognised. In 1847 he applied chloroform as an anæsthetic, thereby conferring one of the greatest boons which has ever been bestowed upon mankind. At first he used the anæsthetic in obstetric practice only. Some objected, quoting the words of the primeval curse, "in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children." When every argument had failed to satisfy the objector's scruples, he mentioned that Adam was thrown into a deep sleep, when the rib which formed Eve was extracted from him. This last argument never failed him.

Another anecdote may be related. He sought to improve every moment of his time. He was in 1848 waiting for a ferry-boat, and a patient afterwards expressed regret that his valuable time should have been wasted. "Not at all," said the Professor, "I was all the time chloroforming the eels." In 1852 he was elected President of the Royal College of Physicians. Other honours followed. The University of Oxford conferred D.C.L., and the leading medical and scientific associations of Europe bestowed their honours. In 1866 he was created a baronet. In 1869 he was placed

on the roll of the honorary burgesses of Edinburgh. He was an accomplished archæologist. His contributions to the Scottish Society of Antiquaries evince painstaking research, with no inconsiderable powers of concise and correct description. He was a true philanthropist. During the latter years of his life he sought the best means of improving the salubrity of hospitals and reformatories. A reformer of morals, he endeavoured to check the progress of disease, by promoting the laws of social order. An exemplary Christian, he would frequently, in the evening of days spent in the sick room, address meetings of earnest persons assembled for purposes of devotion. He died of heart disease, after a short illness, on the 6th of May 1870. His remains were followed to Warriston Cemetery by a procession greater than probably ever before assembled at a public funeral in the city of Edinburgh.

His appearance was striking. His head was large, and a profusion of long tangled hair rested on a countenance displaying a bent brow, soft piercing eyes, a somewhat coarse nose, with dilated nostrils, and a well-chiselled mouth. His look was thoughtful, and an activity of glance and motion showed that his time was not to be wasted. He was compactly built, and of short stature.

To indulge in panegyric on the memory of one whose recent premature departure is so universally deplored, were inappropriate. He had fulfilled his mission; and the example of professional ardour, large hearted benevolence,

and earnest piety, which he left behind, cannot be unfruitful. Some verses, which he composed at Geneva a few years previous to his death, may not unsuitably sum up these brief allusions to his history :

“ Oft ’mid this world’s ceaseless strife,
When flesh and spirit fail me,
I stop and think of another life,
Where ills can ne’er assail me.
Where my wearied arm shall cease its fight,
My heart shall cease its sorrow,
And this dark night change for the light
Of everlasting morrow.

“ On earth below there’s nought but woe,
E’en earth is gilded sadness ;
But in heaven above there’s nought but love,
With all its raptured gladness :
There—till I come—waits me a home,
All human dreams excelling,
In which, at last, when life is past,
I’ll find a regal dwelling.

“ Then shall be mine, through grace Divine,
A rest that knows no ending,
Which my soul’s eye would fain descry,
Though still with clay ’tis blending,
And, Saviour dear, while I tarry here,
Where a Father’s love hath found me,
Oh ! let me feel—through woe or weal—
Thy guardian arm around me !”

My late distinguished friend, Dr Henry Cooke of Belfast

was associated with some Scottish affairs, and I will therefore be pardoned for noticing him. He was born at Maghera, in the county of Derry, on the 11th May 1788. At the University of Glasgow he obtained a respectable acquaintance with the classics, and studied theology. As a licentiate of the Irish Presbyterian Church, he preached acceptably; but his first appearances did not foreshadow his future eminence. In 1808 he was ordained Presbyterian minister at Duneane, in the county of Antrim. In 1811 he was translated to Donegore, in the same county; and in 1818 was preferred to the Presbyterian congregation at Killyleagh, in county Down. By an influential body of Presbyterians at Belfast he was, in 1820, invited to undertake the charge of a new congregation; and on his acceptance of the call, a place of worship in May Street was erected for his use. Crowds flocked to his ministrations, and he was hailed as the most powerful preacher in the north of Ireland.

The Presbyterians in Ireland had, like their English brethren, deviated in numbers from a strict adherence to their Church standards as set forth in the Books of Discipline, and the Westminster Confession. When Dr Cooke entered on his ministry, the doctrines of Arius were professed and preached by a considerable number of the clergy. Against this defection he zealously protested. At a public discussion with the most eloquent of the Arians, Dr Henry Montgomery, he overwhelmed that champion of

the heterodox creed. Montgomery retired from the Presbyterian connection, and, with his adherents, formed a new Synod.

Recognised as the greatest debater in the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, Dr Cooke was challenged by the Voluntary advocate, Dr John Ritchie of Edinburgh, to a public discussion on church establishments. It took place at Belfast. Dr Cooke maintained the cause of establishments with a splendour and force of eloquence which surprised even his admirers. In connection with the debate, I may mention an incident. Dr Ritchie had assailed the memory of Lord Castlereagh, by characterising his act of suicide as "his last and best." After a few words, deprecating the allusion, and exhorting to sentiments of charity, Dr Cooke added, "Shall we not rather hope, in the words of Sterne, that the recording angel dropped a tear upon the act, and blotted it out for ever?" The Scottish advocate of Voluntaryism never recovered the onslaught of the Belfast orator.

Having overcome two noted champions of debate, Dr Cooke ventured to challenge Daniel O'Connell, who was then prosecuting his repeal agitation; but the agitator declined to enter the lists with him. Informed that O'Connell had described him as "the Cock of the North," Dr Cooke said, "I hope, like the cock which startled the erring apostle, I may bring him to repentance." His power of humour was of a first order. A temporary place of worship—constructed of timber—had been erected near

the Arian meeting-place of Dr Montgomery, much to the annoyance of that gentleman's daughter, a smart girl of twenty, who described it "only fit for cows." "Yes," said Dr Cooke, "and there will be milk there—not the milk which Miss Montgomery thinks of, but the sincere milk of the Word."

He was appointed President of the Presbyterian Theological Institute at Belfast, and Professor of Sacred Rhetoric and Catechetics in the Institution. As a professor, he excelled less as a lecturer than as a painstaking instructor in the elements of Christian doctrine. His only published writings consist of some controversial papers and pulpit discourses, and notes to Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible. Public speaking, whether on the platform or in the pulpit, was his forte. His enunciation was clear and forcible, and he possessed a remarkable fluency. I have heard him preach. It was one of his last pulpit appearances, and when he was on the verge of fourscore. The discourse was long, and a little rambling, but there were few common-places and some eloquent references to passing events.

Dr Cooke was eminently benevolent. On one occasion he offered to part with his watch on behalf of a charity; and when his church in May Street was erected, he specially requested that a portion of the gallery should be reserved for the use of the poor. He delighted to aid the deserving and relieve the unfortunate. When a ministerial brother was in difficulty, he was sure to experience in Dr Cooke a

sympathising friend and judicious counsellor. Though warm in debate, he was in private kind and conciliatory. One of his last public acts was to accompany to their last resting place the remains of his former rival, Dr Montgomery. Unconscious of intellectual superiority, he was entirely free from self-assertion. I had ventured to compliment him on his powers of debate. "My discussion with Ritchie," he said, "you probably refer to. I overcame him simply because I trusted to my memory; while he was occupied, when I was speaking, in taking notes, and so lost himself."

In personal appearance he was tall and spare. He had a fine open countenance, with a commanding forehead, prominent nose, and eagle eye. He excelled in conversation, and was a favourite alike in the hall of the opulent and in the sick-chamber of the poor. He died on the 13th December 1868, at the age of eighty. He was sincerely lamented. His congregation hastened to rear to his memory an appropriate cenotaph in the vestibule of May Street Church, and the Belfast citizens have resolved to commemorate him by a monumental statue.

With the late Canon Melvill I was slightly acquainted. He was Scottish by descent. His father, Captain Philip Melvill, was born at Dunbar. In 1762 he was severely wounded in an engagement with Hyder Ali, and by that tyrant was detained a prisoner four years in the fort of Bangalore. On the downfall of Hyder Ali he returned to

Britain, married Miss Dobree, a native of Guernsey, and was appointed Governor of Pendennis Castle. He died of fever in his forty-ninth year. His son Henry was born in 1798. By his father, who was deeply impressed with religious truth, he was dedicated to the ministry. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and proceeded as a Grecian to St John's College, Cambridge. Having obtained orders, he became incumbent of Camden Chapel, Camberwell, and at once established his reputation as a preacher. He was accused of imitating Dr Chalmers, and his oratory bears a resemblance to the style of the northern preacher. But he sufficiently retained his individuality, and had his imitators in his turn. The power of the Divine Word has never been described in more glowing terms than the following :

“No human composition presents, in anything of the same degree, the majesty of oratory and the loveliness of poetry. Some might commend his attention to the classic page, or bring forward the standard works of a nation's literature ; but we would chain him down to the study of the Scriptures ; and we would tell him, if he would learn what is noble verse, he must hearken to Isaiah sweeping the clouds of Jerusalem's glory ; and if he would know what is powerful in eloquence, he must stand by St Paul pleading in bonds at Agrippa's tribunal. Take from Christendom the Bible, and you have taken the moral chart by which alone its population can be guided. Ignorant of the nature of God, and only guessing at their own immortality, the tens of thousands would be as mariners tossed on a wide ocean, without a pole-star and without a compass. The blue lights of the storm-fiend would burn ever in the shrouds ; and when the tornado of death rushed across the waters, there would be heard nothing but the shriek of the terrified and the

groan of the despairing. It were to mantle the earth with a more than Egyptian darkness ; it were to dry up the fountains of human happiness ; it were to take the tides from our waters, and leave them stagnant, and the stars from our heavens, and leave them in sackcloth, and the verdure from our valleys, and leave them in barrenness ; it were to make the present all recklessness, and the future all hopelessness, the maniac's revelry, and then the fiend's imprisonment, if you could annihilate that precious volume, which tells us of God and of Christ, and unveils immortality. Such is the Bible !”

By the Duke of Wellington Mr Melvill was, in 1840, appointed Chaplain of the Tower, and afterwards he was elected by the Company of Haberdashers to the Golden Lectureship of St Margaret's, Lothbury. In 1856 he resigned the Golden Lectureship, on being appointed to a canonry in St Paul's. Prior to its dissolution, in 1859, he was President of the East India College at Haileybury. In 1863 he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's to the Rectory of Barnes, Surrey, which he resigned in 1870. He died on the 9th February 1871, in his seventy-third year.

Canon Melvill has published several volumes of sermons, and many single discourses. In the pulpit he possessed few oratorical graces ; he read closely, and was constantly handling his MS., while his elocution was unpleasantly rapid. His pulpit doctrine was evangelical, but privately he was unsettled in his opinions. In 1831 he was influenced by the theological extravagances of Edward Irving ; he afterwards sympathised with the tractarians, and latterly he

cast his lot among the moderate evangelicals. He was a keen politician, and was not indisposed from the pulpit to avow his political convictions. His father's Memoir—an interesting Christian biography—was published shortly after his decease, but the reverend Canon was indisposed, by reprinting it, to make public that he was descended from a yeoman ancestry in the county of Haddington. Two of his brothers were knighted for their public services.

As these sheets are being printed, one of the oldest and most valued of my literary friends has passed away. Dr Robert Chambers died at St Andrews on the 17th March 1871. When I last saw him in August 1869, he was in feeble health; he believed, he said, that the end was near. He had been an indefatigable worker, especially at an early period, and had, to some extent, undermined a constitution naturally robust. He was my acquaintance for nearly thirty years, and I lament him as a father. Of all my literary friends, he was the most benevolent and amiable; I never heard him utter unkindly sentiments even of the erring; he was disposed to excuse and compassionate, rather than condemn. With a fine open countenance, which literally glowed with benignity, he won the affections of all who knew him; he has probably not left an enemy. His services in connection with cheap literature will prove his more lasting memorial; but few of his writings could be spared.

He was born on the 10th July 1802, at Peebles, where his father, James Chambers, conducted business as a manufac-

turer. On account of reverses in trade, his father removed to Edinburgh in 1813, with his family of six young children. Robert had already passed through a course of classical study at the Grammar School, and in his private reading had exhausted the stores of a circulating library. In his twelfth year, he began to peruse the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which supplied to him the want of university training. Thrown very much on his own resources, he became a dealer in old books; he afterwards joined his elder brother William as a bookseller and printer. In 1822-3 he produced his "Traditions of Edinburgh," a work which brought him prominently into notice, and has maintained its popularity. Then followed in succession his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," his "Picture of Scotland," his "Histories of the Scottish Rebellions," three volumes of "Scottish Ballads and Songs," and his "Lives of Eminent Scotsmen." When his brother William started *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal* in February 1832, he became a most efficient coadjutor. To the early volumes he contributed many admirable essays, which have latterly been reproduced. In 1851 he published "The Life and Works of Robert Burns," in four volumes; and in 1858-61, in three octavo volumes, "The Domestic Annals of Scotland." In 1861, he produced "The Book of Days," one of the most laborious and interesting of his publications.

In the proceedings of scientific and other learned societies at Edinburgh, Robert Chambers for many years took a deep interest. He was an accurate antiquarian

scholar, and his two acknowledged geological works, "Ancient Sea Margins of Scotland," and "Tracings of Ireland," are justly held in estimation. The authorship of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" has generally been assigned to him; but this work, though abounding in ingenious and startling speculation, does not evince the philosophical acuteness which is to be remarked in his other writings. In January 1863, he received from the University of St Andrews the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. From 1861 to 1863 Dr Chambers resided in London; he subsequently removed to St Andrews, where he enjoyed the invigorating game of golf, and in comparative retirement prosecuted his peculiar studies. In his death Scotland has lost a powerful and effective illustrator, science an intelligent and earnest expositor, and the brotherhood of letters the most genial and generous of its members.





LOWLAND MINSTRELS.

IN his personal character, Robert Burns has been much misrepresented. He erred—grievously so—but he was not irreligious. From his father he inherited a respect for piety and a reverence for the Scriptures. Tent-preaching with the irregularities which attended it, he denounced and ridiculed—wisely so. Several clergymen and others he assailed rashly; but while he censured some he should have spared, his satire in other instances subserved the cause of morals. In 1856, when on a visit to Ayrshire, I spent an afternoon with Mrs Begg, the poet's sister. She was verging on eighty, but retained her faculties, including perfect hearing and memory. She spoke of the bard in terms of deep affection. She remembered him well; she was five-and-twenty when he died. Before his removal to Dumfriesshire she saw him constantly. Their father died when she was about twelve years old, and

Robert became head of the house. He took their father's place in conducting household worship, and instructed his youngest sister, my informant, in the Church Catechism. "He was as a father to me," said Mrs Begg, "and any knowledge of the Scriptures I had in my youth I derived from his teaching. His whole conduct in the family," she added, "was becoming and orderly." She did not remember that he ever deviated from the strictest sobriety.

Mrs Begg spoke much of her brother's genius, and seemed to feel strongly that great as his fame was, his merits had not been duly recognised. I spoke of the approaching centenary of his birth, and ventured to predict that a demonstration would attend it, which would show her that the poet held a deep place in the national affections. She did not survive to witness the full realisation of my augury, but she knew of the preparations.

The facial aspects of the bard, Mrs Begg assured me, were striking. "His countenance," she said, "beamed with genius, and those meeting him on the highway turned round to have a second look of him." I remarked that I understood that his eye was penetrating. "He had dark eyes," she replied, "and a quick discerning glance, but every feature was kindled up with thought and feeling. Most of his engraved portraits are incorrect; some bear scarcely a resemblance." She regarded Beugo's engraving, and a lithograph by Schenck & M'Farlane, as the best likenesses. The poet's forehead, she said, was not high, and the top of

his head was flat. This latter peculiarity I afterwards observed in the cast of his skull.

Respecting Burns's general appearance I obtained some particulars in 1859, from an aged tradesman who lived at St Ninians, Stirlingshire. This person, who was in his ninety-third year, informed me, that during a visit to Ayr in 1786, he saw Burns in the course of a canvass for subscribers to the first edition of his poems. He retained a distinct recollection of his appearance; he was pointed out to him as a clever ploughman who had written capital verses. He wore a slouched cap, a striped vest, and a long overcoat. He was rather robust, and had a thoughtful quick look. Everyone spoke of him with respect.

With the poet's eldest son, Robert, I was a little acquainted. When I knew him he was living in Dumfries. He was a considerable scholar, and was fond of speculations in etymology. His head was somewhat bald, and bore a striking resemblance to his father's cranium. There was little resemblance otherwise between the poet and his eldest son; for though the latter composed songs, these were under mediocrity. His reminiscences of the bard were interesting. He was ten years old when his father died, and he remembered him distinctly. In the family library were included the works of the principal English poets, and his father encouraged him to read them. But my informant did not know, during his father's lifetime, that he had himself composed verses, and at first could not

comprehend what was meant when so many persons after his death spoke to his mother about *the poet*. Burns sought no celebrity in his household.

The poet's two younger sons, Colonels William Nicol and James Glencairn Burns, I long knew. The former still lives, ready to yield a helping hand to every good and patriotic undertaking. Colonel James Burns bore a little resemblance to his father, and he unhappily inherited from him a tendency to rheumatism. At the Glasgow City Hall banquet of the centenary celebration, he supplied the information that his father expressed himself to his mother in these words, "Jean, one hundred years hence they'll think mair o' me than they do now."

As an officer of excise, Burns was most attentive to his duties. This was lately ascertained under peculiar circumstances. A chief officer of excise in London had conceived a strong prejudice against the bard, and, Mrs Stowe-like, had resolved to extinguish his claims to respect by examining his accounts and proving them inaccurate. The result of his inquiry removed his prejudices and established the poet's character for business. His entries in the excise books were found to be neatly and carefully made, and every account was correct. "A first-rate man of business," said the examiner, "could not have been more methodical or more accurate."

Respecting the bard's latter habits, I obtained from the late Rev. Thomas Tudor Duncan, M.D., minister of the

New Church, Dumfries, some interesting particulars. His father, the Rev. George Duncan, minister of Lochrutton, a man of genial manners and enlightened character, extended to the poet, when he first came to Dumfries, a generous hospitality. Mr Duncan taught his sons, Henry, afterwards minister of Ruthwell, and my informant, then youths under seventeen, to regard him as a literary prodigy. At Lochrutton manse, Burns met country gentlemen and other leading persons of the district, and on these occasions conducted himself respectably. Reports, however, arose that at Dumfries he chose low company, and indulged in social excesses. For some time the minister of Lochrutton discredited the rumours; but at length it was impossible wholly to disregard them. Most reluctantly he felt called on to discontinue his invitations; others who had hospitably entertained the poet also gave him the cold shoulder.

In the well-written "History of Dumfries" by my ingenious friend, Mr William M'Dowall, the fact that Burns was at this stage of his career abandoned by many of his old friends is minutely set forth. Mr M'Dowall writes: "During an evening in the autumn of 1774, when High Street, Dumfries, was gay with fashionable groups of ladies and gentlemen passing down to attend a county ball in the Assembly Rooms, Burns was allowed to pass with hardly a recognition on the shady side of a street. Mr David M'Culloch of Ardwell, noticing the circumstance, dismounted, accosted the poet, and proposed that he should

cross the street. 'Nay, nay, my young friend,' said the bard, 'that's all over now.' After a pause, he quoted two verses of Lady Grizel Baillie's ballad :

' His bonnet stood ance fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane look'd better than mony ane's new ;
But now he lets 't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.

' O ! were we young, as we aince ha'e been,
We sud ha'e been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it over the lily-white lee ;
And werena my heart light, I wad dee.' "

The gift of genius will not excuse the infraction of social order and its laws ; and Burns was not condemned rashly. His poetical reputation was at its zenith. By many of the most distinguished persons in North Britain he had been hailed and feasted ; from following the plough he had been received into the best Edinburgh society ; he maintained a correspondence with eminent men, and intelligent women ; and though for the present a gauger, he knew there was a disposition to elevate him to a collectorship of excise. He had, therefore, many inducements to maintain a correct deportment, while his religious upbringing and his own sense of what was due both to God and man, likewise demanded carefulness of conduct. Yet he fell into a snare. It was proper that he should pay the penalty. He did so, and it was a severe and terrible one. He had a tendency to heart disease, and it cannot be doubted that the agony

which he endured in the withdrawal of friendship accelerated the progress of the malady which latterly fettered and crushed him. In the possession of Mr Gracie of Dumfries, son of the poet's old friend, Mr James Gracie, banker, I have seen a volume of Dr Blair's Sermons, which, containing discourses on calumny and the ingratitude of the world, presents on the margin pencil annotations by the poet confirming the preacher's words, and applying them to his own case. Local prejudices linger with a powerful tenacity. When an English gentlewoman visited Dumfries in 1814, she found, as she has related in a printed tour, that Burns was chiefly talked of as a libertine; and sentiments of a similar character have been expressed to myself in Dumfries within the last twenty years.

One virtue Burns possessed pre-eminently, and none of his detractors have denied him the credit of it. I refer to his independence. My father used to relate the following anecdote, which he probably received from Allan Masterton. The poet was dining with his friend and patron, Lord Glencairn. Opposite to him sat a young English nobleman, who, presuming that the poet was a clown for whom the host had conceived an ill-judged fancy, filliped some drops of wine from his wine-glass into his face. The bard looked up and perceived the insult. Taking up his wine-glass, he dashed the contents at the aggressor, saying, "In our country, my lord, we do it thus." The nobleman wiped his face, and offered an apology.

For some years I held in my possession the original MS. of Burns's ode, "Scots Wha Ha'e." It was appended to a letter addressed to Captain Miller of Dalswinton. The letter is in these words :

"DEAR SIR,—The following ode is on a subject which I know you by no means regard with indifference :

'O Liberty—
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.'

It does me so much good to meet with a man whose honest bosom glows with the generous enthusiasm, the heroic daring of liberty, that I could not forbear sending you a composition of my own on the subject, which I really think is in my best manner, etc.

"ROBERT BURNS."

By a son of Captain Miller the letter was presented to Mr Wallace of Kelly, M.P. for Greenock, as the supposed head of the Wallace family, and therefore its proper custodier. On the death of Mr Wallace, it passed to his brother, Lieut.-General Sir James Maxwell Wallace. Sir James mounted the letter in a mahogany frame, and with a view to its being finally deposited in the Wallace Monument at Stirling, placed it in my hands. When I left Scotland in 1863, I returned it to Sir James. After his

death in 1867 it was, at a public auction, sold by his survivors, and purchased by a stranger.

Persons of genius, it is believed, inherit their powers chiefly from their mothers. In the case of Robert Burns this opinion is not verified. His sister, Mrs Begg, assured me that their mother's mental qualities were very ordinary. "But our father," she added, "was possessed of decided intellectual vigour, and would unquestionably have made a figure but for the continual pressure of poverty. He foresaw the future eminence of my brother Robert; he said to my mother, when the boy was only eight or ten, 'Rob is a genius, and some day the world will know it.' He said so thoughtfully; and my mother, who had great faith in his sentiments, cherished his words."

It is to be regretted, that amidst their enthusiasm for the name of Burns, Scotsmen have not been very systematic in the acknowledgment of his claims. Till her two sons in India were enabled to support her, Jean Armour, the poet's widow, and the heroine of his songs, was maintained chiefly through the bounty of Lord Panmure. A nephew of the poet is at present a lunatic patient in the poor-house of Govan, where, too, her countrymen permitted the daughter of the compiler of "*Bibliotheca Britannica*" to be supported by parochial charity.

The triumphs which attended the lyric genius of Burns brought forward a host of competitors for the poetic wreath. Of these, the majority have passed away and are forgotten

One eminently entitled to remembrance is Robert Tannahill. This ingenious song-writer was born at Paisley on the 3d June 1774. With a limited education at school, he became a hand-loom weaver in his native town. In 1807 he published a volume, entitled "Poems and Songs," and several of the compositions which it contained at once passed into celebrity. The Ayrshire Bard has produced no songs superior to "Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane," "Bonnie Wood o' Craigie Lea," "Loudoun's Bonnie Woods and Braes," and "The Braes o' Balquhither."

From Matthew Tannahill, a younger brother of the Paisley Bard, I obtained some particulars of his history. He began to compose verses in boyhood, while his school-fellows were at play. Free of vanity in its more degrading forms, he was abundantly conscious of poetic skill; and being disappointed in obtaining recognition from George Thompson, the correspondent of Burns, or from Archibald Constable, the publisher, he became melancholy and depressed. To relieve disappointed hopes he had recourse to stimulants. To his brother, my informant, he began to complain of a prickling sensation in his head. "You should give up drinking," said Matthew, "for I've heard that such a feeling often precedes insanity." Robert promised, but the resolution came too late. During a visit to Glasgow he exhibited symptoms of lunacy. On his return home, he complained of illness, and took to bed. His brother, who attended him, left him in the evening about ten, believing

that he was better. On returning two hours afterwards, he found the bed empty, and perceived that he had gone out. With the neighbours he made a search, and at length discovered the poet's lifeless body in the river Cart. Tannahill terminated his own life on the 17th May 1810, at the age of thirty-six. With a generosity eminently characteristic of them, the inhabitants of Paisley provided an annuity for Matthew Tannahill, the poet's brother, when, from old age, he was incapacitated for labour. In countenance he much resembled his brother Robert, and his portrait is made to represent the poet in several editions of his works.

In a solitary nook at Aberfoyle, resided, a few years ago, two solitary females, where they were discovered by a clerical friend, who, at my request, obligingly sought them out. These were the widow and daughter of William Glen, author of the song "Waes me for Prince Charlie." Glen died in 1826, in his thirty-seventh year, and, according to his wife's statement, his MSS. soon after disappeared. One volume fell into the hands of Mr Gabriel Neil, an ingenious antiquary at Glasgow, who kindly placed it at my disposal. From its pages I selected several good songs, and published them. Glen was unfortunate in business, and the depressed condition of his affairs led to the dispersion of his MSS., and nearly bereft him of posthumous fame.

Next to Burns in rank, as a national song-writer, is Carolina Oliphant, Baroness Nairne. This excellent gentlewoman was, according to papers in her family, born at Gask,

Perthshire, on the 16th August 1766; but if we are to credit the Baptismal Register of her parish, on the same day of the preceding month. She was third daughter of Laurence Oliphant of Gask,* the representative of a house claiming descent from Robert the Bruce, and a zealous adherent of the House of Stuart. She was named Carolina, in honour of Prince Charles Edward.

From her youth Carolina composed verses. She was a zealous admirer of Burns, and about the period that the Ayrshire Bard became a contributor to Johnson's *Museum*, she commenced to substitute songs of a pure and wholesome character for the unrefined words associated with certain popular airs. In 1792 she produced her first song, a new version of "The Ploughman." It was sung at a public dinner given by her brother to the Gask tenantry, on his succeeding to the paternal estates. The death of the first-born of a dear friend led her to compose the "Land o' the Leal." The history of this composition is interesting. Her school companion, Mary Anne Erskine, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman at Muthill, married, in 1796, Archibald Campbell Colquhoun of Killermont, Sheriff of

* The Lord Oliphant of ye same surname descended of ye Lords of Aberdawgie. . . . This Baron is not of great revenue, but that he hath be good land and profitable. Few gentlemen of his surname, and soe of small power, yet a house very loyall to ye State of Scotland, accompted no orators in their words, nor yet fooles in their deeds. They do not surmount in their alliances, but content with their worshipfull neighbours.—*M.S. Genealogy of Scottish Peers in Public Record Office, London, circa, 1572-81.*

Perthshire. About a year after her marriage, Mrs Colquhoun gave birth to a daughter. When about a year old, the child sickened and died; and to console the afflicted mother, Carolina sent her the verses of the "Land o' the Leal," which soon afterwards found a place in the collections. In 1806 she married her cousin, Major William Murray Nairne, who by the reversal of an attainder afterwards became Baron Nairne. After their marriage, Major and Mrs Nairne resided at Edinburgh, where the Major held office as Assistant-Inspector of Barracks. After his death, which took place in 1830, Lady Nairne lived in England and Ireland, and afterwards at Brussels and Paris. At Brussels, in December 1837, she sustained heavy affliction, by the death, in his twenty-ninth year, of her only son, the sixth Lord Nairne. In 1843 she returned from the Continent to her native Gask, where she expired on the 26th October 1845, at the advanced age of seventy-nine. Her songs "Caller Herrin'," "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Lass o' Gowrie," "Wha'll be King but Charlie," "The Hundred Pipers," and others, have obtained a celebrity equal to the best songs of Burns.

Of a singularly retiring nature, Lady Nairne sought to avoid distinction as an authoress. From the few friends to whom she communicated the secret of her minstrelsy, she exacted a promise that they would not reveal the origin of her songs. While she lived, her secret was preserved, but after her death her relatives wisely resolved to do honour

to her memory, by publishing her best songs with music. More recently I have presented her compositions in a compact little volume, accompanied with a memoir. In so doing, I experienced some difficulty, for in the repositories of some of her correspondents her MSS. had got mixed up with those of others. Even in carefully preparing a second edition, I was led to include in the volume three compositions which more recent information has satisfied me were written by others.*

Mrs Agnes Lyon, wife of the Rev. Dr James Lyon, minister of Glammis, and a contemporary of Lady Nairne, composed verses. Four volumes of MS. poetry she bequeathed to her daughter-in-law, a relative of my own, accompanied with the request that the compositions should not be printed except to replenish the family funds. She composed a song at the request of Neil Gow, to suit his air, "Farewell to Whisky." As it is often printed inaccurately, I subjoin the correct version.

" You've surely heard of famous Neil,
 The man who play'd the fiddle weel ;
 He was a heartsome merry chiel ;
 And weel he lo'ed the whisky, O !
 For e'er since he wore the tartan hose
 He dearly liket *Athole brose* !
 And grieved was, you may suppose,
 To bid ' Farewell to Whisky,' O !

* These are "The Mountain Wild," "Bonnie Gascon Ha," and "The Rowan Tree."

“ Alas ! says Neil, I’m frail and auld,
 And whiles my hame is unco cauld ;
 I think it makes me blythe and bauld,
 A wee drap Highland whisky, O !
 But a’ the doctors do agree
 That whisky’s no the drink for me ;
 I’m fley’d they’ll gar me tyne my glee,
 By parting me and whisky, O !

“ But I should mind on ‘ Auld Lang Syne,’
 How Paradise our friends did tyne,
 Because something ran in their min’—
 Forbid—like Highland whisky, O !
 Whilst I can get good wine and ale,
 And find my heart and fingers hale,
 I’ll be content, though legs should fail,
 And though forbidden whisky, O

“ I’ll tak’ my fiddle in my hand,
 And screw it’s strings while they can stand,
 And mak’ a lamentation grand,
 For guid auld Highland whisky, O !
 Oh ! all ye powers of music come,
 For, ’deed I think I’m mighty glum,
 My fiddle-strings will hardly bum,
 To say ‘ Farewell to Whisky,’ O !”

Mrs Lyon died on the 14th September, 1840, in her seventy-eighth year. She was possessed of uncommon sprightliness, and to the last retained her vivacity.

Sir Walter Scott was descended from the Scotts of Har-

den, the elder branch of the great Border sept of that name. There is a curious similarity in the aspects of these Scotts. An engraved portrait of the late Mr William Scott, of Teviot Bank, might be accepted as that of the author of "Waverley." The facial lineaments of the poet are common to his clan. They are of the Saxon type—rugged, massive, heavy, almost stolid. Scott's *bonhommie* was derived from his maternal ancestors. The Rutherfords were genial, cultivated people—of mild and retiring manners. A cousin of Sir Walter, the late Mr Robert Rutherford, Writer to the Signet, I have met. With others he joined in expressing admiration of his illustrious relative, but he shrunk from referring to his relationship. He was extremely diffident.

Scott, it is well known, was ambitious of founding a family. He more valued his descent from the Haliburtons than from the Scotts. From the former he inherited a right of sepulture in Dryburgh Abbey; and he was at pains to print for his family use, "Memorials of the Haliburtons." Except in possessing a pedigree, they were undistinguished.

Sir Walter did not marry very fortunately. Lady Scott was not expert as a household manager, nor did she compensate by feminine graces for lack of housewifery. Her mother was a Frenchwoman, and having acquired French manners, she never abandoned them. English she spoke imperfectly, substituting *de* for *the*, and otherwise betraying inaptitude in mastering the British tongue. There is a history connected with her early life and marriage which

has been very partially related.* In 1796, Williamina Stuart, daughter of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn, gave Scott her final "No," after a suit which he had prosecuted with juvenile ardour and persistence. During the same year, he experienced a second heartstroke in the unexpected marriage of his friend, William Erskine's sister, to Mr Colquhoun of Killermont. Whatever were his intentions towards the latter, the young lady herself believed that her marriage would cause him some disquietude, for in the immediate prospect of it, she wrote him an epistle (inserted by Mr Lockhart in the "Memoir,") in which she endeavours to offer him consolation. When in this letter she alludes to "a dark conference they had lately held together," I incline to think that she refers to the Williamina rejection being confided to her.

Stung by unsuccessful love-making in one, if not in two instances, Scott resolved to compensate himself for wounded feelings and disappointed hopes. With Miss Erskine, the daughter of a poor Episcopal clergyman, he would not have added to the family fortunes; it had been far otherwise if his suit had prospered with Williamina Stuart, who was an heiress. Scott was, however, drawn to Williamina from no worldly or mercenary considerations. Their mothers were early friends, and he loved her with his whole heart. But his love experiences had chilled him not a little; and pro-

* The note at pp. 40-42 of my friend Mr Gilfillan's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," was communicated by me.

bably he now contemplated an alliance which might render him independent of his profession as an advocate, which had heretofore done little for his finances or his fame. On the rising of the Court of Session in July 1797, he accompanied his brother John, and their friend, Adam Fergusson, on a tour to the English Lakes. After visiting Carlisle, the vale of Eamont, Ulswater, and Windermere, they rested at the little spa of Gilsland. There Scott first met Charlotte Margaret Charpentier.

The circumstances of the meeting are not very circumstantially related by Mr Lockhart. I have obtained some details which I think may be relied upon. Arthur, Earl of Hillsborough, afterwards second Marquess of Downshire, resolved, while in his twenty-second year, to make the Continental tour, and obtained from the Rev. Mr Burd, an early friend, letters of introduction to M. Jean Charpentier of Paris, who held office as provider of post-horses to the royal family. This introduction was attended with unhappy consequences, for Charlotte Volere, the wife of M. Charpentier, flattered by the attentions of the young English nobleman, foolishly eloped with him. She had a son and daughter, the former named Charles, the latter Charlotte Margaret, the second name resembling that of Lord Hillsborough's mother. Charlotte Volere soon died, and Lord Hillsborough conceived himself entitled to provide for her children. He placed the daughter in a French convent for her education, while for the boy he

secured a lucrative appointment in India, his name being changed to Carpenter, on his naturalisation. In receiving his appointment, Charles Carpenter bound himself to settle on his sister an annuity of £200. He became commercial resident at Salem, and proceeded to remit the promised pension.

Having completed her education, Miss Carpenter proceeded to London under the care of Miss Jane Nicolson, granddaughter of William Nicolson, Bishop of Carlisle, who became her companion, on being recommended by Mr Burd, now residentiary canon at Carlisle. At London, a young lady of pleasing aspects, with an income of £200, was sure to attract suitors. Miss Carpenter gave preference to an admirer of whom Miss Nicolson disapproved. The disapproval was communicated to her guardian, now Marquess of Downshire. He proposed that the ladies should visit the English Lakes, and requested his friend, Mr Burd, to secure them proper accommodation. As an early removal was desirable, Lord Downshire desired the ladies to immediately proceed to Carlisle, and there wait on Mr Burd, who would further direct them. When they reached Carlisle, Mr Burd and his family were on the eve of leaving for Gilsland as summer quarters; they invited their visitors to accompany them.

At Gilsland, Mr Burd's party established themselves at the Spa Hotel, and, according to custom, were, as the latest guests, assigned seats at the bottom of the table.

Scott had with his friends arrived only a little before ; he chanced to sit beside Mrs Burd, who, perceiving that he was a Scotsman, and ascertaining that he hailed from Edinburgh, inquired whether he knew her friend, Major Riddell, then stationed in Edinburgh Castle, and who with his regiment had lately been engaged in suppressing a popular outbreak at Tranent. Scott mentioned that the Major was one of his friends, and that he was in perfect health when he had seen him a few weeks before. A conversation so auspiciously begun, naturally led to renewed intercourse, and afterwards to intimacy. Scott was not indifferent to the charming *brunette* who formed one of the clergyman's party. He danced with her at the ball, handed her to the supper-room, and, seating himself by her side, attempted to talk French with her. It was whispered that the brown-eyed beauty possessed an income sufficient to meet the wants of an ordinary household. After a few weeks, he made proposals to her, and was accepted subject to the approbation of her guardian. Scott now communicated with Lord Downshire, and received in reply a formal letter, in which the Irish nobleman showed every disposition to be speedily relieved from a charge which was burdensome to him. To his communication his Lordship desired an answer by return of post ; and it is to be presumed that it was satisfactory, for, with the exception of writing another short note, the Marquess did not further concern himself in the daughter of Charlotte Volere or

her husband. If the husband expected an invitation to the Marquess's seat, he was doomed to disappointment, for, though his lordship survived some years, he remained silent.

Scott's marriage took place in St Mary's Church, Carlisle, on the 24th December, 1797. To her expectant lord, the bride elect, ten days before, wrote thus: "It is very unlucky you are such a bad housekeeper, as I am no better." This was true; and she did not improve. Her domestic administration was thriftless. At times she ventured, perhaps good-naturedly, to charge her own want of economy upon her husband. "Dis is de hotel with no pay," she said to my friend, Mrs Hogg,* in her drawing-room at Abbotsford, in allusion to a party then assembled.

Of Sir Walter I received some pleasing reminiscences from Mrs Hogg. She said to me, "Before I personally knew him, I regarded him with a veneration which I cannot express; and when he led me from the drawing-room to the dinner-table at Abbotsford, soon after my marriage, I felt ready to sink under the honour. But when I had sometime sat beside him, and listened to his stories, my veneration changed into respect—a respect which was increased on every subsequent interview. One of our children was born with a weak foot; and Sir Walter, when he heard of it, expressed much concern. He spoke of having suffered much from lameness, and attributed his misfortune to want

* Widow of the Ettrick Shepherd.

of care and proper treatment. He never met me or my husband without tenderly asking for our little pet. "How's the footie?" he would say. The question, expressed in Sir Walter's own kind manner, went to my heart."*

Those whom he had long known and regarded with affection, Sir Walter addressed by familiar names. My late friend, William Banks, of Edinburgh, was principal clerk and draughtsman to William H. Lizars, the eminent engraver, in St James's Square. He had recommended himself to Scott's notice by some successful drawings, and was ever after hailed with a "How are ye, Willie?" In like fashion did he address the two Ballantynes, William Laidlaw, William Erskine, and Allan Cunningham. Constable was his "fat friend;" James Hogg, "Shepherd;" and Sir Adam Fergusson was *Linton*—by that name he had been hailed by a Newhaven fisherman, who took him for a companion.

Those who have read the little story of Pet Marjorie, have obtained an insight into the simple, loving nature of the author of "Waverley." The precocious child of six so delighted the warm-hearted poet, that he made himself a child again to join in her amusements. Writes Dr John Brown in his inimitable sketch of this short-lived prodigy: "Having made the fire cheery, he set her down in his ample chair, and standing sheepishly before her, began to say his lesson, which happened to be—

* This anecdote, and the others, at page 333 of Mr Gilfillan's "Memoir," I supplied to that work.

‘Ziccotty, diccotty dock,
 The mouse ran up the clock,
 The clock struck wan,
 Down the mouse ran ;
 Ziccotty, diccotty dock.’

“ This done repeatedly till she was pleased, she gave him his new lesson, gravely and slowly timing it upon her small fingers—he saying it after her—

‘ Wonery, twoery, tickery seven ;
 Alibi, crackaby, ten, and eleven ;
 Pin, pan, musky, dan ;
 Tweedle-um, twodle-um,
 Twenty-wan ; eerie, orie, ourie ;
 You—are—out ! ’ ” *

Sir Walter was elected rector of St Andrews University in March 1825. The election of a rector unconnected with the ruling body was opposed to the then existing laws, and this fact was communicated to Sir Walter by Principal Nicoll. When a deputation of the students soon after waited upon him to request his acceptance of office, he gently counselled them to “respect the laws, and mind their studies.”

My late friend, Professor Shank More of Edinburgh University, gave me the following illustration of Scott’s delightful *bonhommie*. As my friend was in gown and wig walking one morning in the Parliament House, two gentlemen

* “Marjorie Fleming.” By John Brown, M.D. Edinburgh, 1871, 12mo, p. 9.

stepped up and politely asked him whether Sir Walter Scott was coming to court, and if so, when he would arrive? They added that they were Americans, and being in London on business, had come to Scotland on purpose to see the author of "Waverley." At that moment Scott entered the room; after pointing him out to the strangers, my friend walked up and hailed him. Having stated to him what had taken place, Sir Walter said: "They pay me a great compliment by coming so far. I'll take your arm, and will walk up and down, that they may have a proper view." Professor More, in relating this anecdote, said that Scott was always considerate in his treatment of strangers, and that, though his patience was often sorely taxed, he constantly maintained his native geniality.

Genial as he was, Sir Walter Scott has not escaped the shaft of the detractor. It has been customary for a class of narrow-minded Scotsmen to insinuate that the early decay of his intellectual powers was a Divine judgment on his having subjected to ridicule the adherents of "the Covenant." So recently as the 18th of March 1871, a writer in a Presbyterian serial refers to the closing scenes of Scott's life in these words:

"Those who know what the reality was can see it all through the thin veil his son-in-law throws over it. It had all best be left in silence. If it had to be told again, Lockhart's words and facts are the best. But there is no need to paint a halo of glory round it. Tenderness to the dead: but faithfulness to the living."

The insinuation is that Scott died unhappily. The accuser betrays his own want of candour and veracity in the sentences which follow his impeachment. He continues :

“It appears that a ‘centenary’ of something or other concerning Scott is at hand : the centenary of his going to school, or writing his first poem, or publishing his first novel ; or, possibly, it may go farther back still than any of these events, and be the centenary of his leaving his cradle, or of going into it ; and, in anticipation of this centenary, to be held, celebrated, or performed, we presume, at the Crystal Palace, this book is written. Really it is time that some strong hand were laid on these centenary-makers. People grow weary of them. They have come to be rather for the glorification of the living than—than—what ? What *do* they mean ? What *are* they for ? Every minute of the invaluable present is the centenary moment of something in the past, if people had nothing better, nothing other to do than to keep counting and building the tombs of these prophets.”*

Respecting the last hours of Sir Walter Scott, let it suffice to state that he died in perfect peace. Shortly before his death, relates Mr Gibson in his lately-published “Reminiscences,” † he desired a portion of St John’s Gospel to be read to him. His spirit passed peacefully away. From my venerated friend the Dean of Edinburgh, I have been favoured with the following statement, which will doubtless be read with satisfaction and interest :

* Apparently by the same pen, an attempt was made in 1863 to detect heresy in *Good Words*, because the Dean of Westminster was then an occasional contributor to that excellent serial.

† “Reminiscences of Sir Walter Scott,” by John Gibson, W.S. Edinburgh, 1871, p. 46.

. . . “ You ask me of the impression left on my mind by my visit to Abbotsford on the occasion of Lady Scott’s death. It is indeed a very easy and a very pleasing office to give you that impression. I could not but feel all the time I was there that our great Sir Walter was as much to be loved for the qualities of his heart as he had so long been admired for the high gifts of his intellect and his genius. He displayed throughout the whole time the subdued and calm spirit of a Christian mourner. There was manifest an entire acquiescence in the wisdom and goodness of his heavenly Father, who had bereaved him of the wife and companion of his early years. His kind, gentle manner to his domestics ; his devoted attention to his daughter, who was in deep distress ; his serious appearance during the funeral service ; his own proposal in the evening to have domestic worship, and his devotional manner at the time, have left a deep and pleasing impression on my mind—the impression that I had witnessed so much gentleness and so much right feeling, which I could not but perceive, were the genuine emotions of his heart. Sir Walter Scott was one of the good and the great of his race and country.”

Allan Cunningham has been named. For this worthy man and ingenious poet Scott cherished a sincere affection ; when he visited the metropolis he always saw him, and he procured for two of his sons cadetships in the Indian army. Allan Cunningham died in 1842. With his son, Peter

Cunningham, author of "A Handbook to London," and other interesting works, I enjoyed an intimate acquaintance. He was a kind-hearted pleasant man, though perhaps rather too fond of society. About two years ago he died at St Albans, where he sometime lived in retirement. A laborious, painstaking writer, the various works published under his care attest his strict editorial and critical accuracy. In this respect he was a contrast to his father, who while to be commended as an original writer, lacked the power of research essential to properly editing the works of others. His edition of Burns contains many errors, which a little care would have avoided.

The Cunninghams belonged to an old family, who were lords of that portion of Ayrshire which still bears their family name; they afterwards became tenant-farmers, and latterly land-stewards and artificers. Contrary to ordinary rule, they seemed to gather intellectual force as they fell in social importance. Allan Cunningham had three brothers, who under unpromising circumstances cultivated learning and became authors. His elder brother, Thomas Mounsey Cunningham was an ingenious poet.

A nephew of Allan Cunningham—son of one of his sisters—was my late friend, William Pagan, of Clayton, Fifeshire, a man of considerable culture, and well-known as author of a work on "Road Reform." Mr Pagan became chief magistrate of Cupar-Fife, where he long conducted business as a solicitor and banker. He was remarkably

facetious, and indulged a ready humour. He invented a method of keeping potatoes hot during dinner by means of a portable tin vessel which might be attached to the grate. "A capital contrivance," I remarked, "you should give it a name." "Yes," he responded, "I will call it Pagan's Patent Portable Potato Pan!" Mr Pagan was born in Dumfriesshire on the 6th May 1803, and died at Clayton on the 21st December 1869.

Among Sir Walter Scott's literary friends the most remarkable was James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Not eccentric in the sense of Hugh Miller, who persisted wearing his mason's apron and fur cap long after he had laid aside the workman's tools, Hogg was nevertheless a strange compound of genius and waywardness. A genius he was, and of a very high order; but not content with the gifts which he had received so bountifully, he laid claim to others which he did not possess, and the assumption of which rendered him ridiculous. He possessed a brilliant fancy, and when he entered the realms of faëry, or soared among the stars, he was among Scottish Bards without a rival. But when he dealt with the concerns of ordinary life, or detailed his own mundane experiences, he was prone to borrow too freely from his imagination. He alleged that he was born on the 25th of January 1772, the day on which Burns saw the light thirteen years before, while a reference to the family bible or the baptismal register would have shown him that he was baptized in December 1770.

He was nearly self-educated, but he had received from his parents a little further training than he was willing to avow. His early mishaps in sheep-farming were not entirely owing to diseased flocks, but were partly due to his mismanagement. In the concerns of business he was utterly helpless, and under no possible circumstances could have succeeded.

He sprung from a race of shepherds, and of his descent he was proud. In his writings, he constantly styled himself "The Ettrick Shepherd." When introduced into the literary society of the Scottish capital, he laid aside the rough vestments of the sheep-fold and apparelled himself in decent black. In church none would appear more becomingly attired. From his youth, accustomed to the native Doric, he never attempted any other dialect. But his conversation was not coarse, or in the ordinary sense vulgar. His chief peculiarity was to talk about himself, and to this weakness those who knew him easily reconciled themselves. Though abundantly egotistical, his conceit did not lead him to disparage others. He quarrelled with Scott and Wordsworth for having, as he conceived, undervalued him, but some kindly words made him friendly as before. As a writer of prose fiction, he only reached mediocrity; and some of his longer poems, such as "Mador of the Moor," were hastily composed, and rashly printed. But he was withal a great poet. His ballad of "Kilmeny" in the "Queen's Wake" is unrivalled as a pure and perfect ideal of fairy superstition. The "Witch of Fife" is startling

in its wild unearthliness, and many passages in the "Pilgrims of the Sun" are sublime and splendid. His ballads and songs are replete with pathos and pastoral dignity. Though he had written only "When the Kye come hame" and "Flora Macdonald's Lament," he had been entitled to sterling reputation as a song-writer.

Sir Walter, when he resided at Abbotsford, would occasionally take a ride into Ettrick to spend an hour or two with the Shepherd at Altrive. On one of these occasions, as Mrs Hogg related to me, Sir Walter remarked in the Shepherd's library a set of volumes bound in calf, and labelled "Scott's Novels." He drew out a volume; it was "Waverley." "Ah! your binder has introduced a *t* too many in the word Scots," said Sir Walter. "Not at all," answered Hogg, "I wrote the copy mysel'." The Novelist smiled, for he had not yet divulged his secret.

A frequent and welcome visitor at the Shepherd's house was John Gibson Lockhart, who after his marriage with Sophia Scott, resided at Chiefswood, a pleasant villa near Abbotsford. In those days he had contracted few of those cynical asperities which afterwards characterised him; and though his conversation was not free from its peculiar blemishes, the Shepherd regarded him with a sincere affection, and hoped that an increased experience and the genial example of Sir Walter Scott would cause him to abjure his acrimony. It was with these expectations that, when he proceeded to London, in 1825, to edit the

Quarterly Review, the Shepherd approved of his nephew, Robert Hogg, accompanying him as his literary assistant. Robert returned to Scotland after a few months, and the Shepherd found that, as he became older, the Reviewer became less amiable, and that he took delight in exposing the weaknesses, and injuring the fame, even of those who had befriended him.

Before his departure for London, Lockhart returned the hospitalities of his literary friends by inviting them to an entertainment at Edinburgh. A considerable number assembled, and all were merrily disposed; but the host had fallen into one of his worst moods, and would not speak. The only word he uttered was a monosyllable. A friend, who sat near, asked him to name the wine circulated during dinner. He said "Hock!" For this anecdote I am indebted to my late friend, Mr William Tait of Priorbank, the originator and first publisher of the magazine which bore his name. Mr Tait mentioned the name of his informant—one of the party.

The Ettrick Shepherd married somewhat late in life. His wife, Margaret Phillips, was daughter of a respectable farmer in Annandale, and had, through her brother-in-law, Mr James Gray of the High School, mixed in good society at Edinburgh. Not a few years before she consented to share his lot, she had been celebrated by the Shepherd in two of his best songs, "When Maggie gangs away," and "Ah, Peggy since thou'rt gane away." His choice of this

excellent woman as his partner in life was one of the most prudent steps of his career. It was so characterised by Sir Walter Scott as he proposed the toast of the newly-married pair at Abbotsford ; but who, when he had got the length of saying "I did not think our friend had so much good sense," was interrupted by the Shepherd with "I dinna thank ye for that, Sir Walter !"

With Mrs Hogg I became acquainted in 1853, when she was spending a season at Bridge of Allan. I was surprised to learn that though eighteen years a widow, she had received from the State no recognition of her husband's genius. Finding that she declined personally to represent her claims, I invited public attention to the subject in the *Times* newspaper, and drew up a memorial in her favour, addressed to the Premier, Lord Aberdeen. Subscribed by upwards of forty eminent persons, including the late patriotic Earl of Eglinton, Alfred Tennyson, and Sir Archibald Alison, the memorial was forwarded to the Premier, while its prayer was supported by the Marquess of Breadalbane, Lord Panmure, and several Scottish Members of Parliament. Lord Aberdeen granted a pension of £50, and soon afterwards I had the pleasure of handing to Mrs Hogg a cheque for £100, subscribed on her behalf at Cincinnati.

On the occasion of obtaining his signature to the memorial for Mrs Hogg's pension, I had a short interview with Scott's attached friend, Sir Adam Fergusson, then beyond fourscore. He was very feeble, and his vision was so im-

perfect, that I had to guide his hand in subscribing the memorial. He spoke about old times ; and after mentioning his last interview with the Shepherd, he burst into tears, saying, " Poor Hogg ! Poor Hogg ! "

Mrs Hogg and her family, I knew intimately. Of her four daughters, one was married in London, and died young ; she is interred in the Highgate cemetery. Two others are comfortably married in Scotland. The eldest daughter, a spinster, enjoys a civil-list pension, which she received from Lord Palmerston. James Hogg, the poet's only son, engaged in banking concerns at Ceylon, and afterwards at Sydney. He now resides at Linlithgow. Mrs Hogg died at Linlithgow on the 15th November 1870, about the age of eighty. She was an admirable woman. Judicious in household administration, she devoted herself to her husband's comfort, and to the proper upbringing of her children. The Shepherd's profuse hospitality had subjected her to some inconvenience, and his personal habits were not quite conformable with her tastes. But she never uttered a complaint. Only on one subject she felt keenly : she conceived that her husband's reputation was endangered by the words and acts attributed to him in the *Noctes* of *Blackwood's Magazine*, and she insisted that those papers should be stopped. With her husband's poetical designation, she had no sympathy ; she always spoke of him as Mr Hogg. After his death she courted retirement, and though she resided in Edinburgh for nearly

eighteen years, few literary persons in the city knew that she was amongst them. She was a zealous adherent of the Free Church, and was much respected for her piety and unostentatious benevolence. She latterly resided at Linlithgow, where I used to visit her frequently. Irrespective of her pleasing reminiscences, I always experienced in her society pleasure and edification. She was a kindly hostess, an intelligent companion, and a generous friend.

Sometime before his death, the Ettrick Shepherd edited a new edition of Burns, conjointly with William Motherwell. The career of this poet was a melancholy one. An industrious writer at the first, he became, like Tannahill, a victim to social excesses. His end was tragic. Of Motherwell, a correspondent at Hamilton has communicated to me the following anecdote: "In the session 1818-19, Motherwell and I sat on the same bench in Professor Young's junior Greek class in Glasgow University. On one occasion Motherwell was not present in time to answer to his name when the roll was called, and he was fined a penny. On the plea that he had entered before the whole of the names were called over, he refused to pay, and was ordered to remain after the dismissal of the class to give reasons for his recusancy. I lingered to hear the anticipated wrangle. The professor asked him why he refused to pay. "Because," said Motherwell, "the rule is that the roll should not be *commenced* till the bell has ceased ringing, and I was in the class-room before it had done so." "Why make so much

work about a penny?" said the professor. Motherwell answered, "Yes, sir! I *will* dispute about a penny, and I would dispute about a straw if I knew I was in the right!" The fine was remitted.

With Thomas Lyle, a contemporary of Motherwell, I became acquainted in his latter years. He had edited a respectable volume of "Ancient Ballads;" but his fame mainly rested on his having written the song of "Kelvin Grove." Poor Lyle was one of those sons of genius who are born to mischance. As a surgeon, he long practised at Airth in Stirlingshire, but being regarded as more devoted to gathering rare plants than to the art of healing, he was not successful in his practice. Latterly he removed to Glasgow, but his circumstances amended but slightly. He was subjected to much annoyance on account of the song on which his poetical reputation rested being some time assigned to another. He proved his title, and never forgot the little conflict he had in sustaining it. Lyle was born at Paisley in 1792, and died at Glasgow in April 1859. My friend, Dr John Robertson, of the High Church, visited him on his death-bed, and had suitable conversations with him. As he had latterly lived in obscurity, his departure was scarcely noticed in the newspapers. Kelvin Grove, which he has celebrated, is nearly as forgotten as the poet himself. A part of the city of Glasgow is now built upon its banks.

Not more familiar with the public than the name of

Thomas Lyle is that of Alexander Carlile. Yet a song from his pen maintains a popularity even exceeding that of "Kelvin Grove." "Oh, wha's at the window? wha, wha?" founded on Wedderburn's "Quho is at my windo'? quho, quho?" is familiar to every lover of Scottish melody, and is sung with equal zest in the cottage shieling and in the fashionable boudoir. Mr Carlile was a respectable manufacturer at Paisley. During his latter years, when I knew him, he was a grave and reverend-looking old man. He was much in his library, which was stored with the best works. He had studied at Glasgow University, and he was an occasional contributor to the periodicals. Some years before his death he published a volume of poems, but the work did not find acceptance. He composed his one popular song early in life.

Mr Carlile was eminently patriotic. When, in 1856, the movement for a monument to Wallace was publicly inaugurated, he wrote to me in these terms: "I am glad to see a stir made about a monument to Wallace. I have long wondered that our great hero should have so long remained without such an honour being conferred on his memory. The Abbey Craig is just the spot for such a purpose. Not merely capitalists but the public at large should be appealed to. Enthusiasm could easily be awakened, and a large sum might be raised. Bruce, too, should have his monument at the stone which, during the great battle, bore his banner." Mr Carlile saw the Wallace Monument

enterprise launched and in progress. He died in August 1860, at an advanced age.

Also the author of a popular song, another native of the West of Scotland is entitled to remembrance. When a student at the University of Aberdeen in 1826, John Park, afterwards minister of St Andrews, composed "Where Gadie rins," which has ever since maintained its popularity. He was a native of Greenock, where his father kept a hotel. Having studied for the ministry, he was in 1831 elected pastor of Rodney Street Presbyterian church, Liverpool. In 1843 he was presented to the church-living of Glencairn, and in 1854 was translated to the first charge at St Andrews. He was an eloquent preacher and an accomplished musician. He composed many tunes, some of which have been published. In regard to his song "Gadie rins," Dr Park thus communicated with me in 1855:

"The air is old. I heard it whistled by a fellow-student at Aberdeen, and tried these words for it. The only words he could give me as old ones were—

‘O an’ I were where Gadie rins,
Where Gadie rins, where Gadie rins,
O an’ I were where Gadie rins,
At the back o’ Benochie.’

But he told me that a Scottish officer in Egypt had been much affected and surprised on hearing a soldier's wife crooning the song to herself, and this, I believe, was the hint upon which I tried the verses. The air is undoubtedly

old, from its resemblance to several Gaelic and Irish airs. I have been surprised—though it would be affectation not to say agreeably surprised—by the interest which has been felt in connection with this trifle.”

Dr Park died on the 8th April 1865. He was an amiable, kind-hearted man, and had his vigorous intellectual powers been more concentrated, he would have secured a wider fame.

Andrew Park, another west-country bard, composed twelve volumes of poems. “Silent Love,” his best poem, passed into several editions. Park was born at Renfrew in March 1807, and was trained to business. He was first a dealer in hats, and afterwards a bookseller; but his restless sociable nature disqualified him for the duties of the counter. When I became acquainted with him in 1856, he was a gentleman at large, subsisting by his wits, and courted for his society. Of an agreeable demeanour, and always apparelled in becoming vestments, he was presentable at any table, and he dined out almost daily. His home, if he had one, must have been stored sparingly, for his works sold slowly, and he would not have recourse to a subscription. He died at Glasgow in December 1863. His admirers have, in the cemetery at Paisley, reared a monument to his memory.

With Hugh Macdonald, the Glasgow poet, I formed a slight acquaintance in 1857. I was struck with his unpretentious frankness. He was then editing the *Glasgow*

Times. To that newspaper he contributed "Days at the Coast," a series of papers descriptive of scenery on the Clyde, which he afterwards published in a collected form. He had previously been sub-editor of the *Glasgow Citizen*, and he afterwards joined the literary staff of the *Morning Journal*. He died in March 1860, at the age of forty-three. Macdonald's poetical writings were published posthumously, accompanied with a memoir. They evince elegant fancy, and an enthusiastic love of nature. His volume of prose sketches, entitled "Rambles round Glasgow," abounds in historical information, combined with pleasing descriptions of natural scenery. Macdonald was born in humble circumstances, and persisted in using the native Doric. By a considerable circle of literary friends, his genius was much appreciated. After his decease a thousand pounds were subscribed as a provision for his family.

The greatest poetical genius of the west country for at least half-a-century was James Macfarlan. This strangely-constituted individual may not be easily described. The Ettrick Shepherd used to say when a limner failed to produce a satisfactory portrait of him, that his "face was out of all rule of drawing." He was right, for his cheek-bones did not match, one being longer than the other. In the character of James Macfarlan there was a like want of symmetry. He was a poet born, yet rags, meanness, leasing, and drink were also in a manner native to him. Viewing him on one side, we discover a lofty poetical

genius of noble aspirations ; observing him on the other, we remark a spectacle at which the moralist would stare and the compassionate might weep.

Having read some of Macfarlan's verses, I desired to form his acquaintance, and I met him by appointment at the office of the *Glasgow Bulletin* some time in 1856. Our interview was short, and had I chanced to meet him prior to reading his verses, it would have been shorter still. Appearance of genius he had none. Of slender form, tattered garments, and commonplace features, he seemed every inch the *gaberlunzie*. Nor did his manner of conversation tend to modify the impression. Low society he loved, and his best verses were written amidst the fumes of tobacco and drink. His muse was always ready ; and on the margins of old newspapers, amidst the distractions of a tap-room, he would inscribe admirable verses. With equal promptitude he could invent a tale of distress, or feign a family bereavement, to obtain sixpences. He was born in the Calton, Glasgow, in April 1832. His education consisted in desultory attendances at schools in Glasgow, Kilmarnock, and Greenock. His father, a native of Ireland, was a pedlar, and for the same precarious occupation destined the young poet. But he would not take to the pack ; he preferred to contribute verses to the Glasgow newspapers. At length he procured the secretaryship of the Glasgow *Athenæum*. This appointment was soon forfeited to reckless inebriety and neglect of duty. He now

reported to the newspapers, but his irregular habits again threw him out of employment. In 1854, a London bookseller undertook to publish a volume of "Poems," from his pen; but as he did not pay the printer, as had been stipulated, the sheets were "wasted." He published his "City Songs" in 1855; some profit which this work brought him was dissipated by his excesses. He afterwards printed some poetical opuscles, which, bleared and dingy, he sold for what he could procure. What he realised by hawking his verses, he consumed in the pot-house.

I corresponded with Macfarlan for some time, and tried to help him; but at first to little purpose. In 1861 he sent me a poem on "Wallace," which I printed and distributed, receiving a few pounds for the writer. I afterwards engaged him as contributor to a periodical, on the condition that he would keep sober; he became an abstainer, but I suspect violated his pledge, for he soon after begged me for money under the menace that if it did not reach him by an early post he would destroy himself. Of a sudden his letters ceased, and I conceived that he had again plunged into dissipation. But he was ill. Lack of proper food and clothing, together with his unfortunate habits, had seriously impaired a constitution at no time robust. He was confined to his sick chamber, in a cold wretched attic without furniture, and nearly without bedclothes, might be so named. Some kind neighbours showed an abundant compassion, and supplied him with food, medicine, and warm clothing.

A physician gratuitously attended him, and my late friend Dr John Robertson of the High Church, conversed with him on his spiritual concerns. The dying poet expressed a deep regret for his follies, and avowed his confidence in the Saviour. He died at Glasgow on the 5th November 1862, at the age of thirty-one. No poet more ingenious had sprung from the ranks of the people since the days of Burns. He did not compose songs, though several of his compositions might be set to music and sung. His muse celebrated the nobler instincts and aspirations of humanity. His language is chaste, exact, and terse; in the graceful flow of numbers, he strikingly excels. The dignity of the industrial calling has never been celebrated more powerfully than in his ode to "The Lords of Labour," which I subjoin:

"They come, they come, in a glorious march,
 You can hear their steam-steeds neigh,
 As they dash through Skill's triumphal arch,
 Or plunge 'mid the dancing spray.
 Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge,
 Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,
 Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge,
 And their thunders shake the hill.
 Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
 The heroes who wield no sabre;
 But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
 That is borne by the Lords of Labour.

"Brave hearts like jewels light the sod,
 Through the mists of commerce shine,

And souls flash out like stars of God,
From the midnight of the mine.
No palace is theirs, no castle great,
No princely pillar'd hall,
But they well may laugh at the roofs of state
'Neath the heaven which is over all.
Ho ! these are the Titans of toil and trade,
The heroes who wield no sabre ;
But mightier conquests reapeth the blade
Which is borne by the Lords of Labour.

“ Each bares his arm for the ringing strife,
That marshals the sons of the soil,
And the sweat-drops shed in their battle of life
Are gems in the crown of toil.
And better their well-won wreaths, I trow,
Than laurels with life-blood wet ;
And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow,
Than the clasp of a coronet.

Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed
Be unknown by the trump or tabor ;
For holier, happier far is the meed
That crowneth the Lords of Labour ! ”

I hope some enterprising publisher may be induced, under suitable editorship, to collect and publish Macfarlan's writings. The undertaking commended itself to Charles Dickens, but he too has passed away.

Alexander Smith, author of the “Life Drama,” and otherwise celebrated as a poet and miscellaneous writer,

was born at Kilmarnock, on the 31st December 1829. By his father, he was trained as a pattern-drawer, but he did not relish the vocation. To the columns of the *Glasgow Citizen*, he contributed verses in early manhood, but these seem to have passed without notice. In 1851 he sent a selection of his more matured compositions to the Rev. George Gilfillan, soliciting his opinion and advice. Mr Gilfillan commended the poetry, and introduced the writer to the columns of *The Critic*, a London serial. In that periodical the "Life Drama" first appeared. In 1852 it was published in a volume by Mr Bogue, who paid the author one hundred pounds. Mr Smith suddenly found himself famous; he proceeded to London, where he became the *lion* of literary circles. On his return to the north, he was entertained by the Duke of Argyll at Inverary.

In 1854, the Secretaryship of Edinburgh University became vacant, and Mr Smith was encouraged to become a candidate. The Town Council were patrons, and a personal canvass was necessary. The poet called at the house of a magistrate, but only found the bailie's sister, who endeavoured to dissuade him from wasting time in a hopeless candidature. "Poor gentleman," she said, "you have not a shadow of chance; my brother is pledged to another." But Mr Smith persevered, and was chosen. After his election, a friend, who had accompanied him in his canvass, sent him a telegram announcing the

event. The poet answered in these words—"Poor Miss D—k!" He had not been known as a humorist before.

Not long after Alexander Smith entered on his duties in Edinburgh College, I asked him to subscribe the memorial to the Prime Minister on behalf of Mrs Hogg. He did so, remarking that, unlike those who had previously signed, he could add no literary honours to his name. "No matter," I replied; "Lord Aberdeen will know that only one Alexander Smith would be invited to subscribe a petition like the present." "If I live," said the poet, "I will make the name known throughout the world." I was gratified by the aspiration. The poet afterwards consented to write an essay on Scottish Ballads, for the third volume of my "Scottish Minstrel;" he changed his mind and contributed it to the *Edinburgh University Essays*. In the same year he published his "City Poems," and soon afterwards married. He planted his household tree at Wardie, near Granton. As secretary to the University, he received at first a salary of £150; latterly, £200. He employed his spare time in writing for the booksellers, and in contributing to public journals. His prose compositions were not less esteemed than his poems. In 1863, he published "Dreamthorpe," a volume of essays. His "Summer Life in Skye," a work of entertaining reading, was issued in 1865. During the following year, he published in *Good Words*, and afterwards

separately, his well-written romance, "Alfred Hagar's Household."

He worked hard and constantly, till his health became unsettled. On the 20th November 1866, he was prostrated by typhoid fever; he died on the 5th of January. All who knew him lamented his premature departure. His manners were genial, and he was, when health allowed, always at the post of duty. Of middle stature, he was well built; he had a massive forehead, but an unpleasant squint impaired the general expression of his countenance. As a poet, he will be remembered more for striking passages in the "Life Drama," than for any sustained effort.

In 1854, I began to correspond with Alexander Laing, author of "Wayside Flowers." Laing was born at Brechin, in May 1787, and resided in that place during his whole life. He was originally employed in flax-dressing; he subsequently engaged in small merchandise, and was successful in securing a little independence. He has written some excellent lyrics. Among these, one of the best is his song, entitled "My Ain Wife," and which, as it deserves to be better known, I present below—

" I wadna gi'e my ain wife
 For ony wife I see !
 For, oh ! my dainty ain wife,
 She's aye sae dear to me.
 A bonnier yet I've never seen,
 A better canna be ;

I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

“ Though beauty is a fadin' flower,
As fadin' as it's fair,
It looks fu' weel in ony wife,
An' mine has a' her share.
She ance was ca'd a bonnie lass—
She's bonnie aye to me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

“ Oh, couthy is my ingle-cheek,
An' cheery is my Jean ;
I never see her angry look,
Nor hear her word on ane.
She's gude wi' a' the neebours roun',
An' aye gude wi' me ;
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.

“ But oh, her looks sae kindly,
They melt my heart outright,
When ower the baby at her breast
She hangs wi' fond delight.
She looks intil his bonnie face,
An' syne looks to me :
I wadna gi'e my ain wife
For ony wife I see.”

Mr Laing was enthusiastic in his love of song, a zealous Sabbath-school teacher, and a pious office-bearer of the Church.

Next to Alexander Laing, I am led to name John Nevay, the poet of Forfar. He was author of several volumes of verses, and much valued himself on his poetical ability. He regarded contemptuously most of his Scottish contemporaries, and like John Edmund Reade conceived that his merits were a-head of his age. With the exception of a short ballad entitled "The Emigrant's Love Letter," his writings evince little power. He was born in 1792 and died about a year ago.

John Younger, the St Boswells shoemaker, and author of the "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," was, like Nevay, sufficiently conscious of intellectual superiority, but was withal a man of fine taste, some poetical fancy, and great conversational talent. Had he received substantial scholastic training, he would unquestionably have attained eminence. An hour's talk with Younger was a positive enjoyment. In conversing he did not abandon his work, and was never more diligent with the awl than when engaged in a keen argument or in relating some literary experience. In 1849 he gained, among 1045 competitors, the second of three prizes offered for an Essay on the Sabbath. On this occasion he was conveyed to London, introduced to the Prince Consort, and celebrated in Exeter Hall. Latterly he became Postmaster at St Boswells; he also added to his revenues by hook-dressing. He died in 1860, leaving several volumes of compositions carefully written out and ready for publication.

With Elliot Aitchison, the Hawick weaver-poet, I got

acquainted in 1854; he was a little mean-looking man, with no appearance of genius. But he composed verses full of sentiment and music, and it is to be regretted that a morbid diffidence kept him in the shade. I tried to befriend him by drawing attention to his merits, and thereby incurred his resentment. A newspaper writer represented after his decease that I had embittered his last years. Aitchison died in 1858 at an advanced age. A plain tombstone in Wilton churchyard marks his grave. The following "canzonet in the style of the sixteenth century" is a specimen of his manner:

“ To campes and courts lett others rove
 In quest of ranke and fame ;
 To these repayre who tytles love,
 To those who seeke a name.

“ The slaves of gayne, with toyle and payne
 May compasse lande and sea ;
 But love who may, att home I'll stay—
 A shepheard's lyfe for mee.

“ I'd rather rise at earlie dawne,
 When summer wedds with spryng,
 And leade my flocke to hill or lawne
 While merrie larks doe syng,

“ Than reel to bedd with aching hedde
 Throwe wyne and revellrie,
 Such pleasures still, pursewe who will—
 A shepheard's lyfe for mee.

- “ The straynes thatt flow in courtlie halle
 May please a courtlie eare,
 But give me still at evening’s falle
 Or rysing morne to heare
- “ From dulcet throates the unbought notes
 Of nature’s minstrelsie,
 Whyle syren lays reape pelf and prayse—
 A sheaphearde’s lyfe for me.
- “ Let gold and state the world beguile,
 Content can scorne them both ;
 She hangs not on a prince’s smyle,
 Or yett a courtier’s troth.
- “ The thyrste of gayne could Ophir drayne,
 Nor quencht withal would bee ;
 Sae wealth adieu, and honours too—
 A shephearde’s lyfe for mee.”

James Telfer, the Liddesdale poet, I never met ; but we some time corresponded. He had been a shepherd, and became a schoolmaster ; better he had continued at his original occupation, for his school fees never exceeded thirty pounds a year, and his school-house was a ruin. He published a volume of well-written “ Tales and Sketches ” and composed ballads in the Scottish manner. He died in 1863 aged sixty-two. Since his death his merits have become more generally known, chiefly through the good offices of Mr Robert White of Newcastle, who early recognised his genius. Telfer unhappily indulged in sarcasm against those

who had offended him. He loved seclusion, and was taciturn, but in the presence of familiar friends he evinced considerable powers of criticism.

With Henry Scott Riddell, author of "Scotland Yet" and other popular songs, I enjoyed a long and pleasant intimacy. Riddell had, like Telfer, originally been a shepherd, and though he subsequently became a licentiate of the Church, and mixed in society, he retained the simple manners of the pastoral life. Through illness he was unable to follow the ministerial profession, and for many years occupied a cottage at Teviothead, which he held from the Duke of Buccleuch, with an annuity and small portion of land. His poetical merits, I conceived, were worthy of State recognition; but I failed, after repeated efforts, to procure him a pension on the Civil List. I got him, however, some treasury grants and one or two donations from the Royal Literary Fund.

Under more favourable circumstances, Henry Scott Riddell would have obtained a wider fame. Unlike Burns, and Hogg, and Tannahill, his songs were not always set to music by competent composers; and an unhappy inactivity of nature prevented his seeking a proper publicity. His prose writings were unhappily verbose, but with a little pruning would have sustained a literary reputation. He was an expert correspondent, a kind friend, and an agreeable companion. His countenance presented a capacious forehead, firm-set lips, and a penetrating eye. He celebrated

the simple joys of rural life. He died at Teviothead on the 28th July 1870, at the age of seventy-two.

During a Border sojourning I became acquainted with Andrew Leyden, a younger brother of Dr John Leyden the celebrated poet. He was on the border of fourscore, and was poor and unprovided for. He had been a shepherd, and was latterly employed in work about a farm. I tried to befriend him, but whether my efforts were attended with any real benefit to him I could never discover. He was a well-informed man, much superior to the ordinary hind; and there was an air of gentility about him. He remembered his distinguished brother, but imperfectly so. To the poet a handsome monument has been raised on "the green" at Denholm, his native village.

Connected by marriage with the Scottish Border was my late friend the Rev Thomas Gordon Torry Anderson, incumbent of St Paul's Episcopal Church, Dundee. Mr Torry Anderson wrote good verses, and was an esteemed musical composer. I subjoin the "Araby Maid" from his pen; it is, I conceive, much too little known:

“ Away on the wings of the wind she flies,
 Like a thing of life and light—
 And she bounds beneath the eastern skies,
 And the beauty of eastern night.

“ Why so fast flies the bark through the ocean's foam,
 Why wings it so speedy a flight?
 'Tis an Araby maid who hath left her home,
 To fly with her Christian knight.

“ She hath left her sire and her native land,
The land which from childhood she trode,
And hath sworn, by the pledge of her beautiful hand,
To worship the Christian’s God.

“ Then away, away, oh ! swift be thy flight,
It were death one moment’s delay ;
For behind there is many a blade glancing bright—
Then away—away—away !

“ They are safe in the land where love is divine,
In the land of the free and the brave—
They have knelt at the foot of the holy shrine.
Nought can sever them now but the grave.”

Mr Torry Anderson died in June 1856, in his fifty-first year. A kind, genial man, he exercised a generous hospitality.

My late revered friend, Alexander Bald of Craigward Cottage, Alloa, rejoiced to extend his kindly countenance to the sons of genius and song. He visited the Ettrick Shepherd when following his flocks, and was one of the first to acknowledge him as a poet. At Alloa he established a Shakespeare Club, which, under his auspices, was yearly attended by some poetical stars. To old age he continued his poetical ardour, constantly befriending the votaries of the muse. He died in October 1859, at the age of seventy-six. Alexander Bald was singularly benevolent ; I cherish his memory with affection. His brother Robert, distinguished as a mining engineer, was also possessed of many Christian excellences.

The last to be named among Lowland Bards, is my late friend John Hunter LL.D., of Craigcrook Castle. This excellent man was son of Dr James Hunter, and grandson of Dr John Hunter, both of St Andrews. He was born in the manse of Dunino, in 1801; he studied at St Andrews and became a Writer to the Signet. In 1848 he was appointed Auditor of the Court of Session, a lucrative and honourable office, which he held till within a short period of his death. He died in December 1869. John Hunter added elegant accomplishments to rare natural gifts. Each Saturday afternoon, he received at Craigcrook, poets, artists, and men of genius, to whom he dispensed an abundant hospitality. On many themes he could have written effectively, but he never sought distinction as an author. He printed anonymously in 1843, a thin volume of poetical "Miscellanies." From that little work I transcribe a specimen of his minstrelsy. Those who knew John Hunter, will not be displeased that the present chapter closes with some verses from his pen.

“ Oh ! Mary, while thy gentle cheek
 Is on my breast reclining,
 And while these arms around thy form
 Are fondly thus entwining ;
 It seems as if no earthly power
 Our beating hearts could sever,
 And that in ecstasy of bliss
 We thus could hang for ever !

- “ Yet ah ! too well, too well we know
 The fiat fate hath spoken—
The spell that bound our souls in one,
 The world’s cold breath hath broken.
The hours—the days—whose heavenly light
 Hath beam’d in beauty o’er us,
When Love his sunshine shed around,
 And strew’d his flowers before us,
- “ Must now be but as golden dreams,
 Whose loveliness hath perish’d ;
Wild dreams of hope, in human hearts
 Too heavenly to be cherish’d.
Yet, oh ! where’er our lot is cast,
 The love that once hath bound us—
The thought that looks to days long past,
 Will breathe a halo round us.”





HIGHLAND BARDS.

THE suspicion which arose in regard to the authenticity of Ossian, as exhibited in the pages of Macpherson, has unjustly excited a misgiving respecting the entire poetry of the Gael. With reference to the elder poetry of the Highlands, it has been established* that at the period of the Reformation, the natives were engrossed with the lays and legends of Bards and Seachies,† of which Ossian, Caoillt, and Cuchullin were the heroes. These romantic strains continued to be preserved and recited with singular veneration. They were familiar to hundreds in different districts who regarded them as relics of their ancestors, and would as soon have mingled the bones of their fathers with the dust of strangers,

* Highland Society's Report on "Ossian," pp. 16-20.

† Genealogists or Antiquaries.

as ventured on the alteration of a single passage. Many of the reciters of this elder poetry were writers of verses,* yet there is no instance of any attempt to alter or supersede the originals. Nor could any attempt have succeeded. There are specimens which exist, independent of those collected by Macpherson, which present a peculiarity of form, and a Homeric consistency of imagery, distinct from every other species of Gaelic poetry.

Of an uncertain era, but of a date posterior to the age of Ossian, there is a class of compositions called *Ur-sgeula*,† or *new-tales*, which may be termed the productions of the sub-Ossianic period. They are largely blended with stories of dragons and other fabulous monsters; the best of these compositions being romantic memorials of the Hiberno-Celtic, or Celtic-Scandinavian wars. The first translation from the Gaelic was a legend of the *Ur-sgeula*. The translator was Ierome Stone,‡ schoolmaster of Dunkeld, and the performance appeared in the *Scots Magazine* for 1700. The author had learned from the monks the story of Bellerophon,§ along with that of Perseus and Andromeda, and from these materials fabricated a romance in which the hero is a mythical character, who is supposed to have given

* Letter from Sir James Macdonald to Dr Blair.

† M'Callum's "Collection," p. 207. See also Smith's "Sean Dana, or Gaelic Antiquities;" Gillies' "Collection," and Clark's "Caledonian Bards."

‡ Highland Society's Report on Ossian, pp. 99, 105, 112.

§ Boswell's "Life of Johnson," p. 320, Croker's edition, 1847.

name to Loch Fraoch, near Dunkeld. Belonging to the same era is the "Aged Bard's Wish,"* a composition of singular elegance and pathos, and remarkable for certain allusions to the age and imagery of Ossian. This has frequently been translated. Somewhat in the Ossianic style, but of the period of the *Ur-sgeula* are two popular pieces entitled *Mordubh*† and *Collath*. Of these productions the imagery is peculiarly illustrative of the character and habits of the ancient Gael, while they are replete with incidents of the wars which the Albyn had waged with their enemies of Scandinavia. To the same period we are disposed to assign the "Song of the Owl," though it has been regarded by a respectable authority ‡ as of modern origin.

The termination of the Sub-Ossianic period brings us to another epoch in the history of Gaelic poetry. The bard was now the chieftain's retainer, at home a crofter and pensioner,§ abroad a follower of the camp. We find him cheering the rowers of the galley, with his *birlinn* chant, and stirring on the fight with his *prosnuachadh catha*, or battle-song. At the battle of Harlaw,¶ a piece was sung which has escaped the wreck of that tremendous slaughter, and of contemporary poetry. It is undoubtedly genuine; and the

* "Poem's by Mrs Grant of Laggan," p. 395, Edinburgh, 1803, 8vo. The original is to be found in the Gaelic collections.

† Mrs Grant's Poems, p. 371; Mackenzie's "Gaelic Poets," p. 1.

‡ See Mrs Grant's "Highland Superstitions," vol. ii. p. 249. The original is contained in Mackenzie's "Gaelic Poets."

§ See Johnson's "Journey to the Western Islands."

¶ Stewart's Collection, p. 1.

critics of Gaelic verse are unanimous in ascribing to it every excellence which can belong either to alliterative art, or musical excitement. Of the battle-hymn some splendid specimens have been handed down; and these are to be regarded with an amount of confidence, from the apparent ease with which the very long "Incitement to Battle," in the "Garioch Battle-Storm," as Harlaw is called, was remembered. Collections of favourite pieces began to be made in writing at the revival of letters. The researches of the Highland Society brought to light a miscellany, embracing the poetical labours of two contemporaries of rank, Sir Duncan Campbell* of Glenurchay, and Lady Isabel Campbell. From this period the poet's art degenerates into a sort of family chronicle. There were, however, incidents which deserved a more affecting style of memorial; and this appears in lays which still command the interest and draw forth the tears of the Highlander. The story of the persecuted Clan Gregor supplies many illustrations, such as the oft-chanted *Macgregor na Raura*, † and the mournful melodies of Janet Campbell. ‡ In the footsteps of these exciting subjects of poetry, came the inspiring Montrose wars, which introduce to our acquaint-

* Report on Ossian, p. 92. Sir Duncan Campbell fell at the battle of Flodden; Lady Campbell afterwards married Gilbert, Earl of Cassillis.

† Mrs Grant's "Highland Superstitions," vol. ii. p. 196.

‡ Mrs Ogilvie's "Highland Minstrelsy." For the original, see Turner's Collection, p. 186.

tance the more modern class of bards ; of these the most conspicuous is, Ian Lom * or Manntach. This bard was a Macdonald ; he hung on the skirts of armies, and at the close of the battle sung the triumph or the wail, on the side of his partisans. † To the presence of this person the clans are supposed to have been indebted for much of the enthusiasm which led them to glory in the wars of Montrose. His poetry only reaches mediocrity, but the success which attended it led the chiefs to seek similar support in the Jacobite wars ; and very animated compositions were the result of their encouragement. Mathieson, the family bard of Seaforth, Macvuirich, the pensioner of Clanranald, and Hector the Lamiter, bard of Maclean, were pre-eminent in this department. The massacre of Glencoe suggested numerous elegies. There is one remarkable for pathos by a clansman who had emigrated to the Isle of Muck, from which circumstance he is styled “ Am Bard Mucanach.”

The knights of Duart and Sleat, the chiefs of Clanranald and Glengarry, the Lochaber seigniory of Lochiel, and the titled chivalry of Sutherland and Seaforth, ‡ formed subjects of poetic eulogy. Sir Hector Maclean, Ailein Muideartach, and the lamented Sir James Macdonald obtained the same

* Reid’s “Bibliotheca Scotica Celtica.” Mackenzie’s “Gaelic Poets,” p. 36.

† Napier’s “Memoirs of Montrose.” In this work will be found a very spirited translation of Ian Lom’s poem on the battle of Innerlochy.

‡ Mackenzie’s “Gaelic Poets,” pp. 24, 59, 77, 77, 151 ; Turner’s “Gaelic Collection,” *passim*.

tribute. The second of these Highland favourites could not make his manly countenance, or stalwart arm, visible in hall, barge, or battle,* without exciting the enthusiastic strain of the enamoured muse of one sex, or of the admiring minstrel of the other. In this department of poetry, some of the best proficient were women. Of these Mary M'Leod, the contemporary of Ian Lom, is one of the most musical and elegant. Her chief *The M'Leod*, was the grand theme of her inspiration. Dora Brown† sung a chant on the renowned Col-Kitto, as he went forth against the Campbells to revenge the death of his father; a composition conceived in a strain such as Helen Macgregor might have struck up to stimulate to some daring and vindictive enterprise.

Of the modern poetry of the Gael, Macpherson has expressed himself unfavourably; he regarded the modern Highlanders as incapable of estimating poetry otherwise than in the returning harmony of similar sounds. They were seduced, he remarks, by the charms of rhyme; and admired the strains of Ossian, not for the sublimity of the poetry, but on account of the antiquity of the compositions, and the heroic details which they contained. On this subject a different opinion has been expressed by Sir Walter Scott. "I cannot dismiss this story," he writes, in his last

* See the beautiful verses translated by the Marchioness of Northampton from "Ha tighinn fodham," in "Albyn's Anthology," or Croker's "Boswell."

† Mackenzie's "Gaelic Poets," p. 56.

introduction to his tale of the "Two Drovers," "without resting attention for a moment on the light which has been thrown on the character of the Highland Drover, since the time of its first appearance, by the account of a drover poet, by name Robert Mackay, or, as he was commonly called, Rob Donn, *i.e.*, Brown Robert; and certain specimens of his talents, published in the ninetieth number of the *Quarterly Review*. The picture which that paper gives of the habits and feelings of a class of persons with which the general reader would be apt to associate no ideas but those of wild superstition and rude manners, is in the highest degree interesting; and I cannot resist the temptation of quoting two of the songs of this hitherto unheard-of poet of humble life. . . . Rude and bald as these things appear in a verbal translation, and rough as they might possibly appear, even were the originals intelligible, we confess we are disposed to think they would of themselves justify Dr Mackay (editor of Mackay's Poems) in placing this herdsman-lover among the true sons of song."

Of that department of the Gaelic Minstrelsy admired by Scott and condemned by Macpherson, we shall present some specimens. These specimens, it must however be remembered, not only labour under the ordinary disadvantages of translations, but are rendered from a language which, in its poetry, is one of the least translatable in the world. Some of the compositions are Jacobite, and are in the usual strain of such productions,

but the majority sing of the rivalries of clans, the emulation of bards, the jealousies of lovers, and the honour of chiefs. They likewise abound in pictures of pastoral imagery; are redolent of the heath and the wildflower, and depict the beauties of the deer forest.

The various kinds of Highland minstrelsy admit of simple classification. The *Duan Mor* is the epic song; its subdivisions are termed *duana* or *duanaga*. Strings of verse and incidents ('*Παψωδία*) were intended to form an epic history, and were combined by successive bards for that purpose. The battle-song (*Prosnuchadh-catha*) was next in importance. The model of this variety is not to be found in any of the Alcaic or Tyrtoean remains. It was a dithyrambic of the wildest and most passionate enthusiasm, inciting to carnage and fury. Chanted in the hearing of assembled armies, and sometimes sung before the van, it was intended as an incitement to battle, and even calculated to stimulate the courage of the general. The war-song of the Harlaw has been noticed; it is a rugged tissue of alliteration, every letter having a separate division in the remarkable string of adjectives which are connected to introduce a short exordium and grand finale. The *Jorram*, or boat-song, some specimens of which attracted the attention of Dr Johnson,* was a variety of the same class. In this, every measure was used which could be made to time with an oar, or to mimic a wave, either in motion or sound.

* Johnson's Works, vol. xii. p. 291.

Dr Johnson discovered in it the proceleusmatic song of the ancients; it certainly corresponds in real usage with the poet's description :

“ Stat margine puppis,
Qui voce alternos nautarum temperet ictus,
Et remis dictet sonitum pariterque relatis,
Ad numerum plaudet resonantia cœrula tonsis.”

Alexander Macdonald excels in this description of verse. In a piece called Clanranald's *Birlinn*, he has summoned his utmost efforts in timing the circumstances of a voyage with suitable metres and descriptions. A happy imitation of the boat-song has been rendered familiar to the English reader by Sir Walter Scott, in the “Roderigh Vich Alpine Dhu, ho ! ieroe,” of the “Lady of the Lake.” The *Luineag*, or favourite carol of the Highland milkmaid, is a class of songs entirely lyrical, and which seldom fails to please the taste of the Lowlander. Burns* and other song-writers have adopted the strain of the *Luineag* to adorn their verses. The *Cumha*, or lament, is the vehicle of the most pathetic and meritorious effusions of Gaelic poetry; it is abundantly interspersed with the poetry of Ossian.

Among the Gael, blank verse is unknown; for rhyme they entertain a passion.† They rhyme to the same set of sounds or accents for a space of which the recitation is tedious. Not satisfied with the final rhyme, their favourite measures

* Poems, Chambers's People's Edition, p. 134.

† Armstrong's “Gaelic Dictionary,” p. 63.

are those in which the middle syllable corresponds with the last, and the same syllable in the second line with both; and occasionally the final sound of the second line is expected to return in every alternate verse through the whole poem. The Gael appear to have been early in possession of these coincidences of termination which were unknown to the classical poets, or were regarded by them as defects.* All writers on Celtic versification, including the Irish, Welsh, Manx, and Cornish varieties, are united as to the early use of rhyme by the Celtic poets, and agree in assigning the primary model to the incantations of the Druids.† The lyrical measures of the Gael are various, but the scansion is regular, and there is no description of verse familiar to English usage, from the Iambic of four syllables, to the slow-paced Anapæstic, or the prolonged Alexandrine, which is not exactly measured by these sons and daughters of song.‡ Every poetical composition in the language, however lengthy, is intended to be sung or chanted. Gaelic music is regulated by no positive rules; it varies from the wild chant of the battle-song to the simple melody of the milkmaid.

Of the modern Gaelic bards, the first claiming notice is Robert Mackay (Rob Donn). He was born in the Strathmore of Sutherlandshire, about 1714. His calling, with the

* *Edinburgh Review* on Mitford's "Harmony of Language," vol. vi. p. 383.

† Brown's "History of the Highlands," vol. i. p. 89

‡ Armstrong's "Gaelic Dictionary," p. 64.

interval of a brief military service in the fencibles, was the tending of cattle, in the several gradations of herd, drover, and bo-man, or cow-keeper. At one period he had an appointment in Lord Reay's forest; but some deviations into the "righteous theft"—so the Highlanders of those parts, it seems, call the appropriation of an occasional deer to their own use—forfeited his employer's confidence. Rob, however, does not appear to have suffered in his reputation for an *unconsidered trifle* like this, nor otherwise to have declined in the favour of his chief, beyond the necessity of transporting himself to a situation somewhat nearer Cape Wrath than the bosom of a deer preserve.

Mackay was happily married, and brought up a large family in habits and sentiments of piety—a fact which his reverend biographer connects very touchingly with the stated solemnities of the "Saturday night," when the lighter chants of the week were exchanged at the worthy drover's fireside for the purer and holier melodies of another inspiration.* He died in 1778; and he succeeded to some peculiar honours for a person in his position; he had a reverend doctor for his editorial biographer,† and Sir Walter Scott for his reviewer.‡

The passages which Sir Walter has culled from some literal translations that were submitted to him, are favour-

* Songs and Poems of Robert Mackay, p. 38. Inverness, 1829. 8vo.

† The Rev. Dr Mackintosh Mackay, successively minister of Laggan and Dunoon.

‡ *Quarterly Review*, vol. xlv., April 1831.

able specimens of the bard. The rest are satiric rants, too rough or too local for transfusion, or panegyrics on the living and the dead, in the usual extravagant style of such compositions ; or they are love-lays, of which the language is more copious and diversified than the sentiment. “ The Song of Winter ” is selected as a specimen of Mackay’s descriptive poetry. It is in a style peculiar to the Highlands, where description runs so entirely into epithets and adjectives, as to render recitation breathless, and translation hopeless. Here, while we have retained the imagery, we have been unable to find rhyme for one-half the epithets.

“ At waking so early
 Was snow on the Ben,
 And, the glen of the hill in,
 The storm-drift so chilling,
 The linnet was stilling,
 That couch’d in its den ;
 And poor robin was shrilling
 In sorrow his strain.

“ Every grove was expecting
 Its leaf shed in gloom ;
 The sap it is draining,
 Down rootwards ’tis straining,
 And the bark it is waning
 As dry as the tomb,
 And the blackbird at morning
 Is shrieking his doom.

“ Ceases thriving, the knotted,
 The stunted birk-shaw ;*
 While the rough wind is blowing,
 And the drift of the snowing
 Is shaking, o'erthrowing,
 The copse on the law.

“ 'Tis the season when nature
 Is all in the sere,
 When her snow-showers are hailing,
 Her rain-sleet assailing,
 Her mountain winds wailing,
 Her rime-frosts severe.

“ 'Tis the season of leanness,
 Unkindness, and chill ;
 Its whistle is ringing,
 An iciness bringing,
 Where the brown leaves are clinging
 In helplessness, still,
 And the snow-rush is delving
 With furrows the hill.

“ The sun is in hiding
 Or frozen its beam
 On the peaks where he lingers,
 On the glens, where the singers,†
 With their bills and small fingers
 Are raking the stream,
 Or picking the midstead
 For forage—and scream.

* “ Birk-shaw.” A few Scotticisms will be found in these versions, at once to flavour the style, and, it must be admitted, to assist the rhymes.

† Birds.

“ When darkens the gloaming,
 Oh, scant is their cheer !
 All benumb'd is their song in
 The hedge they are thronging,
 And for shelter still longing,
 The mortar * they tear ;
 Ever noisily, noisily
 Squealing their care.

“ The running stream's chieftain †
 Is trailing to land,
 So flabby, so grimy,
 So sickly, so slimy,—
 The spots of his prime he
 Has rusted with sand ;
 Crook-snouted his crest is
 That taper'd so grand.

“ How mournful in winter
 The lowing of kine ;
 How lean-back'd they shiver,
 How draggled their cover,
 How their nostrils run over
 With drippings of brine,
 So scraggy and crining
 In the cold frost they pine.

“ 'Tis Hallowmas time, and
 To mildness farewell !
 Its bristles are low'ring
 With darkness ; o'erpowering

* The sides of the cottages—plastered with mud or mortar, instead of lime.

† Salmon.

Are its waters aye showering
 With onset so fell ;
 Seem the kid and the yearling
 As rung their death-knell.

“ Every out-lying creature,
 How sinew'd soe'er,
 Seeks the refuge of shelter ;
 The race of the antler
 They snort and they falter,
 A-cold in their lair ;
 And the fawns they are wasting
 Since their kin is afar.

“ Such the songs that are saddest
 And dreariest of all ;
 I ever am eerie
 In the morning to cheer ye !
 When foddering, to cheer the
 Poor herd in the stall—
 While each creature is moaning,
 And sickening in thrall.”

The following is a translation of “ Mackay's Highlander's Home Sickness,” by the late Mr William Sinclair :

“ Easy is my pillow press'd,
 But, oh ! I cannot, cannot rest ;
 Northwards do the shrill winds blow—
 Thither do my musings go !

“ Better far with thee in groves,
 Where the young deers sportive roam,

Than where, counting cattle droves,
I must sickly sigh for home.
Great the love I bear for her
Where the north winds wander free,
Sportive, kindly is her air,
Pride and folly none hath she !

“ Were I hiding from my foes,
Ay, though fifty men were near,
I should find concealment close
In the shieling of my dear.
Beauty’s daughter ! oh, to see
Days when homewards I’ll repair—
Joyful time to thee and me—
Fair girl with the waving hair !

“ Glorious all for hunting then,
The rocky ridge, the hill, the fern ;
Sweet to drag the deer that’s slain
Downwards by the piper’s cairn !
By the west field ’twas I told
My love, with parting on my tongue ;
Long she’ll linger in that fold,
With the kine assembled long !

“ Dear to me the woods I know,
Far from Crieff my musings are ;
Still with sheep my memories go,
On our heath of knolls afar :
Oh, for red-streak’d rocks so lone !
Where, in spring, the young fawns leap,
And the crags where winds have blown—
Cheaply I should find my sleep.”

Dougal Buchanan was born at the Mill of Ardoch, in the valley of Strathyre, and parish of Balquhidder, in 1716. His parents were in circumstances to allow him the education of the parish school ; on which, by private application, he so far improved, as to be qualified to act as teacher and catechist to the Highland locality which borders on Loch Rannoch. Never, it is believed, were the duties of a calling discharged with more efficiency. The catechist was, both in and out of the strict department of his office, a universal oracle,* and his name is revered in the scene of his usefulness in a degree to which the honours of canonisation could scarcely have added. Pious, to the height of a proverbial model, he was withal frank, cheerful, and social ; and from his extraordinary command of the Gaelic idiom, and its poetic phraseology, he must have lent an ear to many a song and many a legend †—a nourishment of the imagination in which, as well as in purity of Gaelic, his native Balquhidder was immeasurably inferior to the Rannoch district of his adoption.

The composition of hymns, embracing a musical paraphrase of many of the more striking inspirations of scriptural poetry, seems to have been the employment of his leisure hours. These are sung or recited in every cottage

* “Statistical Account of Forthingall.”—Statistical Account, x., p. 549.

† The same account observes, that though none of his works are published but his sacred compositions, he composed “several songs on various subjects.”

of the Highlands where a reader or a retentive memory is to be found.

Buchanan's life was short. He was cut off by typhus fever in the summer of 1768. We know of no fact relating to the development of his poetic strain, unless it be found in the circumstance to which he refers in his "Diary,"* of having been bred a violent Jacobite, and having lived many years under the excitement of vindictive feelings, at the fate of his chief (Buchanan of Arnprior), who, with some of the poet's relations, suffered death for their share in the last rebellion. While he relates that the power of religion at length quenched the effervescence of his emotions, it may be supposed that ardent Jacobitism, with its common accompaniment of melody, may have fostered an imagination which every circumstance proves to have been sufficiently susceptible.

The poetic remains of Dougal Buchanan do not afford extensive materials for translation. The subjects with which he deals are solemn, and their treatment is surcharged with Scriptural imagery.

We present some portions of his poem on "The Skull:"

“ As I sat by the grave, at the brink of its cave,
 Lo ! a featureless skull on the ground ;
 The symbol I clasp, and detain in my grasp,
 While I turn it around and around.
 Without beauty or grace, or a glance to express
 Of the bystander nigh, a thought ;

* Published at Glasgow, 1836.

Its jaw and its mouth are tenantless both,
 Nor passes emotion its throat.
 No glow on its face, no ringlets to grace
 Its brow, and no ear for my song ;
 Hush'd the caves of its breath, and the finger of death
 The raised features hath flatten'd along.
 The eyes' wonted beam, and the eyelids' quick gleam—
 The intelligent sight, are no more ;
 But the worms of the soil, as they wriggle and coil,
 Come hither their dwellings to bore.
 No lineament here is left to declare
 If monarch or chief art thou ;
 Alexander the Brave, as the portionless slave
 That on dunghill expires, is as low.
 Thou delver of death, in my ear let thy breath
 Who tenants my hand, unfold ;
 That my voice may not die without a reply,
 Though the ear it addresses is cold.
 Say, wert thou a May,* of beauty a ray,
 And flatter'd thine eye with a smile ?
 Thy meshes didst set, like the links of a net,
 The hearts of the youth to wile ?
 Alas, every charm that a bosom could warm
 Is changed to the grain of disgust !
 Oh, fie on the spoiler for daring to soil her
 Gracefulness all in the dust !
 Say, wise in the law, did the people with awe
 Acknowledge thy rule o'er them—
 A magistrate true, to all dealing their due,
 And just to redress or condemn ?

* Maiden or virgin—*orig.*

Or was righteousness sold for handfuls of gold
 In the scales of thy partial decree ;
 While the poor were unheard when their suit they preferr'd,
 And appeal'd their distresses to thee ?
 Say, once in thine hour, was thy medicine of power
 To extinguish the fever of ail ?
 And seem'd, as the pride of the leech-craft e'en tried
 O'er omnipotent death to prevail ?
 Alas, that thine aid should have ever betray'd
 Thy hope when the need was thine own ;
 What salve or annealing sufficed for thy healing
 When the hours of thy portion were flown ?
 Or—wert thou a hero, a leader to glory,
 While armies thy truncheon obey'd ?
 To victory cheering, as thy foemen careering
 In flight, left their mountains of dead ?
 Was thy valiancy laid, or unhilted thy blade,
 When came onwards in battle array
 The sepulchre-swarms, ensheath'd in their arms,
 To sack and to rifle their prey ?
 How they joy in their spoil, as thy body the while
 Besieging, the reptile is vain,
 And her beetle-mate blind hums his gladness to find
 His defence in the lodge of thy brain !
 Some dig where the sheen of the ivory has been,
 Some, the organ where music repair'd ;
 In rabble and rout they come in and come out
 At the gashes their fangs have bared.

* * * * *

Do I hold in my hand a whole lordship of land,
 Represented by nakedness, here ?

Perhaps not unkind to the helpless thy mind,
 Nor all unimparted by gear ;
 Perhaps stern of brow to thy tenantry thou !
 To leanness their countenances grew—
 'Gainst their crave for respite, when thy clamour for right
 Required, to a moment, its due ;
 While the frown of thy pride to the aged denied
 To cover their head from the chill,
 And humbly they stand, with their bonnet in hand,
 As cold blows the blast of the hill.
 Thy serfs may look on, unheeding thy frown,
 Thy rents and thy mailings unpaid ;
 All praise to the stroke their bondage that broke !
 While but claims their obeisance the dead.

* * * * *

Or a head do I clutch, whose devices were such,
 That death must have lent them his sting—
 So daring they were, so reckless of fear,
 As heaven had wanted a king ?
 Did the tongue of the lie, while it couch'd like a spy
 In the haunt of thy venomous jaws,
 Its slander display, as poisons its prey
 The devilish snake in the grass ?
 That member unchain'd, by strong bands is restrain'd,
 The inflexible shackles of death ;
 And, its emblem, the trail of the worm, shall prevail
 Where its slaver once harbour'd beneath.
 And oh ! if thy scorn went down to thine urn,
 And expired with impenitent groan ;
 To repose where thou art is of peace all thy part,
 And then to appear—at the Throne !

Like a frog, from the lake that leapeth, to take
 To the Judge of thy actions the way,
 And to hear from His lips, amid nature's eclipse,
 Thy sentence of termless dismay.

* * * * *

The hardness of iron thy bones shall environ,
 To brass-links the veins of thy frame
 Shall stiffen, and the glow of thy manhood shall grow
 Like the anvil that melts not in flame !
 But wert thou the mould of a champion bold
 For God and His truth and His law ?
 Oh, then, though the fence of each limb and each sense
 Is broken—each gem with a flaw—
 Be comforted thou ! For rising in air
 Thy flight shall the clarion obey ;
 And the shell of thy dust thou shalt leave to be crush'd,
 If they will, by the creatures of prey."

Duncan Macintyre (Donacha Ban) is regarded by his countrymen as the most extraordinary genius that the Highlands in modern times have produced. Without having learned a letter of any alphabet, he was enabled to pour forth melodies that charmed every ear to which they were intelligible. He was born in Druimliart of Glenorchy, on the 20th of March 1724, and died in October 1812. He was chiefly employed in the capacity of keeper in several of the Earl of Breadalbane's forests. He carried a musket in his lordship's fencibles ; which led him to take part, much against his inclination, in the Whig ranks at the battle

of Falkirk. Later in life he transferred his musket to the Edinburgh City Guard.

Macintyre's best compositions are those descriptive of forest scenes. His chief poem is "Bendourain" the Otter Mount. From the extraordinary diffusiveness of his descriptions, and the boundless luxuriance of his expressions, much difficulty has been experienced in translation.

URLAR.

" The noble Otter hill !
 It is a chieftain Beinn,*
 Ever the fairest still
 Of all these eyes have seen.
 Spacious is his side ;
 I love to range where hide,
 In haunts by few espied,
 The nurslings of his den.
 In the bosky shade
 Of the velvet glade,
 Couch in softness laid,
 The nimble-footed deer ;
 To see the spotted pack,
 That in scenting never slack,
 Coursing on their track,
 Is the prime of cheer.
 Merry may the stag be,
 The lad that so fairly
 Flourishes the russet coat
 That fits him so rarely.
 'Tis a mantle whose wear

* Anglicised into *Ben*.

Time shall not tear ;
 'Tis a banner that ne'er
 Sees its colours depart :
 And when they seek his doom,
 Let a man of action come,
 A hunter in his bloom,
 With rifle not untried :
 A notch'd, firm fasten'd flint,
 To strike a trusty dint,
 And make the gun-lock glint
 With a flash of pride.
 Let the barrel be but true,
 And the stock be trusty too,
 So, Lightfoot,* though he flew,
 Shall be purple-dyed.
 He should not be novice bred,
 But a marksman of first head,
 By whom that stag is sped,
 In hill-craft not unskill'd ;
 So, when Padraig of the glen
 Call'd his hounds and men,
 The hill spake back again,
 As his orders shrill'd ;
 Then was firing snell,
 And the bullets rain'd like hail,
 And the red-deer fell
 Like warrior on the field.

SIUBHAL.

“ Oh, the young doe so frisky,
 So coy, and so fair,

* The deer,

That gambols so briskly,
 And snuffs up the air ;
 And hurries, retiring,
 To the rocks that environ,
 When foemen are firing,
 And bullets are there.
 Though swift in her racing,
 Like the kinsfolk before her,
 No heart-burst, unbracing
 Her strength, rushes o'er her.
 'Tis exquisite hearing
 Her murmur, as, nearing,
 Her mate comes careering,
 Her pride, and her lover ;—
 He comes—and her breathing
 Her rapture is telling ;
 How his antlers are wreathing,
 His white haunch, how swelling !
 High chief of Bendourain,
 He seems, as adoring
 His hind, he comes roaring
 To visit her dwelling.
 Twere endless my singing
 How the mountain is teeming
 With thousands, that bringing
 Each a high chief's* proud seeming,
 With his hind, and her gala
 Of younglings, that follow
 O'er mountain and beala,†
 All lightsome are beaming.

* Stag of the first head.

† Pass.

When that lightfoot so airy,
 Her race is pursuing,
 Oh, what vision saw e'er a
 Feat of flight like her doing?
 She springs, and the spreading grass
 Scarce feels her treading,
 It were fleet foot that sped in
 Twice the time that she flew in.
 The gallant array!
 How the marshes they spurn,
 In the frisk of their play,
 And the wheelings they turn,—
 As the cloud of the mind
 They would distance behind,
 And give years to the wind,
 In the pride of their scorn!
 'Tis the marrow of health
 In the forest to lie,
 Where, nooking in stealth,
 They enjoy her* supply,—
 Her fosterage breeding
 A race never needing,
 Save the milk of her feeding,
 From a breast never dry.
 Her hill-grass they suckle,
 Her mammets † they swill,
 And in wantonness chuckle
 O'er tempest and chill;

* Any one who has heard a native attempt the Lowland tongue for the first time, is familiar with the personification that turns every inanimate object into *he* or *she*. The forest is here happily personified as a nurse or mother.

† Bog-holes.

With their ankles so light,
 And their girdles* of white,
 And their bodies so bright
 With the drink of the rill.
 Through the grassy glen sporting
 In murmurless glee,
 Nor snow-drift nor fortune
 Shall urge them to flee,
 Save to seek their repose
 In the clefts of the knowes,
 And the depths of the howes
 Of their own Eas-an-ti."†

URLAR.

“ In the forest den, the deer
 Makes, as best befits, her lair,
 Where is plenty, and to spare,
 Of her grassy feast.
 There she browses free
 On herbage of the lea,
 Or marsh grass, daintily,
 Until her haunch is greased.
 Her drink is of the well,
 Where the water-cresses swell,
 Nor with the flowing shell
 Is the toper better pleased.
 The bent makes nobler cheer,
 Or the rashes of the mere,
 Than all the creagh that e'er
 Gave surfeit to a guest.

* Stripings.

† *Gaelic*—Easan-an-tsith.

Come, see her table spread ;
 The *sorach** sweet display'd
 The *calvi*† and the head
 Of the daisy stem ;
 The *dorach*‡ crested, sleek,
 And ringed with many a streak,
 Presents her pastures meek,
 Profusely by the stream.
 Such the luxuries
 That plump their noble size,
 And the herd entice
 To revel in the howes.
 Nobler haunches never sat on
 Pride of grease, than when they batten
 On the forest links, and fatten
 On the herbs of their carouse.
 Oh, 'tis pleasant, in the gloaming,
 When the supper-time
 Calls all their hosts from roaming,
 To see their social prime ;
 And when the shadows gather,
 They lair on native heather,
 Nor shelter from the weather
 Need, but the knolls behind.
 Dread or dark is none ;
 Theirs the mountain throne,
 Height and slope their own,
 The gentle mountain kind ;
 Pleasant is the grace
 Of their hue, and dappled dress,

* Primrose.

† St John's wort.

‡ A kind of cress, or marshmallow.

And an ark in their distress,
 In Bendourain dear they find.

SIUBHAL.

“So brilliant thy hue
 With tendril and flow’ret,
 The grace of the view,
 What land can o’erpower it?
 Thou mountain of beauty,
 Methinks it might suit thee,
 The homage of duty
 To claim as a queen.
 What needs it? Adoring
 Thy reign, we see pouring
 The wealth of their store in
 Already, I ween.
 The seasons—scarce roll’d once,
 Their gifts are twice told—
 And the months, they unfold
 On thy bosom their dower,
 With profusion so rare,
 Ne’er was clothing so fair,
 Nor was jewelling e’er
 Like the bud and the flower
 Of the groves on thy breast,
 Where rejoices to rest
 His magnificent crest,
 The mountain-cock, shrilling
 In quick time, his note ;
 And the clans of the grot
 With melody’s note,
 Their numbers are trilling.

No foot can compare
 In the dance of the green,
 With the roebuck's young heir ;
 And here he is seen
 With his deftness of speed,
 And his sureness of tread,
 And his bend of the head,
 And his freedom of spring !
 Over corrie careers he,
 The wood-cover clears he,
 And merrily steers he
 With bound, and with fling,—
 As he spurns from his stern
 The heather and fern,
 And dives in the dern*
 Of the wilderness deep ;
 Or, anon, with a strain,
 And a twang of each vein
 He revels amain
 'Mid the cliffs of the steep.
 With the burst of a start
 When the flame of his heart
 Impels to depart,
 How he distances all !
 Two bounds at a leap,
 The brown hillocks to sweep,
 His appointment to keep
 With the doe, at her call.
 With her following, the roe
 From the danger of ken

* *Anglice*—dark.

Couches inly, and low,
 In the haunts of the glen ;
 Ever watchful to hear,
 Ever active to peer,
 Ever deft to career,—
 All ear, vision, and limb.
 And though Cult* and Cuchullin,
 With their horses and following,
 Should rush to her dwelling,
 And our prince † in his trim,
 They might vainly aspire
 Without rifle and fire
 To ruffle or nigh her,
 Her mantle to dim.
 Stark-footed, lively,
 Ever capering naively
 With motion alive, aye,
 And wax-white, in shine,
 When her startle betrays
 That the hounds are in chase,
 The same as the base
 Is the rocky decline—
 She puffs from her chest,
 And she ambles her crest
 And disdain is express'd
 In her nostril and eye ;—
 That eye—how it winks !
 Like a sunbeam it blinks,

* *Gaelic*—Caoillt ; who, with Cuchullin, makes a figure in traditional Gaelic poetry.

† *Gaelic*—King George.

And it glows, and it sinks,
 And is jealous and shy !
 A mountaineer lynx,
 Like her race that's gone by.

* * * *

CRUNLUATH (FINALE).

Her lodge is in the valley—here
 No huntsman, void of notion,
 Should hurry on the fallow deer,
 But steal on her with caution ;—
 With wary step and watchfulness
 To stalk her to her resting place,
 Insures the gallant wight's success,
 Before she is in motion.
 The hunter bold should follow then,
 By bog, and rock, and hollow, then,
 And nestle in the gully, then,
 And watch with deep devotion
 The shadows on the benty grass,
 And how they came, and how they pass ;
 Nor must he stir, with gesture rash,
 To quicken her emotion.
 With nerve and eye so wary, sir,
 That straight his piece may carry, sir,
 He marks with care the quarry, sir,
 The muzzle to repose on ;
 And now, the knuckle is applied,
 The flint is struck, the priming tried,
 Is fired, the volley has replied,
 And reeks in high commotion ;—

Was better powder ne'er to flint,
 Nor trustier wadding of the lint—
 And so we strike a telling dint,
 Well done, my own Nic-Coisean !*

John Macodrum the bard of Uist, was patronised by an eminent judge of merit, Sir James Macdonald of Skye,—of whom, after a distinguished career at Oxford, such expectations were formed, that on his premature death at Rome he was lamented as the Marcellus of Scotland.

Macodrum's name is cited in the Ossianic controversy, upon Sir James's report, as a person whose mind was stored with Fingalian poetry. He lived to lament his patron in elegiac strains—a fact that brings the time in which he flourished down to 1766. His poem entitled the “Song of Age,” is admired by his countrymen for its rapid succession of images, its descriptive power, and its flow of versification.

“ Should my numbers essay to enliven a lay,
 The notes would betray the langour of woe ;
 My heart is o'erthrown like the rush of the stone
 That, unfix'd from its throne, seeks the valley below.
 The *veteran of war*, that knows not to spare,
 And offers us ne'er the respite of peace,
 Resistless comes on, and we yield with a groan,
 For under the sun is no hope of release.
 'Tis a sadness I ween, how the glow and the sheen
 Of the rosiest mien from their glory subside ;

* Literally—“From the barrel of Nic-Coisean.” This was the poet's favourite gun, to which his muse has addressed a separate song of considerable merit.

How hurries the hour on our race, that shall lower
 The arm of our power, and the step of our pride.
 As scatter and fail, on the wing of the gale,
 The mist of the vale, and the cloud of the sky,
 So, dissolving our bliss, comes the hour of distress,
 Old age, with that face of aversion to joy.
 Oh ! heavy of head, and silent as lead,
 And unbreath'd as the dead, is the person of Age ;
 Not a joint, not a nerve—so prostrate their verve—
 In the contest shall serve, or the feat to engage.
 To leap with the best, or the billow to breast,
 Or the race-prize to wrest, were but effort in vain ;
 On the message of death pours an Egypt of wrath,*
 The fever's hot breath, the dart-shot of pain.
 Ah, desolate eld ! the wretch that is held
 By thy grapple, must yield thee his dearest supplies ;
 The friends of our love at thy call must remove,—
 What boots how they strove from thy bands to arise ?
 They leave us, deplore as it wills us,—our store,
 Our strength at the core, and our vigour of mind ;
 Remembrance forsakes us, distraction o'ertakes us,
 Every love that awakes us, we leave it behind.
 Thou spoiler of grace, that changest the face
 To hasten its race on the route to the tomb,
 To whom nothing is dear, unaffection'd the ear,
 Emotion is sere, and expression is dumb ;
 Of spirit how void, thy passions how cloy'd,
 Thy pith how destroy'd, and thy pleasure how gone !
 To the pang of thy cries not an echo replies,
 Even sympathy dies—and thy helper is none.

* Alluding to the plagues.

We see thee how stripp'd of each bloom that equipp'd
 Thy flourish till nipp'd the winter thy rose ;
 Till the spoiler made bare the scalp of the hair,
 And the ivory * tare from its sockets' repose.
 Thy skinny, thy cold, thy visageless mould,
 Its disgust is untold, and its surface is dim ;
 What a signal of wrack is the wrinkle's dull track,
 And the bend of the back, and the limp of the limb !
 Thou leper of fear—thou niggard of cheer—
 Where glory is dear, shall thy welcome be found ?
 Thou contempt of the brave—oh, rather the grave,
 Than to pine as the slave that thy fetters have bound.
 Like the dusk of the day is thy colour of grey,
 Thou foe of the lay, and thou phantom of gloom ;
 Thou bane of delight—when thy shivering plight,
 And thy grizzle of white, and thy crippleness, come
 To beg at the door ; ah, woe for the poor,
 And the greeting unsure that grudges their bread ;
 All unwelcome they call—from the hut to the hall
 The confession of all is "*'Tis time he were dead!*"

Norman Macleod (Tormaid Ban) composed the clan song of the Mackenzies. He was a farmer of the better class, a native of Assynt† in Sutherland. His son was a Glasgow professor ;‡ and another son was minister of Rogart at the end of last century. The date of "Caberfae" is not exactly ascertained. It was composed during the exile of Lord Seaforth, but before the '45, while Macshimei

* The teeth.

† In Statistical Account said to be of Lochbroom, vol. xiv., p. 79.

‡ Hugh Macleod.

(Lord Lovat) still passed for a Whig. The Seaforth tenantry, who (after the manner of the clans) privately supported their chief in his exile, appear to have been much aggrieved by some proceedings of the loyalist, Monro of Fowlis, who, along with his neighbours of Culloden and Lovat, were probably acting under government commission, in which the interests of the crown were seconded by personal or family antagonism. The loyal family of Sutherland, who seem by grant or lease to have had an interest in the estates, also come in for a share of resentment.

All this forms the subject of "Caberfae," which, without having much meaning or poetry, served, like "Lillibulero," to animate armies, and inflame party spirit. The repetition of "the Staghead, when rises his cabar on," which concludes every strophe, is enough at any time to bring a Mackenzie to his feet, or into the forefront of battle—being an allusion to the Mackenzie crest, allegorised into an emblem of the stag at bay, or ready in his ire to push at his assailant. The cabar is the horn, or rather, the "tine of the first-head,"—no ignoble emblem, certainly, of clannish impetuosity. The difficulty of the measure compels certain metrical freedoms, and the use of some Gaelic words.

CABERFAE.

THE STAGHEAD.*

“ A health to Caberfae,
A toast, and a cheery one,

* Applicable both to the chief and his crest.

That soon return he may,
 Though long and far his tarrying.
 The death of shame befall me,
 Be riven off my eididh * too,
 But my fancy hears thy call—we
 Should all be *up and ready, O!*
 'Tis I have seen thy weapon keen,
 Thine arm, inaction scorning,
 Assign their dues to the Munroes,
 Their *welcome* in the morning.
 Nor stood the Cátach † to his bratach‡
 For dread of a belabouring,
 When up gets the Staghead,
 And raises his cabar on.

“ Woe to the man of Folais,§
 When he to fight must challenge thee ;
 Nor better fared the Roses ||
 That lent *Monro* their valiancy.
 The Granddach ¶ and the Frazer,**
 They tarried not the melee in ;
 Fled Forbes,†† in dismay, sir,
 Culloden-wards, undallying.
 Away they ran, while firm remain,
 Not one to three, retiring so,
 The earl,‡‡ the craven, took to haven,
 Scarce a pistol firing, O !
 Mackay §§ of Spoils, his heart recoils,
 He cries in haste his cabul |||| on,

* Literally, “ *the dress*,” (pron. *eididh*,) *i.e.*, Highland garb, not yet abolished.

† Sutherlanders, or Caithness men.

‡ Banner.

§ *Monro* of Fowlis.

|| Rose of Kilravock and his clan.

¶ Grant of Grant.

** Lovat.

†† Of Culloden.

‡‡ Of Sutherland.

§§ Lord Reay.

|||| Steed. The Celtic “ *Cabul* ” and Latin “ *Caballus* ” correspond.

He flies—as soars the Staghead,
And raises his cabar on.

“ Like feather’d creatures flying,
That in the hill-mist shiver,
In haste for refuge hieing,
To the meadow or the river—
So, port they sought, and took to boat,
Bewailing what had happen’d them,
To trust was rash, the missing flash
Of the rusty guns that weapon’d them.
The coracle of many a skull,
The relics of his neighbour, on,
Monro retreats *—for Staghead
Is raising his cabar on.

“ I own my expectation,—
’Tis this has rous’d my apathy,
That He who rules creation
May change the dismal hap of thee,
And hasten to restore thee
In safety from thy danger,
To thine own, in joy and glory,
To save us from the stranger.
With princely grace to give redress,
Nor a taunt to suffer back again ;
The fell Monro has felt thy blow,
And should he dare attack again,
Then as he flew, he’ll run anew,
The flames to quench he’ll labour on,

* Here the bard is a little obscure ; but he seems to mean that the Monroes made their escape over the skulls of the dead, as if they were boats or coracles by which to cross or get away from danger.

Of castle fired—when Staghead
High raises his caber on !

“ I’ve seen thee o’er the lowly,
A gracious chieftain ever,
The Cátach * self below thee,
And the Gallach * cower’d for cover ;
But ever more their striving,
When claim’d respect thine eye,
Thy scourge corrected, driving
To other lands to fly.
The loyal crew of clansmen true,
No panic fear shall turn them,
With steel-cap, blade, and *skene* array’d,
Their banning foes they spurn them.
Clan-Shimei † then may dare them,
They’ll fly, had each a sabre on,
Needs but a look—when Staghead
Once raises his cabar on.

“ Mounts not the wing a fouler thing,
Than thy vaunted crest, the eagle, ‡ O !
Inglorious chief ! to boast the thief,
That forays with the beagle, O !
For shame ! preferr’d that ravening bird ! §
My song shall raise the mountain-deer ;
The prey he scorns, the carcass spurns,
He loves the cress, the fountain cheer.

* The Caithness and Sutherland men.

† Lovat’s men.

‡ The eagle being the crest of the Monro.

§ The *eagle* ; the crest of Monro of Fowlis. The filthy and cruel habits of this predatory bird are here contrasted with the forest-manners of the stag in a singular specimen of clan vituperation.

His lodge is in the forest ;—
 While carrion-flesh enticing
 The greedy maw, thou buriest
 Thou kite of prey ! thy claws in
 The putrid corse of famish'd horse,
 The greedy hound a-striving
 To rival thee in gluttony,
 Both at the bowels riving.
 Thou called the *true bird* ! *—Never,
 Thou foster child of evil, † ha !
 How ill match with thy feather ‡
 The talons § of thy devilry !
 But when thy foray preys on
 Our harmless flocks so dastardly,
 How often has the shepherd
 With trusty baton master'd thee ;
 Well in thy fright hast timed thy flight,
 Else not alone belabouring,
 He'd gored thee with the Staghead,
 Up-raising his cabar on.||

“ Woe worth the world, deceiver—
 So false, so fair of seeming !
 We've seen the noble Siphort ¶
 With all his war-notes ** screaming ;

* *Fioreun*, the name of the eagle, signifying true bird.

† Literally—Accursed by Moses, or the Mosaic law.

‡ The single eagle's feather crested the chieftain's bonnet.

§ Literally—If thy feather is noble, thy claws are (of) the devil !

|| This picture of the eagle is not much for edification—nor another hit at the lion of the Macdonalds, then at feud with the Seaforth. The former is abridged, and the latter omitted ; as also a lively detail of the *creagh*, in which the Monroes are reproached with their spoilages of cheese, butter, and winter-mart beef.

¶ Seaforth.

** Literally—Bagpipes.

When not a chief in Albain,
 Mac-Ailein's * self though backing him,
 Could face his frown—as Staghead
 Arose with his cabar on.

“ To join thy might, when call'd the right,
 A gallant army springing on,
 Would rise, from Assint to the crags
 Of Scalpa, rescue bringing on.
 Each man upon, true-flinted gun,
 Steel glaive, and trusty dagaichean ;
 With the Island Lord of Sleitè, †
 When up rose thy cabar on !

“ Come too the men of Muideart, ‡
 While stream'd their flag its bravery
 Their gleaming weapons, blue-dyed,
 That havoc'd on the cavalry.
 Macalister, || Mackinnon,
 With many a flashing trigger there,
 The foemen rushing in on,
 Resistless show'd their vigour there.
 May fortune free thee—may we see thee
 Again in Bràun, ¶ the turreted,
 Girt with thy clan ! And not a man
 But will get the scorn he merited.

* Macallamore : Argyle.

† Macdonald of Sleat.

‡ Clanranald's country.

§ Literally—Of blue steel.

|| Mac-Mhic-Alister, the patronymic of Glengarry.

¶ Castle Brahan, Seaforth's seat.

Then wine will play, and usquebae
From flaggons, and from badalan,*
And pipers scream—when Staghead
High raises his cabar on.”

Alexander Macdonald, who has been termed the Byron of Highland Bards, was born on the farm of Dalilea, in Moidart. His father was a nonjuring clergyman of the same name; hence the poet is popularly known as *Mac-aistir-Alaister*, or Alexander the parson's son. The precise date of his birth is unknown, but he seems to have been born about the first decade of the last century. He was employed as a catechist, and published a vocabulary, for the use of Gaelic schools. This work, which was the first of the kind in the language, was published at Edinburgh in 1741. Macdonald was subsequently elected schoolmaster of Ardnamurchan, and ordained an elder in the parish church. But the most eventful part of his life was yet to come. On the tidings of the landing of Prince Charles Edward, he awoke his muse to excite a rising, buckled on his broadsword, and to complete his duty to his Prince, apostatized to the Catholic religion. In the army of the Prince he bore an officer's commission. At the close of the Rebellion, he at first sought shelter in Borrodale and Arisaig; he afterwards proceeded to Edinburgh, with the view of teaching children in the Jacobite connection. The latter course was attended with this advantage; it enabled him by subscription to

* *Gaelic*—Barrels of liquor, properly *bùidealan*.

print a volume of Gaelic poetry, which contains all his best productions. Returning to his native district, he attempted farming without success, and ultimately he became dependent on the liberality of his relations. He died sometime subsequent to the middle of the century. He composed a large quantity of poetry, embracing the descriptive, in which his reading made him largely a borrower; the lyrical in which he excelled; the satirical, in which he was personal and licentious; and the Jacobitical, in which he issued forth treason. "The Lion of Macdonald" was suggested by the success of "Caberfae." It proceeds thus:

THE LION OF MACDONALD.

"Awake, thou first of creatures! Indignant in their frown,
 Let the flag unfold the features that the heather * blossoms crown;
 Arise, and lightly mount thy crest while flap thy flanks in air,
 And I will follow thee the best, that I may dow or dare.
 Yes, I will sing the Lion-King o'er all the tribes victorious,
 To living thing may not concede thy meed and actions glorious;
 How oft thy noble head has woke thy valiant men to battle,
 As panic o'er their spirit broke, and rued the foe their mettle!
 Is there, thy praise to underrate, in very thought presuming,
 O'er crested chieftainry † thy state, O thou, of right assuming?
 I see thee, on thy silken flag, in rampant ‡ glory streaming,
 As life inspired their firmness thy planted hind feet seeming.
 The standard tree is proud of thee, its lofty sides embracing,
 Anon, unfolding, to give forth thy grandeur airy space in.

* The clan badge is a tuft of heather.

† The Macdonalds claimed the right wing in battle.

‡ A lion rampant is their cognisance; gules.

A following of the trustiest are cluster'd by thy side,
 And woe, their flaming visages of crimson, who shall bide ?
 The heather and the blossom are pledges of their faith,
 And the foe that shall assail them, is destined to the death.

Was not a dearth of mettle among thy native kind ?
 They were foremost in the battle, nor in the chase behind.
 Their arms of fire wreak'd out their ire, their shields emboss'd with
 gold,
 And the thrusting of their venom'd points upon the foeman told ;
 O deep and large was every gash that mark'd their manly vigour,
 And irresistible the flash that lighten'd round their trigger ;
 And woe, when play'd the dark blue blade, the thick back'd sharp
 Ferrara,

Though plied its might by stripling hand, it cut into the marrow.

Clan Colla,* let them have their due, thy true and gallant follow-
 ing,
 Strength, kindness, grace, and clannishness, their lofty spirit hal-
 lowing.

Hot is their ire as flames aspire, the whirling March winds fanning
 them,

Yet search their hearts, no blemish'd parts are found all eyes though
 scanning them.

They rush elate to stern debate, the battle call has never
 Found tardy cheer or craven fear, or grudge the prey to sever.

Ah, fell their wrath ! The dance † of death sends legs and arms a
 flying,

And thick the life-blood's reek ascends of the downfallen and the
 dying.

* Their original patronymic, from, we suppose, *Old King Coul*; Coll, or Colla, is a common name in the tribe.

† The "Mire Chatta," or battle-dance, denotes the frenzy, supposed to animate the combatants, during the period of excitement.

Clandonuil, still my darling theme, is the prime of every clan,
 How oft the heady war in, has it chased where thousands ran !
 O ready, bold, and venom full, these native warriors brave,
 Like adders coiling on the hill, they dart with stinging glaive ;
 Nor wants their course the speed, the force,—nor wants their gallant
 stature,

This of the rock, that of the flock that skim along the water,
 Like whistle shriek the blows they strike, as the torrent of the fell,
 So fierce they gush—the moor flames' rush their ardour symbols
 well.

Clandonuil's* root when crown each shoot of sapling, branch, and
 stem,

What forest fair shall e'er compare in stately pride with them ?
 Their gathering might, what legion wight, in rivalry, has dar'd ;
 Or to ravish from their Lion's face a bristle of his beard ?
 What limbs were wrench'd, what furrows drench'd, in that cloud
 burst of steel,

That atoned the provocation, and smok'd from head to heel,
 While cry and shriek of terror break the field of strife along,
 And stranger † notes are wailing the slaughter'd heaps among.

Where from the kingdom's breadth and length might other muster
 gather,

So flush in spirit, firm in strength, the stress of arms to weather ?
 Steel to the core, that evermore to expectation true,
 Like gallant deer-hounds from the slip, or like an arrow flew,
 Where deathful strife was calling, and sworded files were closed
 Was sapping breach the wall in of the ranks that stood oppos'd,

* The clan consisted of many septs, whose rights of precedence are not quite ascertained ; as Sleat, Clanronald, Glengarry, Keppoch, and Glencoe.

† *Liz*. Lowland or stranger. Killiecrankie and Sheriff Muir, not to mention Innerlochy and Tippermuir, must have blended the dying shrieks of Lowlander with the triumphant shouts of the Gael. The image is a fine one.

And thirsty brands were hot for blood, and quivering to be on,
And with the whistle of the blade was sounding many a groan.

O from the sides of Albyn, full thousands would be proud,
The natives of her mountains grey, around the tree to crowd,
Where stream the colours flying, and frown the features grim,
Of your emblem lion with his staunch and crimson * limb.
Up, up, be bold, quick be unroll'd, the gathering of your levy, †
Let every step bound forth a leap, and every hand be heavy ;
The furnace of the melee where burn your swords the best,
Eschew not, to the rally where blaze your streamers, haste !
That silken sheet, by death strokes fleet, and strong defenders
mann'd,—
Dismays the flutter of its leaves the chosen of the land.

Macdonald's "Praise of Morag" is the "Faust" of Gaelic poetry, incommunicable except to the native reader, and, like that composition, an untranslatable tissue of tenderness, sublimity, and mocking ribaldry. The heroine is understood to have been a young person of virtue and beauty, in the humbler walks of life, who was quite unappropriated, except by the imagination of the poet, and whose fame has passed into the Phillis or Amaryllis *ideal* of Highland accomplishment and grace. Macdonald was married to a scold, and though his actual relations with Morag were of the Platonic kind, he was persuaded to a retractation, entitled the "Disparagement of Morag," which is sometimes recited as a companion piece.

* The armorial emblem was gules.

† Prince Charles Edward was expected.

URLAR.

" O that I were the shaw in,*
 When Morag was there,
 Lots to be drawing
 For the prize of the fair !
 Mingling in your glee,
 Merry maidens ! We
 Rollicking would be
 The flow'rets along ;
 Time would pass away
 In the oblivion of our play,
 As we cropp'd the primrose gay,
 The rock-clefts among ;
 Then in mock we'd fight,
 Then we'd take to flight,
 Then we'd lose us quite,
 Where the cliffs overhung.

Like the dew-drop blue
 In the mist of morn,
 So thine eye, and thy hue
 Put the blossom to scorn.
 All beauties they shower
 On thy person their dower ;
 Above is the flower,
 Beneath is the stem ;
 'Tis a sun 'mid the gleamers,
 'Tis a star 'mid the streamers,

* We must suppose some sylvan social occupation, as oak-peeling or the like, in which Morag and her associates had been employed.

'Mid the flower-buds it shimmers
 The foremost of them !
 Darkens eye-sight at thy ray !
 As we wonder, still we say
 Can it be a thing of clay
 We see in that gem.

Since thy first feature
 Sparkled before me,
 Fair ! not a creature
 Was like thy glory.*

SIUBHAL.

“ Away with all, away with all,
 Away with all but Morag,
 A maid whose grace and mensefulness
 Still carries all before it.
 You shall not find her marrow,
 For beauty without furrow,
 Though you search the islands thorough
 From Muile † to the Lewis ;
 So modest is each feature,
 So void of pride her nature,
 And every inch of stature
 To perfect grace so true is. ‡
 * * * *
 O that drift, like a pillow,
 We madden to share it ;

* Here follows a catalogue of rival beauties, with satirical descriptions. Cowley has such a list, which may possibly have been in the poet's eye.

† Mull.

‡ Morag's beauties are so exquisite, that all Europe, nay, the Pope, would be inflamed to behold them. The passage is omitted, though worthy of the satiric vein of Mephistopheles.

O that white of the lily,
 'Tis passion to near it ;
 Every charm in a cluster,
 The rose adds its lustre—
 Can it be but such muster
 Should banish the Spirit !

URLAR.

“ We would strike the note of joy
 In the morning,
 The dawn with its orangery
 The hill-tops adorning.
 To bush and fell resorting,
 While the shades conceal'd our courting,
 Would not be lack of sporting
 Or gleeful *phrenesie* ;
 Like the roebuck and his mate,
 In their woodland haunts elate
 The race we would debate
 Around the tendril tree.”

SIUBHAL.

“ Thou bright star of maidens,
 A beam without haze,
 No murkiness saddens,
 No disk-spot bewrays.
 The swan-down to feeling,
 The snow of the gaillin,*
 Thy limbs all excelling,
 Unite to amaze.

* The gannet, or the *stranger-bird*, from his foreign derivation and periodic visits to the Islands.

The queen, I would name thee,
 Of maidenly muster ;
 Thy stem is so seemly,
 So rich is its cluster
 Of members complete,
 Adroit at each feat,
 And thy temper so sweet,
 Without banning or bluster.
 My grief has press'd on
 Since the vision of Morag,
 As the heavy millstone
 On the cross-tree that bore it.
 In vain the world over,
 Seek her match may the rover ;
 A shaft, thy poor lover,
 First struck overpowering.

“ When thy ringlets of gold,
 With the crooks of their fold,
 Thy neck-wards were roll'd
 All weavy and showering.
 Like stars that are ring'd,
 Like gems that are string'd
 Are those locks, while, as wing'd
 From the sun, blends a ray
 Of his yellowest beams ;
 And the gold of his gleams
 Behold how he streams
 'Mid those tresses to play.
 In thy limbs like the canna.*

* A snowy grass, well known in the moors.

Thy cinnamon kiss,
 Thy bright kirtle, we ken a
 New phœnix of bliss.
 In thy sweetness of tone,
 All the woman we own,
 Nor a sneer nor a frown
 On thy features appear ;
 When the crowd is in motion
 For Sabbath devotion,*
 As an angel, arose on
 Their vision, my fair
 With her meekness of grace,
 And the flakes of her dress,
 As they stream, might express
 Such loveliness there.
 When endow'd at thy birth
 We marvel that earth
 From its mould, should yield worth
 Of a fashion so rare.

URLAR.

“ I never dream'd would sink
 On a peak that mounts world's brink,
 Of sunlight, such a blink,
 Morag ! as thine.
 As the charmings of a spell,
 Working in their cell,
 So diſsolves the heart where dwell
 Thy graces divine.

* *Lit.* On the day of devotion.

SIUBHAL.

“ Come, counsel me, my comrades,
 While dizzy fancy lingers,
 Did ever flute become, lads,
 The motion of such fingers? *
 Did ever isle or Mor-hir, †
 Or see or hear, before her,
 Such gracefulness, adore her
 Yet, woes me, how concealing
 From her I’ve wedded, dare I?
 Still, homeward bound, I tarry,
 And Jeanie’s eye is weary,
 Her truant unrevealing.
 The glow of love I feel,
 Not all the linns of Sheil,
 Nor Cruachan’s snow avail
 Too cool to congealing. . . .

CRUNLUATH.

“ My very brain is humming, sirs,
 As a swarm of bees were bumming, sirs,
 And I fear distraction’s coming, sirs,
 My passion such a flame is.
 My very eyes are blinding, sirs,
 Scarce giant mountains finding, sirs,
 Nor height nor distance minding, sirs,
 The crag, as Corrie, tame is.” . . .

John Roy Stuart was an officer in the Jacobite army of 1745. He was the son of a farmer in Strathspey, who gave

* Here Morag’s musical performance on the flute, forms the subject of a panegyric in which Urlar, Siubhal, and Crunluath are imitated.

† The mainland, or *terra firma*, is called Morir by the islanders.

him a good education, and procured him a commission in a Highland regiment, which at the period served in Flanders. His military experiences abroad proved serviceable in the cause to which he afterwards devoted himself. In the army of Prince Charles Edward, he was entrusted with important commands at Gladsmuir, Clifton, Falkirk, and Culloden; and he was deemed of sufficient consequence to be pursued by the Government with an amount of vigilance which rendered his escape almost miraculous. An able military commander, he was an excellent poet. His "Lament for Lady Macintosh" has supplied one of the most beautiful airs in Highland music.* In the second of his pieces on the battle of Culloden, the lamentation for the absence of the missing clans, and the night march to the field, are executed with the skill and address of a genuine bard, while the story of the battle is recited with the fervour of an honourable partisan. Stuart died abroad in circumstances not differing from those of the best and bravest, who were engaged in his ill-fated enterprise.

THE DAY OF CULLODEN.

" Ah, the wound of my breast ! Sinks my heart to the dust,
 And the rain-drops of sorrow are watering the ground ;
 So impassive to hear, never pierces my ear,
 Or briskly or slowly, the music of sound.
 For, what tidings can charm, while emotion is warm
 With the thought of my Prince on his travel unknown ;

* See the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's Collection, No. 106

The royal in blood, by misfortune subdued,
 While the base-born * by hosts is secured on the throne?
 Of the hound is the race that has wrought our disgrace,
 Yet the boast of the litter of mongrels is small,
 Not the arm of your might makes it boast of our flight,
 But the musters that failed at the moment of call—
 Five banners were furl'd that might challenge the world,
 Of their silk not a pennon was spread to the day;
 Where is Cromarty's earl, with the fearless of peril,
 Young Barisdale's following, Mackinnon's array?
 Where the sons of the glen,† the Clan-Gregor, in vain
 That never were hail'd to the carnage of war—
 Where Macvurich,‡ the child of victory styled?
 How we sigh'd when we learn'd that his host was afar!
 Clan-donuil,§ my bosom friend, woe that the blossom
 That crests your proud standard, for once disappear'd,
 Nor marshal'd your march, where your princely deserts
 Without stain might the cause of the right have uprear'd!
 And now I say woe, for the sad overthrow
 Of the clan that is honour'd with Frazer's|| command,
 And the Farquharsons¶ bold on the Mar-braes enroll'd,
 So ready to rise, and so trusty to stand.

* George the First's Queen was a divorcée. The Jacobites retorted the alleged spuriousness of the Chevalier de St George, on George II., the reigning sovereign.

† *Glengyle*, and his Macgregors, were on their way from the Sutherland expedition, but did not reach in time to take part in the action.

‡ Macpherson of Cluny, the hero of the night skirmish at Clifton, and, with his clan, greatly distinguished in the Jacobite wars.

§ Macdonald of the Isles refused to join the Prince.

|| Of the routed army, the division whereof the Frazers formed the greater number fled to Inverness. Being the least considerable in force, they were pursued by the Duke of Cumberland's light horse, and almost entirely massacred.

¶ The Farquharsons formed part of the unfortunate right wing in the battle, and suffered severely.

But redoubled are shed my tears for the dead,
 As I think of Clan-chattan,* the foremost in fight ;
 Oh, woe for the time that has shrivell'd their prime,
 And woe that the left † had not stood at the right !
 Our sorrows bemoan gentle Donuil the Donn,
 And Alister Rua the king of the feast ;
 And valorous Raipert the chief of the true-heart,
 Who fought till the beat of its energy ceased.
 In the mist of that night vanish'd stars that were bright,
 Nor by tally nor price shall their worth be replaced ;
 Ah, boded the morning of our brave unreturning,
 When it drifted the clouds in the rush of its blast.
 As we march'd on the hill, such the floods that distil,
 Turning dry bent to bog, and to splash-pools the heather,
 That friendly no more was the ridge of the moor,
 Nor free to our tread, and the ire of the weather
 Anon was inflamed by the lightning untamed,
 And the hail rush that storm'd from the mouth of the gun,
 Hard pelted the stranger, ere we measured our danger,
 And broadswords were masterless, marr'd, and undone. ‡
 Sure as answers my song to its title, a wrong
 To our forces, the wiles of the traitor § have wrought ;

* The Mackintoshes, whose impetuosity hurried the right wing into action before the order to engage had been transmitted over the lines. They were of course the principal sufferers.

† An allusion to the provocation given to the Macdonalds of Clanranald, Glen-garry, and Keppoch, by being deprived of their usual position—the right wing. Their motions are supposed to have been tardy in consequence. The poet was himself in the right wing.

‡ The unfortunate night-march of the Highlanders is described with historic truth and great poetic effect.

§ Roy Stuart lived and died in the belief (most unfounded, it seems), that Lord George Murray was bribed and his army betrayed.

To each true man's disgust, the leader in trust
 Has barter'd his honour, and infamy bought.
 His gorget he spurns, and his mantle* he turns,
 And for gold he is won, to his sovereign untrue ;
 But a turn of the wheel to the liar will deal,
 From the south or the north, the award of his due,
 And fell William,† the son of the man on the throne,
 Be his emblem the leafless, the marrowless tree ;
 May no sapling his root, and his branches no fruit
 Afford to his hope ; and his hearth, let it be
 As barren and bare—not a partner to share,
 Not a brother to love, not a babe to embrace ;
 Mute the harp, and the taper be smother'd in vapour,
 Like Egypt, the darkness and loss of his race !
 Oh, yet shall the eye see thee swinging on high,
 And thy head shall be pillow'd where ravens shall prey,
 And the lieges each one, from the child to the man,
 The monarch by right shall with fondness obey."

William Ross, the Bard of Gairloch, and the Burns of the Gaelic Highlands, was born at Broadford, in the island of Skye, in 1762. He received his school education at Forres, whither his parents removed during his youth, and obtained his poetical training among the wilds of Highland scenery, which he visited with his father, who subsisted as a pedlar. Acquiring a knowledge of the classics and of general learning, he was found qualified for the situation of parish schoolmaster of Gairloch. He died at Gairloch in

* Military orders received from the Court of St Germain's.

† The Duke of Cumberland.

1790, at the early age of twenty-eight. Ross celebrated the praises of whisky (*uisg-bea*) in several lyrics, which continue popular among the Gael; but the chief theme of his inspiration was "Mary Ross," a fair Hebridean, whose coldness and ultimate desertion proved fatal to the too susceptible bard.

THE HIGHLAND MAY.

“ Let the maids of the Lowlands
 Vaunt their silks and their Hollands,
 In the garb of the Highlands
 Oh give me my dear !
 Such a figure for grace !
 For the Loves such a face !
 And for lightness the pace
 That the grass shall not stir.

* * * * *

“ Lips of cherry confine
 Teeth of ivory shine,
 And with blushes combine
 To keep us in thrall.
 Thy converse exceeding
 All eloquent pleading,
 Thy voice never needing
 To rival the fall
 Of the music of art,—
 Steal their way to the heart,
 And resistless impart
 Their enchantment to all.

“ When *Beltane* is over,
And summer joys hover,
With thee a glad rover
 I’ll wander along,
Where the harp-strings of nature
Are strung by each creature,
And the sleep shall be sweeter
 That lulls to their song,
There, bounding together,
On the lawn of the heather,
And free from the tether,
 The heifers shall throng.

“ There shall pasture the ewes,
There the spotted goats browse,
And the kids shall arouse
 In their madness of play ;
They shall butt, they shall fight,
They shall emulate flight,
They shall break with delight
 O’er the mountains away.
And there shall my Mary
With her faithful one tarry,
And never be weary
 In the hollows to stray,

“ While a concert shall cheer us,
For the bushes are near us ;
And the birds shall not fear us,
 We’ll harbour so still.

Strains the mavis his throat,
Lends the cuckoo her note,
And the world is forgot
By the side of the hill."

Lachlan Macvurich, known by his territorial designation of "Strathmassie," lived during nearly eighty years of the last century, and died towards its close. His proper patronymic was Macpherson. He was a favourite tenant of the chief of Cluny, and continued to enjoy the benefit of his lease of a large farm in Badenoch, after the misfortunes of the family, and forfeiture of their estate. He was very intimate with his clansman, James Macpherson, who has identified his own fame so immortally with that of Ossian. Lachlan had the reputation of being his Gaelic tutor, and was certainly his fellow-traveller during the preparation of his work. In the specimens of his poetical talents which are preserved, "Strathmassie" evinces the command of good Gaelic, though there is nothing to indicate his power of being at all serviceable to his namesake in that fabrication of imagery, legends, and sentiments, which, in the opinion of many, constitutes all that we have in the name of Ossian. The brave chief of Cluny, after lingering long on the heights of Benalder, where he entertained his unfortunate prince during some of the last days of the adventurer's wandering, at length took shipping for France, amidst the tears and regrets of a clan that loved him with the fondest devotion. "Strathmassie" seems to have caught, in the following verses,

some characteristic traits of his chief, in whom peaceful dispositions were remarkably blended with the highest courage in warfare.

“ Oh, many a true Highlander, many a liegeman,
 Is blank on the roll of the brave in our land ;
 And bare as its heath is the dark mountain region,
 Of its own and its prince’s defenders unmann’d.
 The hound’s death abhorr’d, some have died by the cord,
 And the axe with the best of our blood is defiled,
 And e’en to the visions of hope unrestored,
 Some have gone from among us, for ever exiled.

“ He is gone from among us, our chieftain of Cluny ;
 At the back of the steel, a more valiant ne’er stood ;
 Our father, our champion, bemoan we, bemoan we !
 In battle, the brilliant ; in friendship, the good.
 When the sea shut him from us, then the cross of our trial
 Was hung on the mast and was swung in the wind :
 ‘ Woe the worth we have sepulchred ! ’ now is the cry all ;
 ‘ Save the shade of a memory, is nothing behind.’

“ What symbols may match our brave chief’s animation ?
 When his wrath was awake, ’twas a furnace in glow ;
 As a surge on the rock struck his bold indignation,
 As the breach to the wall was his arm to the foe.
 So the tempest comes down, when it lends in its fury
 To the frown of its darkness the rattling of hail ;
 So rushes the land-flood in turmoil and hurry,
 So bickers the hill-flame when fed by the gale.

“ Yet gentle as Peace was the flower of his race,
 Rare was shade on his face, as dismay in his heart ;

The brawl and the scuffle he deem'd a disgrace,
 But the hand to the brand was as ready to start.
 Who could grapple with him in firmness of limb
 And sureness of sinew? and—for the stout blow—
 'Twas the scythe to the swathe in the meadows of death,
 Where numbers were levell'd as fast and as low.

“ Ever loyal to reason, we've seen him appeasing
 With a wave of one hand the confusion of strife ;
 With the other unsheathing his sword, and, unbreathing,
 Following on for the right in the havoc of life.
 To the wants of the helpless, the wail of the weak,
 His hand aye was open, his arm was aye strong ;
 And under yon sun, not a tongue can bespeak
 His word or his deed that was blemish'd with wrong.”

James M'Laggan was the son of a small farmer at Ballechin, in the parish of Logierait, Perthshire, where he was born in 1728. Educated at the University of St Andrews, he received license as a probationer of the Established Church. Through the influence of the Duke of Atholl, he was appointed to the chapel of ease, at Amulree, in Perthshire, and subsequently to the chaplainship of the 42d Regiment, his commission to the latter office bearing date the 15th of June 1764. His predecessor in the chaplainship was Dr Adam Ferguson, author of the “History of the Roman Republic,” who was also a native of Logierait.

Than Mr M'Laggan, few could have been better qualified for the duties of chaplain to a Highland regiment. He was

intimately conversant with the language, character, and partialities of the Gael, and was possessed of much military ardour, as well as Christian devotedness. He accompanied the regiment to America, and was present in several skirmishes during the War of Independence. Anecdotes are still recounted of the humour and spirit with which he maintained an influence over the minds of his flock; and Stewart, in his "History of the Highlands," has described him as having essentially contributed to form the character of the Highland soldier, then in the novitiate of his loyalty and efficiency in the national service. In 1776, while stationed with his regiment in Glasgow, he had the freedom of the city conferred on him by the corporation. After discharging the duties of military chaplain during a period of twenty-four years, he was in 1788 presented by the Duke of Atholl to the parish of Blair-Athole, Perthshire. He died in 1805, in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

A pious and exemplary clergyman, Mr M'Laggan is still kindly remembered in the scene of his parochial ministrations. An accomplished Gaelic scholar, and with a strong admiration of the poetry of the Gael, he recovered, from the recitation of many aged persons, large portions of the poetry of Ossian, prior to the publication of the collections of Macpherson.* He composed some spirited Gaelic lyrics during the period of his connection with the army, but the

* Macpherson afterwards consulted Mr M'Laggan's "Collection of Ossianic Remains" (*see* report on Ossian, App. 153).

greater portion of his poetry still remains in MS. A collection of Gaelic songs under his editorial superintendence was published anonymously. Mr M'Laggan was of fair and ruddy complexion, and was under the middle stature. He was fond of humour, and his dispositions were singularly benevolent. In youth, he was remarkable for his skill in athletic exercises. He married a daughter of the Rev. James Stewart, minister of Killin, the originator of the translation of the Scriptures into the Gaelic language. Of a family of four sons and three daughters, one son and two daughters still survive; his eldest son, the Rev. James M'Laggan, D.D., was successively minister of the parishes of Auchtergaven and Kinfauns, in Perthshire, and ultimately Professor of Divinity in the Free Church, Aberdeen. In the "Song of the Royal Highland Regiment" we present a specimen of M'Laggan's minstrelsy.

“ For success, a prayer, with a farewell, bear
 To the warriors dear of the muir and the valley—
 The lads that convene in their plaiding of green,
 With the curtal coat, and the sweeping *eil-e*.
 In their belts array'd, where the dark blue blade
 Is hung, with the dirk at the side ;
 When the sword is at large, and uplifted the targe,
 Ha ! not a foe the boys will abide.

“ The followers in peril of Ian the Earl,
 The race of the wight of hand ;
 Sink the eyes of the foe, of the friend's mounts the glow,
 When the Murdoch's high blood takes command.

With Loudon to lead ye, the wise and the steady,
 The daring in fight and the glorious,
 Like the lightning ye'll rush, with the sword's bright flash,
 And return to your mountains victorious.

“ Oh, sons of the Lion ! your watch is the wild-lands,
 The garb of the Highlands is mingled with blue,
 Though the target and bosses are bright in the Highlands,
 The axe in your hands might be blunted well, too.
 Then forward—and see ye be huntsmen true,
 And, as erst the red deer felling,
 So fell ye the Gaul, and so strike ye all
 The tribes in the backwoods dwelling.

“ Where ocean is roaring, let top-sails be towering,
 And sails to the motion of helm be flying ;
 Though high as the mountain, or smooth as the fountain,
 Or fierce as the boiling floods angrily crying ;
 Though the tide with a stroke be assailing the rock,
 Oh, once let the pibroch's wild signal be heard,
 Then the waves will come bending in dimples befriending,
 And beckoning the friends of their country on board.
 The ocean-tide's swelling, its fury is quelling,
 In salute of thunder proclaiming your due ;
 And, methinks, that the hum of a welcome is come,
 And is warbling the Jorram to you.

“ When your levy is landed, oh, bright as the pearls
 Shall the strangers who welcome you, gladly and greeting
 Speak beautiful thoughts ; aye, the beautiful girls
 From their eyes shall the tears o'er the ruby be meeting,
 And encounter ye, praying, from the storm and the slaying,
 ‘ From the stranger, the enemy, save us, oh, save !

From rapine and plunder, O tear us asunder,—
Our noble defenders are ever the brave !’

“ ‘ If the fondest ye of true lovers be,’
So cries each trembling beauty,
‘ Be bold in the fight, and give transport’s delight
To your friends and the fair, by your duty.’
‘ Oh, yes !’ shall the beautiful hastily cry ;
‘ Oh, yes !’ in a word, shall the valiant reply ;
‘ By our womanly faith we pledge you for both,
For where’er we contract, and where’er we betroth,
We vow with the daring to die !’

“ Faithful to trust is the lion-like host
Whom the dawn of their youth doth inure
To hunger’s worst ire, and to action’s bold fire,
And to ranging the wastes of the moor.
Accustom’d so well to each enterprise snell,
Be the chase or the warfare their quarry ;
Aye ever they fight the best, for the right
To the strike of the swords, when they hurry.”

One of the most learned of the modern Gaelic song-writers, Evan Maclachlan, was born in 1775, in a small hut called Torracaltuin, in the district of Lochaber. After struggling with many difficulties in obtaining the means of education, he qualified himself for the duties of an itinerating tutor. In this capacity it was his good fortune to live in the families of the substantial tenantry of the district, two of whom, the farmers at Clunes and Glen Pean, were led to evince an especial interest in his welfare. The

localities of those early patrons he has celebrated in his poetry. Another patron, the Chief of Glengarry, supplied funds to enable him to proceed to the university, and he was fortunate in gaining, by competition, a bursary or exhibition at King's College, Aberdeen. For a Greek ode, on the generation of light, he gained the prize granted for competition to the King's College by the celebrated Dr Claudius Buchanan. Having held, during a period of years, the office of librarian in King's College, he was in 1819 elected master of the grammar school of Old Aberdeen. His death took place on the 29th March 1822, and his remains were interred at Killeraodairn, Ardgour. In the churchyard of Fort William a handsome obelisk has been erected to his memory. To the preparation of a Gaelic dictionary he had devoted the most important part of his life. Subsequent to his decease, this work was published in two quarto volumes, by the Highland Society, under the editorial care of Dr Mackay, formerly of Dunoon. The chief amusement of Maclachlan's leisure hours was executing translations of Homer into Gaelic. His translation of the third book of the Iliad has been printed. Of his powers as a Gaelic poet, an estimate may be formed from the following specimens. The first stanza of "The Melody of Love" was the composition of a lady. Maclachlan completed the poems in Gaelic, and afterwards produced this version of the whole in English :

- “ Not a swan on the lake, or the foam on the shore,
 Can compare with the charms of the maid I adore :
 Not so white is the new milk that flows o’er the pail,
 Or the snow that is shower’d from the boughs of the vale.
- “ As the cloud’s yellow wreath on the mountain’s high brow,
 The locks of my fair one redundantly flow ;
 Her cheeks have the tint that the roses display
 When they glitter with dew on the morning of May.
- “ As the planet of Venus that gleams o’er the grove,
 Her blue rolling eyes are the symbols of love :
 Her pearl-circled bosom diffuses bright rays,
 Like the moon when the stars are bedimm’d with her blaze.
- “ The mavis and lark, when they welcome the dawn,
 Make a chorus of joy to resound through the lawn :
 But the mavis is tuneless, the lark strives in vain,
 When my beautiful charmer renews her sweet strain.
- “ When summer bespangles the landscape with flowers,
 While the thrush and the cuckoo sing soft from the bowers,
 Through the wood-shaded windings with Bella I’ll rove,
 And feast unrestrain’d on the smiles of my love.”

The verses entitled “The Mavis of the Clan,” are allegorical. In the character of a song-bird the bard relates the circumstances of his nativity, the simple habits of his progenitors, and his own rural tastes and recreations from infancy, giving the first place to the delights of melody. He proceeds to give an account of his flight to a strange but hospitable region, where he continued to sing his songs among the birds, the flocks, the streams, and cultivated

fields of the land of his sojourn. This piece is founded upon a common usage of the Gaelic bards, several of whom assume the allegorical character of the "Mavis" of their own clan. Thus we have the Mavis of Clan-ranald by Mac-Vaistir-Allister—of Macdonald (of Sleat) by Mac Codrum—of Macleod, and many others.

“ Clan Lachlan’s tuneful mavis, I sing on the branches early,
 And such my love of song, I sleep but half the night-tide rarely ;
 No raven I, of greedy maw, no kite of bloody beak,
 No bird of devastating claw, but a woodland songster meek.
 I love the apple’s infant bloom ; my ancestry have fared
 For ages on the nourishment the orchard hath prepared :
 Their hey-day was the summer, their joy the summer’s dawn,
 And their dancing-floor it was the green leaf’s velvet lawn ;
 Their song was the carol that defiance bade to care,
 And their breath of life it was the summer’s balmiest air.

“ When first my morn of life was born, the Pean’s* silver stream
 Glanced in my eye, and then there lent my view their kinder gleam,
 The flowers that fringed its side, where, by the fragrant breezes lull’d,
 As in a cradle-bed I lay, and all my woes were still’d.
 But changes will come over us, and now a stranger I
 Among the glades of Cluaran† must imp my wings and fly ;
 Yet gratitude forbid complaint, although in foreign grove,
 Since welcome to my haunt I come, and there in freedom rove.

“ By every song-bird charm’d, my ear is fed the livelong day,
 Now from the hollow’s deepest dell, now from the topmost spray,

* The stream that flows through Glen Pean.

† The Gaelic name of Clunes, where the bard was entertained for many years of his tutor life.

The comrades of my lay, they tune their wild notes for my pleasure,
And I, can I refrain to swell their diapason's measure?

With its own clusters loaded, with its rich foliage dress'd,
Each bough is hanging down, and each shapely stem depress'd,
While nestle their inhabitants, a feather'd tuneful choir,
That in the strife of song breathe forth a flame of minstrel fire.

O happy tribe of choristers ! no interruption mars
The concert of your harmony, nor ever harshly jars
A string of all your harping, nor of your voices trill
Notes that are weak for tameness, that are for sharpness shrill.

“ The sun is on his flushing march, his golden hair abroad,
It seems as on the mountain's side of beams a furnace glow'd,
Now melts the honey from all flowers, and now a dew o'erspreads
(A dew of fragrant blessedness) all the grasses of the meads.
Nor least in my remembrance is my country's flowering heather,
Whose russet crest, nor cold, nor sun, nor sweep of gale may wither ;
Dear to my eye the symbol wild, that loves like me the side
Of my own Highland mountains that I climb in love and pride.

“ Dear tribes of Nature ! co-mates ye of Nature's wandering son—
I hail the lambs that on the floor of milky pastures run,
I hail the mother flocks, that wrapp'd in their mantle of fleece,
Defy the landward tempest's roar, and defy the seaward breeze.
The streams they drink are waters of the ever-gushing well,
Those streams, oh, how they wind around the swellings of the dell !
The flowers they browse are mantles spread o'er pastures wide and far,
As mantle o'er the firmament the stars, each flower a star !
I will not name each sister beam, but clustering there I see
The beauty of the purple-bell, the daisy of the lea.

“ Of every hue I mark them, the many-spotted kine,
The dun, the brindled, and the dark, and blends the bright its shine ;

And, 'mid the Highlands rude, I see the frequent furrows swell,
With the barley and the corn that Scotland loves so well.

* * * * *

“ And now I close my clannish lay with blessings on the shade
That bids the mavis sing her song, well nurtured, undismay'd ;
The shade where bloom and cresses, and the ear-honey'd heather,
Are smiling fair, and dwelling in their brotherhood together ;
For the sun is setting largely, and blinks my eye its ken ;
'Tis time to loose the strings, I ween, and close my wild-wood strain.”

One of the three bards of Cowal is believed to have been born in the parish of Inverchaolain about 1750 ; his family name was Brun or Broun, as distinguished from the Lowland Brown, which he assumed. He first appeared as a poet by the publication, at Perth, in 1786, of a small volume of Gaelic poetry, dedicated to the Duke of Montrose. The subsequent portion of his career seems to have been chiefly occupied in genealogical researches. In 1792 he completed, in two large sheets, his “ Historical and Genealogical Tree of the Royal Family of Scotland ;” of which the second edition bears the date 1811. This was followed by similar genealogical trees of the illustrious family of Graham, of the noble house of Elphinstone, and other families. In these productions he uniformly styles himself, “ Genealogist to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, for Scotland.” Brown died at Edinburgh in the beginning of the year 1821. He had formed a respectable connection by marriage, under circumstances which he has commemorated in the annexed specimen of his poetry.

THE SISTERS OF DUNOLLY.*

- “ The sundown had mantled Ben Nevis with night,
 And the stars were attired in the glory of light,
 And the hope of the lover was shining as day,
 When Dunolly’s fair daughter was spirited away.
- “ Away she has gone at the touch of the helm,
 And the shadows of darkness her lover o’erwhelm—
 But, would that his strength as his purpose was true,
 At Dunolly, Culloden were battled anew !
- “ Yes ! did they give courtesy, did they give time,
 The kindred of Cowal would meet at the prime,
 And the *Brunach*† would joy in the succour they gave,
 To win him a bride, or to win him a grave.
- “ My lost one ! I’m not like the laggard thou’st found,
 Whose puissance scarce carries the sword he has bound ;
 In the flush of my health and my penniless youth,
 I could well have rewarded thine honour and truth.
- “ Five years they have pass’d, and the Brunach has shaken
 The burden of woe that his spirit was breaking ;
 A sister is salving a sister’s annoy,
 And the eyes of the Brunach are treasured with joy.
- “ A bride worth the princesses England is rearing,
 Comes forth from Dunolly, a star reappearing ;
 If my heart in Dunolly was garner’d before,
 In Dunolly, my pride and my pleasure is more.

* The poet had paid his addresses to one of the sisters, but without the consent of her relatives, who ultimately induced her to wed another. After a lapse of time the bard transferred his affection to another daughter of the same distinguished family, and being successful, was compensated for his former trials.

† Brunach—The Brown, viz., the poet himself.

“ The lowly, the gentle, the graceful, the mild
 That in friendship or charity never beguiled,
 She is mine—to Dunduala* that traces her stem,
 As for kings to be proud of, 'tis prouder for them,
 Though Donald † the gracious be head of her line,
 And ‘ our exiled and dear ’ ‡ in her pedigree shine.

“ Then hearken, ye sons of my country, forbear,
 Unsmooth though the course of your love, to despair
 Ere ye yield to your sorrow or die in your folly,
 May ye find, like the Brunach, another Dunolly.”

The Rev. Dr Stewart was born at Appin, Argyllshire, in 1751. His mother was a daughter of Edmonstone of Cambuswallace, the representative of an old family in the counties of Perth and Stirling; and his father was brother of Stewart of Invernachoil, who was actively engaged in the cause of Prince Charles Edward, and has been distinguished in the romance of Waverley as the Baron of Bradwardine. This daring Argyllshire chief, whom Scott represents as being fed in the cave by “Davie Gellatly,” was actually tended in such a place of concealment by his own daughter, a child about ten years old.

On receiving license, Dr Stewart soon attained popularity as a preacher. In 1779, being in his twenty-eighth year, he was ordained to the pastoral charge of the parish of Strachur,

* The Macdougalls of Dunolly claim descent from the Scoto-Irish kings who reigned in Dunstaffnage.

† Supposed to be the first of our Christian kings.

‡ Prince Charles Edward.

Argyllshire. He died in the manse of Strachur on the 24th of May 1826, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and the forty-seventh of his ministry. A tombstone was erected to his memory in the parochial burying-ground, by the members of the kirk-session. Possessed of superior talents, a vast fund of humour, and a delightful store of traditional information, he was much cherished by a wide circle of admiring friends. Faithful in the discharge of the public duties of his office, he was distinguished among his parishioners for his private amenities and acts of benevolence. He was the author of the following song :

LUINEAG—A LOVE CAROL.

- “ No homeward scene near me,
 No comrade to cheer me,
 I cling to my dearie,
 And sigh till I marry.
 Sing ever O, and ra-ill O,
 Ra-ill O,
 Sing ever O, and ra-ill O,
 Was ever a May like my fairy ?
- “ My youth with the stranger,*
 Next on mountains a ranger,
 I pass'd—but no change, here,
 Will sever from Mary.
- “ What ringlets discover
 Their gloss thy brows over—

* Invernahyle removed with his family to Edinburgh, and became very intimate with the father of Sir Walter Scott. He seems to have made a great impression on the future poet.

Forget thee ! thy lover,
 Ah, first shall they bury.

“ Thy aspect of kindness,
 Thy graces they bind us,
 And, like Feili,* remind us
 Of a heaven undreary.

“ Than the treasures of Spain
 I would toil more to gain
 Thy love—but my pain,
 Ah, 'tis cruel, my Mary !

“ When the shell is o'er-flowing,
 And its dew-drops are glowing,
 No, never, thy snow on
 A slander shall tarry.

“ When viols are playing,
 And dancers are Maying,
 My eyes may be straying,
 But my soul is with Mary.

“ That white hand of thine
 Might I take into mine,
 Could I ever repine,
 Or from tenderness vary ?

“ No, never ! no, never !
 My troth on't for ever,
 Lip to lip, I'd deliver
 My being to Mary.”

Angus Fletcher was born at Coirinti, a wild and romantic spot on the west bank of Loch Eck, in June 1776. His

* Festivals and saints-days.

education was chiefly conducted at the parish school of Kilmodan, Glendaruel. From Glendaruel he went to Bute, in 1791, where he was variously employed till May 1804, when he was elected schoolmaster of Dunoon, his native parish. His death took place at Dunoon on the 8th August 1852. The first of the two following songs was contributed anonymously to the *Weekly Journal* newspaper, whence it was transferred by Turner into his Gaelic collection. It soon became popular in the Highlands, and the authorship came to be assigned to different individuals. Fletcher afterwards announced himself as the author, and established his claim. He was the author of various metrical compositions both in Gaelic and English.

THE CLACHAN OF GLENDARUEL.

- “ Thy wily eyes, my darling,
 Thy graces bright, my jewel,
 Have grieved me since our parting
 At the kirk of Glendaruel.
- “ 'Twas to the Kirkton wending
 Bright eyes encounter'd duty,
 And mavis' notes were blending
 With the rosy cheeks of beauty.
- “ Oh, jimpsome is her shapely waist,
 Her arms, her instep queenly ;
 And her sweet parting lips are graced
 With rows of ivory inly.
- “ When busy tongues are railing,
 Lown is her word unsaucy,

And with modest grace unfailing
She trips it o'er the causey.

“ Should royalty prefer me,
Preferment none I crave,
But to live a shepherd near thee,
On the howes of Corrichnaive.

“ Would fortune crown my wishes—
The sheiling of the hill,
With my darling, and the rushes
To couch on, were my will.

“ I hear, but not instruction,
Though faithful lips are pleading—
I read thy eyes' perfection,
On their dew of mildness feeding.

“ My hand is swiftly scrolling,
In the courts of reverend men ;*
But, ah ! my restless soul in
Is triumphing my Jean.

“ I fear, I fear their frowning—
But though they chased me over
Where Holland's flats † are drowning,
I'll live and die thy lover.”

THE LASSIE OF THE GLEN.‡

“ Beneath a hill 'mang birken bushes,
By a burnie's dimplit linn,

* The poet waxes professional. He was session-clerk and clerk-depute of presbytery.

† The war was raging in Holland, under the command of the Duke of York. The bard threatens to exchange the pen for the sword.

‡ Versified from the Gaelic original by the Author.

I told my love with artless blushes
To the lassie o' the glen.

“ Oh ! the birken bank sae grassy,
Hey ! the burnie's dimplit linn ;
Dear to me's the bonnie lassie
Living in yon rashy glen !

“ Lanely Ruail ! thy stream sae glassy
Shall be aye my fav'rite theme,
For on thy banks my Highland lassie
First confess'd a mutual flame.

“ What bliss to sit, and nane to fash us,
In some sweet wee bow'ry den !
Or fondly stray amang the rashes,
Wi' the lassie o' the glen !

“ And though I wander now unhappy,
Far frae scenes we haunted then,
I'll ne'er forget the bank sae grassy,
Nor the lassie o' the glen.”

The Rev. John Macdonald, D.D., one of the most popular of Gaelic preachers, was born in 1778. He was ordained minister of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, in 1806, and was afterwards translated to the parish of Urquhart, in Ross-shire. While at Urquhart, he began a career of remarkable ministerial success ; though it was as a missionary, or visitor of other Highland districts, that he established his professional fame. His powerful voice is said to have reached and moved thousands of auditors assembled in the open air. A long-expected volume of Gaelic poetry, con-

sisting chiefly of elegies, hymns, and sacred lyrics, appeared from his pen in 1848. Dr Macdonald died in 1849. At the Disruption in 1843, he had joined the Free Church.

THE MISSIONARY OF ST KILDA.*

“ I see, I see the Hirta, the land of my desire,
 And the missionary spirit within me is on fire ;
 But needs it all—for, bristling from the bosom of the sea,
 Those giant crags are menacing, but welcome rude to me ;
 The eye withdraws in horror from yon mountains rude and bare,
 Where flag of green nor tree displays, nor blushes flow’ret fair.
 And how shall bark so frail as mine that beetling beach come near,
 Where rages betwixt cliff and surf the battle-din of fear ?
 It seems as, like a rocking hull, that Island of the main
 Were shaken from its basement, and creaking with the strain !
 But the siege of waters nought prevails ’gainst giant Hirt the grim,
 Save his face to furrow with some scars, or his brow with mist to dim.
 Oh, needs a welcome to that shore, for well my thought might say,
 ’Twere better than that brow to face that I were leagues away.
 But no, not so ! what fears should daunt,—for what welcomes e’er
 outran
 The welcome that I bring with me, my call from God and man ?
 Nor vain my trust ! my helmsman, He who sent me, now is steering,
 And, by His power, the wave-worn craft the shore in calm is nearing,
 And scarce my foot was on the beach when two hundred echoes spake
 Their welcome, and a hundred hands flew forth my hand to take.
 And he, believe me, has his best protection by his side
 Who bears the call of God and man, from the reef, the crag, the tide ;

* The descriptive portion of a sacred lyric composed by Dr Macdonald on the occasion of his first visit to St Kilda, often called *The Hirt*, or *Hirta*, after the Gaelic. His missionary enterprise was attended with success.

And, for welcome on the shore, give me the flashing eyes that glow'd,
When I told the men of Hirt the news I brought them from their
God !”

Duncan Kennedy was born in the parish of Glassary, Argyllshire, about the year 1758. In his youth he enjoyed the advantage of attending the parish school, which was then conducted by an able classical scholar. At an early age he was qualified to become an instructor of youth in a remote part of his native parish, and there he had frequent opportunities of becoming acquainted with “Iain Bàn Maor” the Gaelic poet, and enjoyed the privilege of listening to the eminent Daniel Campbell and other pious ministers in the surrounding parishes. He was promoted to the parish school of Kilmelford about the year 1784, and soon thereafter published his collection of “Hymns and Spiritual Songs.” During his summer vacations he travelled over the districts of Kintyre, Argyll, and Lorn, in search of legends concerning the Fingalians, and was successful in collecting a mass of information, which in Gaelic verse he styled “Sean dana.” The MS. of his researches he entrusted to the perusal of a neighbouring clergyman, from whom he was never able to recover it, a circumstance which led him afterwards to inveigh against the clerical order. From Kilmelford parish school, Kennedy in 1790 removed to Glasgow, where he was engaged, first as an accountant, and afterwards in mercantile pursuits. At one period he realised about £10,000, but he was latterly unfortunate. He died

at Glasgow in 1836. His composition entitled "The Return of Peace," is a favourite specimen of his powers.

- " With a breezy burst of singing
 Blow we out the flames of rage !
 Europe's peace, through Europe ringing,
 Is, of peace, our lifetime pledge.
 Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,
 Faldar, aldar, aldar, e' ;
 Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,
 Faldar, ari, faldar, e'.
- " Every musket to the guard-house,
 And its lead to furlough send—
 To the tilling of the meadows
 Every gallant bayonet bend.
- " See, a lusty fleet is steering
 Homewards, to the shore of peace ;
 And brave hearts, a host, are nearing
 To the expectant dear's embrace.
- " See the kilted Highlander
 As from Egypt's battles come—
 Westlander and Norlander,
 Eager for the sight of home.
- " Seven years orphan'd of their fathers,
 Shelterless and sad no more,
 Quite a little army gathers,
 Shouting welcomes from the shore.
- " All the echoes are in motion,
 All the sheilings ring with glee,

Since, of peace, the paths of ocean
Give the news a passage free.

“ The birds the dash of oars was scaring—
Hush'd their note, but soon they raise,
To their wonted branch repairing,
Sweetest numbers on the sprays.

“ Seem the woods to dance a measure,
Nodding as the notes inspire—
And their branches, as with pleasure,
Add their music to the choir.

“ Of the streamlet, every murmur
Sweetly swells the song of peace,
Chanting, with each vocal charmer,
Joys that bloom and wars that cease.”





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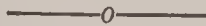
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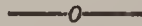
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